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*Portrait
of a Girl*

—By PRATT

Are You Heading for a Lonely Old Age?



ONLY one child in her family—so her old age is lonely, brightened just by the little time he can spare from a busy career.

To-day's Couples Will Pay For Those Empty Cradles

By COLIN WILLS

Modern parents have small families—for various reasons.

It may be the high cost of living or the desire to give the children the best possible start in life, or even simply a refusal to be hampered by the heavy burden of a large family.

PARENTS are now finding that while they benefited in comfort and leisure while their children were young, through restricting the size of their families they have to pay for it later.

Whereas an aged parent used to be sure of a home with one of the many children, now there is frequently no such home available.

Fifty years ago the average number of children in an Australian family was five or six. Now it is three.

Some children die before reaching maturity. Others never become self-supporting.

Only two out of the three, on an average, are breadwinners by the time their parents are getting old. And not all these breadwinners are in a position to support parents, even if they are willing.

They are not always willing. Their husbands or wives may not care for the idea, either. And the modern flat or small cottage doesn't provide the spare room for a parent that the old home did. So many aged people are simply forced to live on their own.

This lonely population is a very large one. Widows and widowers

AUSTRALIA'S Prime Minister and Dame Enid Lyons surrounded by their family. Their old age cannot be lonely.

PRINCESS JULIANA of Holland with husband and baby. She is expecting another baby, and has said she intends to have a dozen.



who have never remarried form twice as big a proportion of the population as they did fifty years ago.

Many of them face a stern economic problem. This is indicated by the fact that, while our population has doubled since 1901, our expenditure on charity has more than quadrupled—and a considerable part of charity spending is devoted to aid for the aged.

PENSIONS cost the Government twice as much as they did in 1901. This, admittedly, is largely due to the fact that pensions have increased in size as the cost of living has risen, and as our social conscience has grown stronger.

However, it is a fact that many people now avail themselves of the old-age pension who would once have thought it a disgrace.

This is a very sensible attitude—but it indicates that there are more old people in need.

These increases in actual indigence among the aged are very slight in proportion to the increase in the number of lonely old people.

The community in general is more prosperous, and the old folks who have not spent so much on bringing up big families as would once have been the case have a correspondingly greater amount to live on now.

They Need Affection

THE real problem is not an economic one, but a personal one. What the lonely old people lack is not food and shelter, but affectionate companionship.

They are finding a substitute for the lack of children in various ways. Some live alone and have plenty of friends—including young people.

Others live at clubs and paying hostels where they find companionship among their contemporaries.

A great number of such places, ranging from frugal "pensions" to quite expensive hotels for the elderly, have sprung up in recent years.

Most of these provide their occu-

The "Moderns" Are Getting Old!

WE are inclined to think of small families in connection with the young couples of to-day.

But small families have been the rule ever since the war, and many men and women who married about war-time are now over fifty, widowed, and beginning to learn what small families mean late in life.

To-day's families are even smaller. Will the old age of to-day's brides and grooms be even lonelier?

pants with every comfort possible, save the irreplaceable comfort of their own flesh and blood.

For some of the old people the new system may be happier than the other. They are completely independent, free to run their lives as they will within the scope of their income.

And we must admit that children, grown-up and married, are not invariably nice to the parents who live with them. It is not always easy to be 90.

In the old patriarchal household there were so many children and dependents that everyone managed as best they could, and usually got along fairly well.

But in the modern home, with one man and his wife, one child and one old person, the situation is inevitably tense at times.

Of course, some widows and widowers are perfectly happy with their one son or daughter, and others are content with the impersonal comfort of a hostel or a bachelor flat.

But, for better or worse, we must face the fact that the price of the small family is likely to be a lonely old age.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Accompanist and Raconteur

MR. PERCY KAHN, accompanist to Tauber for his Australian concert tour, was here about 12 years ago when he acted in a similar capacity to the Rosina Buckmaster-Maurice D'Oisly partnership. Abroad, he has toured with such famous artists as Melba, Miesha Elman, and Kubelik. An excellent raconteur, Mr. Kahn has an extensive repertoire of real-life anecdotes.



Domestic College Head

MISS RUBY SIMPSON, M.S.C.

Columbia University, U.S.A.

has come to Australia to take up the position of principal of the Memorial College of Household Arts and Science, Kirribilli, Sydney, the only college of its kind in Sydney. Miss Simpson, who has been on the staff of the Iowa College and the University of Nebraska, has had wide experience in home and institutional management and has made a special study of child development.



Toured Central Australia

MR. ROBERT WADEN, a South Australian artist noted for his bushscapes and seascapes, has returned to Adelaide after spending three years in Central Australia, gathering material for an exhibition to be held later in the year in Melbourne.

Mr. Waden is represented in leading Art Galleries in the Commonwealth. The Royal Drawing Society awarded Mr. Waden a gold medal for his picture, Ships in the Port, which is hung in the Guildhall, London.

EDITOR GIVES AWAY BEAUTY SECRET



Fragrant Erasmic Face Powder—uniquely blended in a glamorous "fineness."



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FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream, Tube 1/-, Jar 2/6
Delicately perfumed, smooth and light!

AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND LEADING STORES

ST. 37. 27

£5000 Wedding for Bride of 19

Beflagged Town and Kilted Pipers for Lovely Heiress to Carnegie Millions

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Each minute of the wedding last week of Louise Carnegie Miller, Carnegie heiress, was estimated to have cost her father £250—£5000 for the twenty-minute ceremony.

That's spending!

Only Royal weddings rival this one in prodigal outlay and lavish provisioning.

It was planned on this scale by the bride's father as a reward for her obedience in waiting to marry until she reached the ripe old age of nineteen.

THE wedding was the climax of a romance with all the glamor of impetuous youth, though the bridegroom, Mr. J. F. Gordon Thomson, an Edinburgh lawyer, is twenty-two years older than Louise.

She will inherit ten of her grandfather Carnegie's sixty millions.

It all began when Louise, as a schoolgirl, visited her grandmother's Scottish home, Skibo Castle. She had first met her bridegroom when she was only three.

Then came another momentous visit at the age of sixteen, when she fell in love with her Scot so deeply that she had to be dissuaded from eloping with him there and then.

She eventually listened to the pleas of her mother and grandmother to return to her New York finishing-school and wait till she was nineteen to be married.

£1500 for Champagne

THE glittering reward for this obedience was a wedding planned without thought of expense by her father, Roswell Miller.

The champagne that flowed at the wedding breakfast cost £1500.

Two of England's most famous chefs were retained for the occasion—Signor Destafan, chef of the Royal train, and Monsieur Etienne Cottet from one of London's most famous hotels.

One hundred extra waiters were engaged.

One thousand guests were invited from America, England and Scotland, and the bride's father provided a special train, motor-coaches, and even aeroplanes to bring them.

Louise came to London early in June, with her mother, two sisters (who were to be among her bridesmaids), and a brother.

The luggage she brought took so long to sort at Southampton when the boat docked that the train to London had to be held for her.

There were cabin-trunks and cases galore packed with the glorious Fifth Avenue trousseau she brought with her and, as well, stacks of packing cases filled with the wedding presents showered on her in America.

Three other former school-friends came later to join her retinue, which was completed by two cousins and a niece of the bridegroom.

Also from New York came a famous organist to provide the traditional bridal music at the church. That alone was a costly item, considering the price of first-class passages, a fee worthy of the occasion, and compensation for loss of time and engagements during the trip.

Prophecy of Love

THE day before the wedding the bride's mother staged a rehearsal in the cathedral.

The bride had a sheet arranged over a simple blue frock, and the maids were all in jumpers and skirts, masked by eight sports-coated groomsmen.

Three times they trod the central aisle in the 700-year-old Dorset Cathedral before the modern New York mother pronounced that all was satisfactory.

The bride drove to the cathedral for her wedding from Skibo Castle, which Andrew Carnegie acquired and rebuilt forty years ago at a cost of one million sterling.

This fulfilled a prophecy he made to a crofter when surveying the finished castle.

"Steel built yon castle," he said. "Love will keep it when I'm gone. You'll live to hear wedding bells ring at Skibo for a Carnegie."

The seventy-eight-year-old crofter attended the wedding convinced that Andrew had second sight.

The bride came to the cathedral entirely free of any make-up.

Her glorious American gown was of ivory satin, cut on Empire lines, with a nine-yard train falling from a high waistline. The sleeves were of lace and she wore her mother's wedding veil.

At the cathedral door the eight maids awaited her. Their rose frocks were of crepe satin, and their wide tails of leghorn.

In the American fashion they, with the groomsmen, preceded the bride up the aisle to meet the waiting bridegroom at the altar.

... The bells were ringing out the age-old tidings of joy while the radiant pair left as man and wife ...



ONE OF THE very few pictures available of the bride, Louise Carnegie Miller.

The thousand guests rose with a soft rustle of silks and satins as the lovely young bride came slowly up the church.

Over the scene swelled the rich glory of the organ and the church was filled with scent from the flowers that added to its beauty of stone and stained glass.

A minister from the New York church attended by the bride was there to greet her. He assisted the Moderator of the Church of Scotland at the ceremony.

The service was not a long one, but was impressive in its Scottish simplicity and sincerity. In twenty minutes it was over, and the bells were ringing out the age-old tidings of joy for a happy union while the radiant pair left as man and wife.

Outside the cathedral, which entombs the former Dukes of Sutherland, huge crowds of trippers jostled the townsfolk dressed in their Sunday best for the great occasion.

Dornoch's four policemen recruited chauffeurs to help them control the crowd, for never before had such festivity been seen in the little flagged town.

Even little dogs were decorated with white bows to celebrate the occasion.

Andrew Carnegie's eighty-two-year-old widow received the guests at Skibo Castle, where the celebrations were kept up long after the couple drove off in a sports car for a touring honeymoon.

The bridal party was piped into the castle by kilted pipers, whose stirring music resounded through the hills.



Drawing by FISCHER

OUR NEW SERIAL !

"THE ROAD TO RENO," by I. A. R. Wylie, begins next week.

This popular author writes brilliantly of modern marriage and divorce, weaving a romance around those people who take "the road to Reno" as a way out of their difficulties.

sides all through the afternoon and at night, when bonfires flared on the hills.

The bride who promised to wait had had her reward.

The vast Carnegie fortune which subscribed to this lavish wedding has, at other times, benefited Australia and, in fact, almost the whole world.

Andrew Carnegie, grandfather of the bride, gave away £70,000,000 before his death in 1919.

Those Who Depend So Much On The FEET

Will Find Real Comfort In

Zam-Buk

ARE you one of those whose work—and efficiency, too—depends so much on the feet? If so, massage with Zam-Buk will keep them in first-class condition. Read what this grateful user of Zam-Buk says:—

"My Feet Were So Painful

and being on them a great deal I suffered badly. A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, which I did—rubbing a little into each foot about a minute morning and night.

"The result was amazing! My feet seemed better at once, and I walked about with an ease and comfort I would never have believed possible. I wouldn't be without Zam-Buk, which I have since recommended to several people with tired, aching feet."

Mr. K. E. Orchard (6/9/37.)

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. All chemists and stores.



All shop assistants, nurses, waitresses, postmen, policemen, busmen, housewives, etc., should keep Zam-Buk handy and use it nightly.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, aching and tiredness are wonderfully relieved and the feet are kept sound and healthy.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



HAPPY PATIENTS . . . happy nurses, in congenial, healthy surroundings . . . that is the ideal expected in private as well as public hospitals.

The Scandal of Some of Our Private Hospitals

LAWS HERE LAG FAR BEHIND OTHER STATES

By Our Special Commissioner

Shocking conditions exist in some private hospitals in New South Wales.

It is expected that the new Private Hospitals Amending Bill, to be introduced soon by the Minister for Health (Mr. FitzSimons) will end this scandal and bring local conditions up to the standard that other States and New Zealand have achieved.

At present the Government has practically no control over the 600 or 700 private hospitals in this State.

The existing Act and regulations give the health authorities power only to make "recommendations" to a private

hospital, where accommodation and facilities are considered inadequate or even dangerous.

The hospital can comply—if it likes.

If it does not the Minister for Health (Mr. FitzSimons) may delicense.

But he himself has now expressed his doubt as to whether the withdrawal of a licence, in some circumstances at any rate, could not be successfully contested.

Nevertheless, certain sections, including some medical men and matrons, have intimated their opposition to a new bill to increase control and supervision of private hospitals on the ground that the present Act is adequate.

Cases Reported

DURING investigations into the position, the following cases were reported to The Australian Women's Weekly as examples of what has been taking place in some private hospitals:

A young mother who died in childbirth might have been saved if the private hospital had had oxygen equipment.

A premature baby was wrapped only in a blanket for two days. It died.

Another premature baby could not smoke, and at the hospital, whose big staff consisted mainly of half-trained nurses, they began to feed it on condensed milk instead of expressing the mother's milk.

In another private hospital it was thrust under the mattress on the arrival of the doctor to see his patient, and was left there.

In another private hospital it was the practice to carry bed-pans through the kitchen.

Twenty or 30 yards from the kitchen door of a "rest home" in an unsewered suburban area these were emptied into an open pit.

Patients slept four on a verandah, and the ward which opened off the verandah was so dark that the electric light had to be kept on all day.

Because there was no lift, and apparently no stretcher, a woman in a maternity case had to be carried upstairs by the nurse's son, who then left for his work. The patient remained there until his return at night to carry her down again.

For the same reason, apparently, a woman who had just had an operation to her foot had to hop from the operating table to a sofa in the adjoining room, and from there hopped, with the help of a friend, down a long flight of steps and out to a taxi.

In a maternity case the same towel was used for mother and baby; the mother's teacup was filthy round the handle; and she was not given a sponge all over until she demanded it.

Short Staffed

ALTHOUGH in public hospitals it is considered necessary to have a sister-in-charge, two staff nurses and five trainees for every 30 patients, the staffing of private hospitals generally comes nowhere near this standard.

There are, of course, some excellently-equipped, staffed, and conducted private hospitals in New South Wales, some of them employing a full quota of trained nurses. But they are quoted as admirable exceptions.

An English nursing sister with New Zealand training said: "I was shocked and horrified by the conditions I encountered in various Sydney private hospitals."

"Wards were overcrowded and the lack of air-space for them appalled me."

"Many of the private hospitals here are old houses, gloomy, unhygienic, and frightening. The windows are old-fashioned, not admitting sunlight and air."

"They are not often enough or thoroughly enough inspected."

"In New Zealand, where Govern-



THE MINISTER FOR HEALTH, Mr. FitzSimons, who will amend the Act controlling private hospitals. Better buildings, equipment, and staffing are foreshadowed.



PATIENTS are crowded together in private hospitals.

ment control and inspection are most exacting, they are not allowed to convert old houses into hospitals.

"Of course, a great deal depends on the matron. But if you have one sister and a dozen probationers what can you expect?"

"Not one nurse in my Australian experience had a room to herself."

The great number of places known as "rest homes" are under no Health Department control at all.

Left To Chance

DR. E. MEYERS, officer of the Health Board, frankly admitted the Board's lack of effective authority.

"We have done a lot in the last 10 years," he said. "The licensees are in the majority, very sensible people, and when any needed improvement is pointed out to them they do consider it advisable to fall in with our wishes."

The power of the Board, however, has never been tested—no private hospital has ever been delicensed under the Act.

The New South Wales Act does not make one exact specification concerning construction or equipment of a private hospital or size and qualifications of staff.

Here are some of the provisions of the Victorian Act about hospital buildings:—

Situation: 10ft. air-space to entirely surround all buildings (to boundary of adjoining allotment). When there are infectious cases, 40ft.

Fresh Air: All wards with direct access to fresh air, with window space in ratio of at least one square foot of clear glass to 10 square feet of floor.

Operating Theatre: Complete equipment and hygienic facilities are detailed.

Quality and arrangement even of the floor-boards and roof are set out, number and type of baths and all other sanitary arrangements, even the height and width of each step of the stairs, size of landings, number of steps per flight, type of balusters and hand-rails.

The Act covers with similar exactness drainage, question of damp, elimination of all beddings and linings, laying of floor coverings, walls, temperatures, fire protection, water, sanitation, laundry, garbage, moving of patients, lifts.

Nothing is left to chance or discretion—by contrast with the New South Wales Act, which leaves just about everything to chance or discretion.

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IF YOU KEEP YOURSELF

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CHAMPION SKATERS
PRAISE SCHUMANN'S

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Yours faithfully,
(Signed) CLIFF THAEHL
RONA THAEHL

THAT easy effortless glide which marks the skater comes from perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle . . . perfect control of nerve and balance . . . perfect physical fitness. Unless you're thoroughly fit, skill will count for nothing. It's the ability to stand up to the strain, the capacity for endurance, the vital glowing vigorous health which keeps you in first-rate form always, that is your greatest asset in every active pastime.

AS SOON AS YOU WAKE EVERY MORNING TAKE SCHUMANN'S

It's the simplest, sanest, way to enjoy life. Just a half-teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. That's the source of bubbling energy. That's the secret of perfect health. The mineral salts which are compounded in a perfectly balanced formula in Schumann's Salts are essential to the proper functioning of the body. Each has its particular part to play in keeping you fit and well. Any deficiency in any one of them is reflected in some way in your general health. You lose pep, enthusiasm, vitality, endurance . . . you tire easily, lose appetite, become

nervy and irritable, and allow waste matter to accumulate in the system which poisons the blood stream and sets up all sorts of unpleasant and painful complications. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts provide the necessary elements to the body. They clear the system of accumulated poisonous waste and cleanse the whole blood stream, keeping the vital organs working properly and preventing constipation, liver trouble, rheumatism and uric acid complaints. Start right away to enjoy life thoroughly.

You can buy Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at any chemist or store. 1/6 for the personal size jar, or 2/9 for the family size.



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

The FRENCH MASTER

The tale of a busy
bee, and two young romantics

By...WINIFRED BIRKETT

A Complete
Short Story

Illustrated by
FISCHER

At the windows of Miss Alexandra Dendy's class-room stood open upon the sunny street. Miss Alexandra, who was young in life and very young indeed in her profession, believed that fresh air and a bright outlook had an effect upon her pupils which more than compensated for the distractions offered by the Sydney scene of 1844.

It was a warm and rather sleepy day. The twelve little girls in front of her, reading Mr. Gray's immortal *Elegy* in unison, droned almost with the drone of the bees that came from the near-by gardens of Government House to crawl heavily among the verberna and musk of the window-boxes.

It was always a diversion for the whole class when one of the bees blundered into the room; for then Miss Alexandra, perfectly fearless, would receive it with happy nonchalance on a bare arm or hand and hold it above the flowers till it was pleased to fly off again. Truth to tell, the little gold-banded visitors made as grateful a distraction for Miss Alexandra herself as a gold-braided soldier, passing in the street, made for her pupils: she was always glad of such small opportunity to turn her back for a moment upon the class that kept her attention caged all day. However, this morning she had directed no fewer than three bewildered bees on their way back to Government House gardens, and the droning of the class about its present task seemed to have gone on long enough.

"We will have the French lesson," she said, returning from the window for the third time. And before the class had quite settled down again she had taken up her book and commenced to read. "Pendant que Gottlieb regardait avec stupeur le prodige qui venait de se passer, la vieille— French was more a written than a spoken language to Miss Alexandra, and she badly muffed the last word. Perhaps, however, it might be passed over: her audience could be in no position to criticise—

But, "Non, non!" Interrupted a strange voice, it seemed from the window. "Non, non, M'amselle! The pronunciation!"

Thirteen pairs of astonished eyes, suddenly turned streetwards, beheld a young man's head and shoulders vignettied in verberna. "I come in!" declared the voice then, and the apparition at the window disappeared. A startled bee buzzed like a tiny rocket through the sunlit opening and drove against the ceiling.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Alexandra, the only word left to her even in English.

BUT still that word had taken a moment to get out, and the owner of the head and the protesting voice was at the open door in time to hear it.

"Well?" he repeated. "You say it is well I come? Thank you, M'amselle."

He was a slim young man; not dark as Miss Alexandra somehow expected all Frenchmen to be, but with grey-blue eyes and brown hair. In features and coloring he might almost have been English; yet there was about him a something, a je ne sais quai, as she put it to herself in the inevitably appropriate phrase. He was dressed very plainly in black of good materials and rather out-of-date cut, and his linen appeared out-of-date too; only a few elderly gentlemen now wore frilled shirts such as his.

He bowed very nicely to Miss Alexandra. "My name is Louis Nabonnand," he said. "You will forgive my intrusion for the sake of my native language, M'amselle?"

"Well—" Miss Alexandra began again; it seemed all she could say, in spite of the fact that it had been rehearsed before.

"M'amselle is most amiable," the intruder said. He now stood inside

the door. Miss Alexandra regarded him uncertainly. Twelve highly-diverted little girls sat and goggled at them both. Then the bee that his coming had frightened into the room suddenly took an agitated part in things. With all the speed of its first entry through the window it left the ceiling and buzzed straight down at Miss Alexandra, taking hazardous refuge among the curls at the back of her head.

Miss Alexandra, as far as the bee was concerned, remained calm; her pupils, increasingly diverted, waited to see if, in the circumstances, she would properly pretend the fear they knew she did not feel. M. Louis Nabonnand, alas, sprang to ill-considered action: hastily claiming Miss Alexandra's permission he stepped to her side and raised his hand.

"Merci—non, non!" exclaimed Miss Alexandra, in well-meant protest, but with execrable accent. "Do not touch it: it will sting you!" But it did not: instead, it stung her. Perhaps Mons. Louis Nabonnand, in his efforts to extricate it from the meshes of her hair, had caught hold of it by the wrong end.

"Oo-oo!" cried Miss Alexandra involuntarily, as something like a red-hot needle pricked her scalp. The fascinated class shaped their mouths into O's as round as their eyes. M. Louis Nabonnand expressed himself desolated, and looked it.

"Will I fetch the blue-bag?" inquired a pupil in the front row, with presence of mind and a not-so-admirable officiousness.

"Thank you, no, Clementina," answered Miss Alexandra. Her eyes could not help laughing behind

tears of pain, but she tried almost recklessly to recapture her dignity. "It is nothing. All keep your seats, please. We will go on with the lesson."

She nearly tripped over the remainder of the situation, as it were, in her efforts to get out of it. For the moment she quite ignored M. Louis Nabonnand, who surely was not to be considered in restoring academic calm. But with a final dramatic protest M. Louis offered amends: he himself would take the class in French: what he had been lately prompted to do for the sake of his native tongue he would now undertake as a duty demanded by his personal honor, as an apology to a charming and injured lady, as an act of combined penitence and pleasure.

HIS voluble French, less than half understood by Miss Alexandra, agitated her hearing as a sort of accompaniment to the pain of the bee-sting. He fell into less voluble English: the reminder of a red-hot needle in her scalp was terribly insistent; Miss Alexandra, hardly realising that she did so, gave in. M. Louis Nabonnand took the class in French.

Miss Alexandra would now have gladly slipped out to find the blue-bag for herself, but for the imprudence of leaving her class alone

with a strange foreigner. As it was, she had misgivings already about the way in which her pupils might report the scandalous affair later. But despite this uneasiness and the chagrin she felt at having been stung by a bee, not to mention the pain of her scalp, she could not help but take a lively interest in her new assistant.

There was no doubt that he seemed a heaven-born teacher of the French language, though he spoke it with an accent she had never heard before and could not hope to imitate. His soft, nasal tones poured forth through the room, and all the little girls gave him an eager attention they had never spared for herself.

She sat at her desk and listened and wondered where he could have come from; he appeared such an exotic figure there in her own school-room; yet she could see that he was strangely absorbed and happy in the lesson he was giving, as if teaching was a familiar exercise in which he was more at home than she was herself.

When midday came the class dispersed, each little girl with a backward glance. The doubly-intrigued Clementina collided with the door-post as she went out to spread that pragmatic version of the French-master's advent which was to be so quickly and generally accepted. Clementina was a child with little time for mere scandal when some-

The bee left the ceiling
and buzzed straight down
at Miss Alexandra.

thing larger promised: it has been seen already that she had presence of mind; and, remembering a jealous feud with cousins at a rival school, she went forth to announce in triumph that Miss Alexandra's superior academy now offered the advantages of a genuine Monsieur for teaching French. Her fellow-pupils, recognising the prideful position in which her story put themselves, supported her in it and refrained—certainly under coercion in one or two cases—from giving details of his unconventional arrival upon the scene.

Miss Alexandra herself was given no time at all to forget M. Louis Nabonnand. He had taken polite leave of her almost upon the heels of the class, but certain ambiguities in his farewell remained with her for some time, as did the pain of the bee-sting. And hardly had memory of the bee-sting gone than fresh reminders of the episode began to arrive. Thanks to Clementina, during the afternoon she received calls from two important ladies, Mrs. Enoch Tranter and Mrs. (Major) Donnelly, the latter attended by the Major himself.

Mrs. Tranter came to express her gratification on hearing that her two daughters, pupils at Miss Alexandra's academy, were now to have the advantage of French lessons from a "native"; any extra expense, she assured Miss Alexandra, would be gladly borne. She went away still wishing congratulations, and Miss Alexandra, possibly light-headed from the bee-sting, let her go without the faintest denial of M. Louis Nabonnand's status in her school.

Please turn to Page 24



I LOVE You AGAIN

Final chapters of this absorbing serial...

HERE were tiny lines of strain at the corners of Rita's eyes. She did not look at the jury box, she did not cross her legs or resort to any of the trickery so common to attractive and important feminine witnesses. One would have gathered that there was no one in that room save Graham Vale and herself.

His manner was soothing. He seemed extraordinarily tall this morning; his finely chiselled face unusually thin; his features more than ordinarily sharp. His voice was low and pleasant and conversational. Yet, despite all that, the atmosphere of the congested courtroom was pregnant with drama—with certainty of the unexpected.

Larry and Kay sat shoulder to shoulder, just inside the railing. Once or twice their eyes met. Somehow, Larry was not so apprehensive this morning. He and Kay were closer to one another. He thought, "I must have felt this way the day after Kay and I became engaged." It was ridiculous to think that she had been his wife for almost two years.

Graham Vale continued with his direct examination:

"How long have you lived in Habersham County, Mrs. Campbell?"

"About a year and a half."

"When did you come here?"

"Shortly after my marriage."

"Have you met many people in Habersham?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Ted Courtney?"

There was the faintest hesitation before she answered, "Yes."

"He was a friend of your husband's?"

"Yes."

"Always?"

"From the time I came here—until shortly before his—before his death."

"Where did you first meet him?"

"At the Country Club."

"And after that?"

"At the homes of several friends. And at my own home."

"In the presence of your husband?"

"At first—yes."

"What do you mean: At first?"

"I MEAN, until Duncan started to object."

"To object to what?"

"To my seeing Ted so frequently."

"Oh, you were seeing him frequently, then?"

"Yes."

"When did your husband first object to your friendship with Mr. Courtney?"

"I don't remember exactly. In December, I think."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said people were talking about us."

"About whom?"

"Ted Courtney and myself."

"Talking in what way?"

"He said there was a scandal."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said he had no right to dictate to me."

"And he?"

"He said I must not go out with Ted Courtney again."

"Did you obey his order?"

Again that hush which was almost tangible. Then Rita's answer:

"No."

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

"You continued to meet Mr. Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Still without your husband's permission?"

"Yes."

"Was he aware of the fact that you were doing so?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think that?"

"We quarrelled about it."

"But in spite of that you continued to meet Ted Courtney clandestinely?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I was bored—and Ted interested me."

"Were you in love with him?"

"I thought so."

"But were you—really?"

"No."

"Now, Mrs. Campbell, tell me this: Did your husband simply object to gossip, or did he directly accuse you of having an affair with Ted Courtney?"

"He thought I was having an affair."

"Were you?"

"Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper."

"Yes."

Graham Vale smiled at Rita and turned away. He said to Morley Anderson, "Your witness," and sat down.

Spectators fidgeted and whispered and fidgeted. Kay said to Larry, "She was splendid. I wonder what I would have done in her place?" Then she asked, "What will Morley Anderson do?"

"What can he do? He's got what he wants."

"Has he?" He nodded imperceptibly towards the heavy-set district attorney who was ostentatiously sorting papers on his table. "He seems to have other ideas."

Anderson circled the table and approached the witness stand. Then with disarming quiet he commenced his cross-examination.

"Now, Mrs. Campbell, I wish to ask you just a few simple questions. Very simple. First, where did you live before you married Duncan Campbell, jun., and moved to Habersham?"

"In New York."

"Did you work?"

"Yes."

"What was your profession?"

Graham Vale objected: "I protest that this is a waste of the Court's time. Such testimony is irrelevant, immaterial, and incompetent. It is calculated to prejudice the jury."

"What is your idea, Mr. District Attorney?"

"It is very simple, Your Honor. My esteemed young opponent has made a clever attempt to plant an unwritten law defence. I intend to show that the witness had never led a sheltered life, that she was a public figure in the night clubs and cabarets of New York, that she had, at various times, many intimate friends of the other sex, and, what is most important, that her husband did not keep your you under constant surveillance?"

"I don't think so."

"You did not have to account to him for every move you made or every place you went?"

"No."

"You had other men friends in Habersham?"

"Certainly."

"Where were you, Mrs. Campbell, at six-twenty in the afternoon on February eighteenth?"

"At the Country Club."

"With whom?"

"Several ladies. It was a cocktail party."

"You were drinking cocktails?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the habit of drinking?"

"I drank some."

"Mmmmm!" Mr. Anderson's disapproving manner indicated that he considered this a grievous offence. "When was the last time you had seen your husband that day?"

"In the morning before he went down town."

"Had the name of Ted Courtney been mentioned?"

"Yes."

"Pleasantly?"

"No-o."

"Your husband seemed bitter against him?"

"I don't know."

"Would you say that he was jealous?"

"Yes—I guess so."

"You guess so. Aren't you sure? Didn't he ever say so?"

"Yes."

"I suppose so."

"In other words, your husband

"Yes."

"Most of them were for use as advertisements, weren't they?"

"Yes."

"Many of them were reprinted in magazines of national circulation?"

"Yes."

"You have enjoyed your life in Habersham, Mrs. Campbell?"

"Yes."

"But you testified a few minutes ago that you were bored."

"I was, but not at first."

"And have you ever been bored before—before coming to Habersham, that is?"

"I suppose so."

"On such occasions, was it your custom to enter into affairs with men?"

"Yes."

"Most of them were for use as advertisements, weren't they?"

"Yes."

"Many of them were reprinted in magazines of national circulation?"

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"Many of them were reprinted in magazines of national circulation?"

"Yes."

"You have enjoyed your life in Habersham, Mrs. Campbell?"

"Yes."

Still Rita did not speak. Larry leaned forward.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

By...
Octavus Roy Cohen

band, the defendant in this case, had knowledge of all of that before he married her. So it seems that this line of investigation is a most competent and relevant response by the State to a course of action which the defence itself has elected to pursue."

Judge Hawley said, "Objection overruled."

"Now, then," purred the District Attorney, "May I repeat my question, Mrs. Campbell: What was your profession before you married Duncan Campbell, jun.?"

"I was an artist's model."

"Aaah! An artist's model. You posed for pictures and photographs?"

Rita answered "No," even before Graham Vale's angry objection was made and sustained.

"You knew your husband objected to your affair with Ted Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Yet you continued to meet him clandestinely?"

"Yes."

"Did your husband know about this?"

"I don't suppose so. Not every time."

"Then you were able to deceive him?"

"I suppose so."

"In other words, your husband

Please turn to Page 36



Another
Adventure
of
"The Little
Black Bag"

One blow was struck — one
solitary blow—and Finlay went
down.

RESOLVE that Went WRONG

*Finlay goes
into training to
give the village
bully a taste of
his own medicine*

By...

A. J. CRONIN

(Author of "The Citadel")

THOUGH poets have assured us that man is the master of his fate, and novelists presented us with heroes who, having once set their teeth, grimly pursue their purpose to the bitter end—in reality things don't happen that way.

It would be pleasant to exhibit Finlay Hyslop in the best Victorian tradition—a strong and silent youth whose glittering pledges were never unfulfilled. But Finlay was human. Finlay had as much to put up with as you or I. And, often as not, circumstance played spilkings with his most fervent resolutions.

One afternoon some months after he had come to Levenford he was sitting in the surgery doing nothing. He was, in fact, quite glad to be doing nothing, for his morning round had been arduous, his lunch heavy and late.

With his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, he reclined in his chair feeling the soporific quality of Janet's sweet, dumplings steal pleasantly upon his senses.

His eyes had just closed, his head nodded twice, when the surgery bell

jangled violently and Charlie Bell barged into the room. Standing on no ceremony, Charlie exclaimed:

"I'm wanting my mother's bottle!" Charlie didn't say it like that. What he did say, in the roughest dialect of Levenford, was—"Am wan'in ma mither's bo-all."

But Charlie's phonetics defy polite comprehension and must, with infinite regret, be sacrificed to more normal speech.

Finlay started in annoyance, partly at being disturbed, partly because he felt sure he had bolted the side door of the surgery, but most of all because of the rudeness of Charlie Bell.

He answered curtly:

"The surgery's shut at this hour."

"Then, what way do you leave the door open?" Charlie retorted irritably.

"Never mind about the door. I'm telling you the surgery's closed. Call back again this evening."

"Call back! Me!" Charlie jibed contemptuously. "I'll call back twice for nobody."

Finlay glared at Charlie—a thick-set, burly youth of about twenty-five, with terrific shoulders, a pale, hard face, small, derisive eyes, and a close-cropped, brick-red head.

Well back on this bullet head sailed a cap—known locally as a hooker—which he had not troubled to remove, and round his short neck a flamboyant red muffler was knotted carelessly.

Charlie's air was altogether careless. From his earliest days he had never given a tinker's curse—not for anyone, had Charlie.

As a boy he had played truant, been flogged, and played truant cheerfully once again.

He had rung bells, broken windows, and led a juvenile gang, had frequently been drowned almost—by bathing out of his depth in the River Leven.

If ever a stranger appeared in the High Street of Levenford, you may be sure Charlie's voice was the first to raise the ribald yell—"Haw! Luk at his hat!"—or his boots—or his face—as the case might be.

He excelled at every game, from football, played with a tin can in the gutter, to fighting—oh! fighting best of all.

EXPULSION

from school, when it inevitably arrived, was sheer delight. Then Charlie became a rivet-boy in the yard, where he heated rivets and tossed them to the holders-on aloft, not forgetting occasionally to drop one into the jacket of a colleague—a blazing pocket made glorious sport!

That was years ago, of course. Now Charlie was a riveter himself, acknowledged leader of the crowd who hung about Quay Corner, the owner of a whippet bitch called Nellie, a regular lad, known to his intimates as Cha, tougher, harder

than the rivets that he battered into the iron hulls of ships.

And now, warming under Finlay's stare, Cha thrust his head forward pug-naciously.

"Luk at me! Go on and luk at me! But do ye hear what I'm saying? I'm askin' ye to make up my mother's bottle."

"It's made up," said Finlay in a hard voice, and he made a movement over his shoulder towards the shelf. "But you can't have it now. It's against our rules. You must call at the proper time."

"Is that a fact?" declared Cha, breathing hard.

"Yes," said Finlay heatedly. "It's a fact. And when you do come again, perhaps you'd mend your manners just a trifle. You might remove your cap, for example—"

"Garn!" Cha laughed insolently. "An' supposin' I don't?"

Finlay got up slowly. He was flaming.

Taking his time, he approached Cha.

"In that case we must teach you to do it," he answered in a voice that trembled with anger.

"Aw! Shut yer face," Cha answered flatly.

He stopped laughing to arrange his blunt features in a belligerent sneer.

"Do ye think you could teach me anything?"

"Yes," shouted Finlay. Clenching his fists he rushed in at Cha.

By all the ethics of fiction there should have been a great fight—a magnificent combat in which Finlay, the hero, finally knocked Cha, the villain, for a boundary and six runs.

What actually happened was quite different. One blow was struck—one sad, solitary punch.

Then, two minutes later, Finlay woke up in a sitting position with his back against the wall, dazed and slightly sick, with blood trickling stupidly from the corner of his mouth.

By this time Cha, with his mother's medicine in his pocket, and his cap more insolently tilted on his ginger head, was striding down the middle of Church Street, whistling a lively air.

Finlay sat where he was for a long time; then, with his head ringing dizzily, he picked himself up. Inside him everything was black and bitter as gall.

Please turn to Page 14

SUEZ TRANSIT

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

THE adventures
of a man who took
a long shot risk
and won

A Romantic
Short Story
By .. ARTHUR
TUCKERMAN

THEY had decided not to go ashore during the few hours the Cingalee idled at anchor off Suez. Most of the passengers had rushed off on an excursion to Cairo, intending to rejoin the ship the next morning at Port Said after she'd made her canal transit. But Derek hadn't thought so much of the idea.

He and the Ginger Cat had shared plenty of temples, motor tours and megaphones since they had left Singapore. Besides, the Cairo trip was expensive, and Derek had no illusions concerning the balance on his letter of credit. The Ginger Cat, as usual, was in harmony with him!

"We'll stay aboard," he suggested. "Good idea," she agreed in her blithe Australian way. "Naturally, I'd share up with you on expenses, if you were really keen. But it'll be fun on board, with the mob ashore. Think of the swimming we'll get—the whole pool to ourselves!"

Now, in the soft Egyptian twilight, she sat beside Derek Mason on the edge of the ship's open-air pool, her toes idly flicking the limpid water.

With the day ending in an incredible Egyptian sunset, a crimson apocalypse behind the silhouetted cubes and minarets of Suez, a silence descended upon them. The girl looked at Derek and she knew his mood.

When you've played around with a pal for three weeks aboard ship, she reflected, you begin to know something about him. She saw the tension in his lean, dark, serious face and she said: "What's up, old boy? You look bluish."

"A masterpiece of understatement," he assured her. He fumbled in the bathrobe lying on the deck beside him. "Here, take a look at this. It came aboard with the mail this morning."

She read the crumpled cablegram.

Confidential stop Editor considers your personal adventures a liability not an asset stop Send something hot stop Devotedly Nick.

"And who's Nick?" she demanded, almost angrily.

"MERELY the Foreign Editor," he told her. "Just one of my friends who's tipping me off." His chin slumped into the palm of his hand, his long face longer than ever.

"Remember what I told you some time ago? You remember the story? America's most brilliant young reporter sends in the crime story of the year. Grateful but eccentric newspaper somehow sees him as a foreign correspondent, a roving adventurer. Hands him six months' foreign travel on a silver platter."

"Young prodigy wanders wide and lives handsome, hoping thereby to reach the seats of the mighty. He gets to know every important personage east of Suez. His expense account runs down, but he doesn't turn up so much as a third-rate gangster in Shanghai or a Javanese hit-and-run burglar."

"He doesn't get a break, or even a lead. And where does he stand now? Net assets, ten pounds and a return ticket."

"If it's money you're fretting

about," she said brightly, "how about the Sydney Cup? It's being run to-day, and I'd forgotten all about it. We'll get the results over the wireless to-morrow morning."

He controlled himself because he didn't want to hurt her feelings. She was a nice girl, one of the best, but sometimes her sense of proportion was a little askew. He, too, had forgotten about that Sydney Cup ticket. There had been a sweepstake held aboard

the Cingalee shortly after he'd met the Ginger Cat. They had shared a ticket and had drawn a horse called Dustbin.

In a mood of generosity they had presented their ticket to be auctioned off, along with several others, for the Seamen's Charities. It had cost them exactly eighteen pounds sterling each to buy back their rightful property.

A little man with a plaid ulster had promptly offered them eighty pounds for the ticket. Net profit, £22 each. But the Ginger Cat had become possessed by that fatal thing—a feminine hunch about horses. "Nonsense!" she told the man in the plaid ulster angrily. "Dustbin's a grand horse." So they had kept the ticket.

Ten days later the odds had come through via radio from Sydney. Dustbin, in three preliminary races, had proved one of the most spectacular wash-outs in the turf history of Australia. He was now quoted at 100 to 1.

Suddenly, with the rose-colored dusk falling upon Egypt and the great silent ship to themselves, a curious thing happened. Derek Mason looked at the girl; she looked at him. And an encounter took place that was different from all others.

She flushed quickly and something came into her eyes, blue and laughing above the creamy prominences of her cheeks, which elated him yet humbled him. Something ancient yet wholly new to her. A veiled question: a confession at the same time. And he thought to himself: "I've been blind. Why didn't I see and recognise this thing before?"

But with that cablegram in his pocket, to remind him of precisely where he stood in this uncertain world, he said nothing. When you're just beginning to make your way in a clamoring, egocentric universe, where careers and even ideals can be snuffed out overnight, you acquire a certain scepticism.

So Derek ignored that brief con-

fession in her eyes, and looked toward the sea instead. Luckily, there was a fat, beetle-like tender chug-chugging toward the ship to supply him with a badly needed topic. And he remarked airily: "Some more people coming on board."

They rose, wriggled into their bathrobes and pattered down the deck. Once again they were pals, good friends—as if that moment of revelation between them had never declared itself. But they both knew that it had declared itself since they were now conversing a little more flippantly than usual.

THEY passed the head of the companionway just as the tender disgorged its three passengers. The first of the three to step aboard was a supercilious-looking young man, dark complexioned, elegantly clad in a fawn-colored suit and a pearl-grey hat. He came up the ladder in a leisurely fashion, followed by two members of the Suez Canal police.

The three men, reaching the promenade deck, moved off together toward the purser's office. A polite and civilised performance, Derek reflected, his nostrils suddenly aquiver with his old news sense. No fuss, no loud words, no rough stuff. And yet there might be a story in it.

He turned sharply into the main companionway, and the Ginger Cat

He found her on the promenade deck, bargaining with a one-eyed gentleman who was selling shawls.

went on to her cabin to dress for dinner.

Mr. Duffy, the stocky little Irish purser, was closeted for a while in his office with the strangers. But presently they emerged and headed toward the ship's lift, chatting amiably. Mr. Duffy strolled over to Mason.

"That for a daft tale," he declared. "This fellow comes aboard with a ticket for Marseilles, assigning him to a wretched cabin down on E deck. He looks to be a decent fellow, so I say to him: 'See here, B-44 on the promenade deck has just been vacated, and you'll sleep far better there in this hot weather.' Does he so much as thank me? Not a bit of it."

"He stares at me with those sad spaniel's eyes of his, and he says coolly: 'I prefer the cabin I paid for.' Well and good," says I, but it's away below, and there'll be no opening of your porthole for air should we strike a storm."

"He nods frigidly. 'I am a man of the people,' says he proudly, despite those Bond Street togs of his. 'I accept no favors from the servants of British Imperialism.'"

"But why the police escort?" Derek interrupted.

"Police escort, my eye. He had a couple of pals to see him off—harbor officials. And what of it? The Egyptians are apt to make a ceremony of arrivals and departures." He turned with a glance of inquiry toward an elderly steward who had approached him. "What is it, Milliken?"

Milliken said: "The dark-looking gentleman who has just moved into E-106, sir. He's locked himself in, and he's hoisted the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on his door. When I tried to get in to make up his bed, he fairly yelled at me to 'hop it.'"

Please turn to Page 20



FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 13, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



P E T R O V

AFTERNOON

• A TRIO OF AFTERNOON FROCKS suitable for early spring wear beneath full-length coats. Particularly interesting is the drapery sketched on the left. Green jersey is employed for this gown with its softly-folded lapel half concealing a bunch of violets on the right shoulder.

In the centre is a severely straight frock of brown taffeta trimmed with rosettes and tapering bands of white pique. On the right, marine-blue crape is banded with red-and-white print edged with narrow lace. Note the Gibson Girl sleeves.

BLOUSES ...



● ABOVE: Classical tailored blouse of pale blue crepe. The original pockets and the collar relieve its severity with bands of deeper blue. Simple mother-of-pearl buttons and short, cuffed sleeves.

● AT TOP: Dainty spring blouse of featherweight wool woven in a novelty lace pattern. The short sleeves are full and puffy.

● TOP RIGHT: This attractive blouse in "shocking" pink crepe has many up-to-the-minute features. Notable are the yoke, the collar and the use of neat knots as an effective finish.

● ABOVE: Softly-draped blouse of heavy jade crepe-de-chine, simply trimmed with bands of a deeper shade applied yoke-fashion and finished with a flat double bow at the neck.

JUST CRAZY ABOUT STRIPES . . .

THINK of a zebra, a rainbow and a barber's pole . . . stripes, plain and fancy, black, white, colored . . . horizontal, vertical, diagonal.

Fashion has gone stripes crazy. Women adore them!

With a little ingenuity in cutting, the smartest effects can be achieved. The dress sketched at the right is an attractive example of a clever bias cut.



● PIN STRIPES for evening. Ruby-red striped with white for the dress (above), and white striped with ruby for the jacket.

● BLUE, WHITE, and green blazer-striped linen for the loose hiplength jacket below to wear over a white frock.



● VERY wide tan and green stripes applied on a yellow dress (above). Each stripe ties a bow in the front for a closing. The back is not striped.



● BRILLIANT red, white, and blue Roman stripes for the blouse and peasant kerchief (above). Worn with a suspender peasant skirt for sports.



● VERY old-world is the frock (at left) done in grey taffeta striped with deep purple and delphinium-blue.

"Now
my head
feels clear
as a bell"

Better still, if you use
Va-tro-nol sooner you can
PREVENT many a cold



OF COURSE that wretched stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh is quickly banished with a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. The moment you use it, you feel the tingle of its keen, stimulating action as Va-tro-nol quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, drains the sinuses—makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

BUT WHY WAIT until your nose is stuffed up? At the first warning sniffle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat where 3 colds out of 4 begin. Used in time, it

stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a cold before it starts. Doctors have proved, in scientific tests among 17,353 people, that Va-tro-nol can often help you to escape entirely the days and nights of misery that a cold brings.

Use Va-tro-nol to banish that stuffiness you are suffering now. Then keep it handy, use it early, and prevent your next cold. At all chemists.

More people use it than all other medications of its kind put together.



An Editorial Mystery Woman in Eastern Crisis

AUGUST 13, 1938

DEATH CIPHERS



A SMALL stroke of the pen, misread, meant recently the difference between life and death for two fine Australian boys, brothers.

A doctor wrote a prescription; a chemist, worried, ill, and overworked, mistook the quantity of paraldehyde called for, using ounces instead of drachms.

The prescription cipher for a drachm resembles a "z" with two half-loops; that for an ounce a "z" with three half-loops.

The difference, so minute, represents in quantities a difference of eight to one.

Human error can never be entirely eliminated; but, where lives depend upon blind faith in the accuracy of professional men, it is wrong that the possibility of error should be increased by complicated script.

The medical profession should consider immediately the simplification of prescription writing, with the use, whenever possible, of "plain English."

For the confusion of "drachms" and "ounces" there is a simple solution—the use of the abbreviations "dm" and "oz."

This is already adopted by some doctors and might well be used by all.

Difficulties are often experienced in reading the Roman numerals used in prescriptions, and often the chemist relies upon his own knowledge to make up the correct prescription, although, if in doubt, he is expected to refer back to the doctor.

The following is from the record of evidence given before a Royal Commission:

"Mr. Justice Browne: Do you think that even a competent medical man may not infrequently write prescriptions which should not be dispensed?"

"Witness (a chemist): Yes, every medical man will do so."

That is alarming enough, without the added complication of a script which is often extremely difficult to decipher.

Adoption of a simpler system of prescription writing must not be allowed to wait upon a possible repetition of the recent tragic mistake.—THE EDITOR.

WE have heard recently a good deal about a pretty movie actress, Leni Riefenstahl, who is supposed to be one of Hitler's best friends, in spite of his anti-Semitism, and to wield sufficient influence over him as to induce him to fight some of her battles, even against the all-powerful Marshal Goering.

Now it can be told of another woman just as important as the fair Leni, who plays a part in the life of another and perhaps even more ferocious dictator than the German Fuehrer—the merciless Russian dictator, Stalin.

This woman is indeed a person of mystery. No one sees her besides Stalin; she sees no one, lives in a small though comfortable apartment.

She has a maid, which, in Moscow, is an almost unheard-of luxury. She lives in a Government-owned house.

From time to time Stalin visits her there; at other times she is summoned by him to the Kremlin. No one knows her real name; she is known only as Anna Vladimirovna.

The story of that woman, here told for the first time in any detail, is most curious. She is no longer young, already past her fortieth birthday, but still very handsome.

She has kept her Roman-like features, together with a pair of wonderful grey eyes, and was once a reigning beauty in St. Petersburg society.

She once was rich, but lost everything in the Bolshevik turmoil. Having escaped to Moscow, she lived an existence of poverty and privation as a dressmaker.

An accident brought her to Stalin's notice. She was standing at her window when his wife's funeral procession passed under it.

Moved by some unexplainable impulse she dropped upon the hearse, behind which the Dictator was walking, a flower which she had in her hand.

He saw it fall, raised his head, and his eyes met the woman's glance. One look was enough; it sealed the fate of two people in a way neither of them had ever expected.

Strange Meeting

A FEW days passed, and then Chekist soldiers invaded the miserable dwelling in which Anna Vladimirovna was living.

They had orders to take her away. Where, or why, they did not say.

Of course there was no resistance possible, and the frightened woman followed her captors. She did not even dare to guess her fate.

To her surprise she was taken to the Kremlin Palace, and led to a long corridor at the end of which was a door, through which she was pushed.

Anna Vladimirovna began to

In the crisis between Russia and Japan, what are the plans of Stalin, mystery man of the Soviet? Probably only one woman knows—his friend and confidante, whose own personal story is revealed here.

By COUNT PAUL VASSILLI

(Author of "Behind the Veil of the Russian Court")



ANNA VLADIMIROVNA. Will she influence the Japan-Russia crisis?

tremble, and almost collapsed when into the room came the dread Stalin himself. He noticed at once her dismay, went up to her, and took both her hands in his own huge paws.

"You must not be frightened," he said, "I merely wanted to thank you for that flower. It was kind of you to throw it on my poor wife's coffin, but why did you do it?"

"I felt sorry for you," replied Anna Vladimirovna, "you looked so terribly lonely and sad. I wanted to make you feel that there were people who were sympathising with you and your sorrow!"

"Well, I thank you, it was a nice thing to do, and it did me good . . ."

After further brusque remarks from Stalin she was allowed to leave. Anna Vladimirovna could not understand the strange episode. She felt only that she had been drawn into a situation loaded with dynamite—the dynamite of destinies about to be fulfilled.

Somehow all her ideas about this man, whose very name brought terror to so many, changed. She saw in him a person who was sad and lonely, deprived of sympathy and love. An overpowering pity for him swept over her.

A few days passed, and Stalin sent

for her again. This time there was less tenseness as they talked. The Dictator questioned Anna about her past life, told her something about his own.

Anna Vladimirovna was strangely fascinated as the Iron Man of

Russia spoke of his country, of his interest in her, his hopes for her future.

As she listened, transfixed, she forgot that this man beside whom she was sitting in the Palace, which once had harbored the might of Peter the Great, had destroyed everything she had respected and believed in.

Now comes a question to which I believe no one up to now has been able to find an answer. Did this strange relationship between the ruthless Georgian who is ruling in Moscow and a woman belonging by birth to what was formerly the upper class in Russia culminate in love?

Some things point to it, others do not, but one fact remains—these two people have now a strong bond of affection for each other.

In the whirlwind of Moscow, these two stand isolated, surveying a world which they have learned to despise.

It is an extraordinary sort of friendship. It is the friendship of two persons who realise that, in finding each other, they have found the strength to go on with a life of toil and struggle—a life in which they had formerly been strangely disinterested despite the great events swirling about them.

His Inspiration

THIS strange attachment is believed by some to have had a bearing on the wholesale blood purge of the past year.

Stalin, it is whispered in Moscow, doomed a number of his associates and old allies because he feared they were plotting against the woman whose sympathy had become indispensable.

Under her guidance, Stalin has turned away from many of his former ideas.

If this woman's influence be as potent as Russian gossip has it, then a new light is thrown on the character of Stalin, dubbed the Mass Murderer, whose wholesale assassinations and torture confessions have horrified the world.

If he has a soft spot in his saturnine make-up, no one heretofore has found it. If this patrician woman of mystery has penetrated his harsh and merciless character, then almost anything can happen in the world's affairs.

It is in her he seeks his inspiration. If ever he is hailed by the Russian people as their Czar, it is to her he will owe it.

Such a situation seems beyond possibility, but strange things have happened in Russia. Anna an Empress? It would be a story-book climax for an amazing romance.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



L. W. Lower in the Wilds of Wild Peru



Baron Munchausen Never Told a Tale Like This!

For some time my life has been made miserable by a member in our club who, just when I'm comfortably seated, comes and sits alongside me and says, "You know, when I was in Bolivia—"

I gaze at him with a mute, dog-like look of pathos and pleading, but he's unstoppable.

If anybody has an interesting story of travel in foreign lands, I don't mind listening to it.

For instance, when I was in Peru searching for fossils—or it might have been muskies, or waffles, I've led such a remarkably adventurous life that these little things are apt to escape my memory. Anyhow, I might think of it later.

When I was searching for these blasted things I suffered almost unbelievable hardships.

By the way, you haven't been in Peru, have you?

If you have you can knock off reading right here.

Nobody's going to call me a liar when I can't reach him.

Presuming that you haven't been there I will explain that Peru is a country of vast tropical jungles and dense undergrowth matted so thickly together that it looks like the bottom end of our garden.

That reminds me. I must make a start on cleaning that up next weekend.

Having had considerable experience in work of an exploratory nature, I had no hesitation in plunging into what looked like certain death.

By . . .
L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Eyes straining to pierce the darkness I listened with both ears. This is a trick taught me by an old Bolivian buffalo-hunter many years ago.

Straining the eyes is also a difficult feat if one has no strainer. But I digress.

Presently I caught sight of a number of dark shapes flitting about the clearing.

"What's all this nonsense?" I cried to

harshly. "Why don't you go home?" "Gamboge bongolo!" came the reply. I knew immediately that they were friendly.

Must you go now? Your last tram doesn't leave until a quarter to two. Oh, well, if you insist, I won't detain you. I'll tell you the rest some other time. No trouble at all!

It's nice to have someone to talk to.

MOULD YOUR FIGURE TO NEW LOVELINESS —

WITH A

Gossard
"GLORIFIER"

The Gossard "Glorifier" steps seasons ahead with remarkable up and down elasticity. Just like a firm but gentle hand, the all-over fine crepe elastic moulds your figure to new loveliness while giving new ease and grace of body movement. And the Glorifier shapes that smart modern uplift line demanded by the new fashions. Discover your loveliest figure line—wear a Gossard "Glorifier."



Gossard "Pencilift". This corrective uplift bralette controls the pendulous bust. An elastic banding at top and down the centre front separates the breasts. Model 8095. Illustrated here in all-plain black and lace.

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

What is her Secret of PERPETUAL YOUTH

THE years rest on her shoulders but lightly, for though she grows older she refuses to age.

How has she retained that beautiful skin, youthful figure and the firm step of youth? She keeps in tune by this simplest of methods. Each night she takes Bile Beans to tone up the system, cleanse the blood and daily eliminate all food residues.

You, likewise, can preserve your youthful appearance, and enjoy excellent health with the aid of



"I feel full of life and more like a woman ten to fifteen years my junior since I have been taking Bile Beans. They are splendid for the digestion, for regulating the system and toning up the general health."
—Mrs. A. Carter.

"I'm so healthy and energetic as a woman years younger since taking Bile Beans. I used to live sedentary, but now I'm soon through my house-work, and if I feel like a good walk, off I go."
—Mrs. E. Kewett.

Among Friends

SO far I had seen no signs of life except a band of gorillas and a panther which I had to strangle. I hated to do it. The panther was a magnificent beast, and measured two hundred feet from nose to tail after I'd cut his tail off and taken it away.

Resuming my battle through the steaming snake-infested green hell, I struggled on, and towards nightfall came upon a small gaza, or open clearing, where I decided to camp for the night.

Little did I know that it was a meeting place of the dreaded Hoojias, who had a greater yearning for heads than the average two-up player. I was to find that out later.

Removing my gas-store from one of the packs, I prepared to make a meal. Imagine my dismay when I discovered that not only had I forgotten to bring a gasometer with me to supply the gas, but I had also lost my tin-opener.

There was nothing for it but to eat the salmon and spit out the pieces of tin.

I made a frugal meal on three tins of salmon and a handful of wild raspberries, and crawled into my sleeping bag.

I had just sunk into a fitful doze, and was wondering dreamily whether it would be worth while going back to have a look for my tin-opener when I heard the distant throb of tom-toms.

In a moment I was alert. Snatching my rifle from its holster in my pyjamas, I leapt slowly to my feet. Luckily I knew where my feet were, as it was pitch dark.

The monotonous beat of the tom-toms grew nearer, and then suddenly ceased.

A Nightly Dose of BILE BEANS



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All day long, in all your contacts, your face is the centre of people's attention. Let your face make you star in the daily drama of life—your complexion fresh and radiant, tissues smooth with youth-



ful firmness—made so, kept so, by daily cleansing, nourishing and protection with Richard Hudnut's Three Flowers creams!

Three Flowers Cleansing Cream—to thoroughly cleanse your skin of makeup and dust.

Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream—to lubricate the tissues with nourishing oils and keep your skin smooth and young-looking, free from wrinkles.

Three Flowers Vanishing Cream—a perfect powder base and daylong protection against the ravages of wind, sun and grime.

Use all three Three Flowers creams for a lovelier You!
Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

Three Flowers Hand Cream. Look at your hands. Do they add years to your age? Are they dry, lined, rough or chapped? Then you need Three Flowers Hand Cream to restore their young-girl softness and firm texture... Are your hands smooth and young-looking? Then you need Three Flowers Hand Cream to keep them so. Jars 2/6.

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Free Friendly Advice on All Travel.

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Resolve That Went Wrong

Continued from Page 7

HE burned at the memory of Cha's insolence, ragged at his own hopeless inadequacy. He was young, strong, thirsting to batter Cha's ugly face, and yet—he groined in a perfect agony of humiliation.

As he went to the sink and bathed his face he set himself doggedly to puzzle the matter out. Cha could box, so much was obvious, while he couldn't box at all. He had never thought about it even, never come up against a situation like this. And then, like a lamb, he had walked straight into that devilish punch of Cha's.

Something had to be done about it—something must be done about it. He couldn't lie down under an insult like that.

To this effect he swore a tremendous oath—after which he felt better.

Then he finished drying his face and, knitting his brows, he sat down at the desk to think.

The result of that profound self-communion was to bring together Finlay and Sergeant A. P. Galt. Indeed, the worthy sergeant had been at the barracks, without appearing to grow one hour older, as long as most folks could remember. Archie Galt combined the duties of recruiting sergeant and drill instructor to the Volunteers.

Fitness was his fetish, he had muscles all over his body, muscles which stood out like billiard balls in the most unexpected places at the word of command.

And he had medals—medals for wrestling, for fencing, for boxing; indeed, rumor had it that in his day Archie had been runner-up in the army heavies.

Whether or not rumor lied is no matter; the fact remained that Archie certainly could box.

The first afternoon in the big, draughty drill hall he hit Finlay hard and plenty—not, mind you, as Cha had hit him, but calm, judicial blows which jolted and rattled and shook and searched everywhere, beautifully tempered blows, any one of which—had the worthy sergeant chosen to let go—would have stretched out Finlay in undignified oblivion.

And at the end of it Galt pulled off his enormous gloves sadly.

"It's nae guid, sir," he observed broadly—for Africa, India, and the whole Sudan had not conquered Archie's Doric. "Ye'd better stick to your doctoring. Ye havena the first idea about handlin' yerself."

"I can learn," panted Finlay. The sweat streamed down his face; the last punch but one had taken him in the diaphragm, and left him gasping. "I must learn. I've got a reason—"

"Umph!" returned Archie, doubtfully twirling his waxed moustache. "It's my first lesson," Finlay doggedly persisted, gulping in the air. "I'll stick to it. I'll try hard. I'll come every day."

The shadow of a grin broke over Archie's impassive face, and vanished instantly.

"Ye're no' feared," he said non-committally. "And that's aye something."

So the campaign

began. Finlay stopped the stroll he usually took of an evening to the Lea Brae. Instead, he came to the drill hall, entering quietly by the back way after dark and slipping quickly into a sweater and shorts.

Then he set to with the sergeant, learning the mysteries of the straight left, the cross, the counter, the hook, learning to feint, to use his feet, his head—learning everything the sergeant could teach him.

He took some awful hammerings. The more he learned the harder Archie hit him. He found out how soft he was—he—Finlay Hyslop—who had always prided himself upon his rude health.

He went into terrific training. He rose early, took a run and a cold bath before breakfast. Without a pang he cut out Janet's delicious pastry from his diet.

Deliberately, wickedly, he set out to make himself as hard as nails. Cameron, of course, sniffed something in the air. His eyes, penetrating and caustic, often lingered upon Finlay when he passed a dish at table or came down in the morning with a slight thickening of his ear. But, though once or twice he nearly smiled, he said nothing. Cameron had the gift of silence.

By the end of one month, Finlay

was boxing well; by the end of three his improvement was really extraordinary.

At the end of May he came on with a rush and, one night, having gone six fast three-minute rounds with Archie, he finished up with a terrific wallop to the jaw which rocked the sergeant to his heels.

"That's enough to be going on with," said Archie decisively, as he peeled off his gloves. "I'm not taking no hammerin' from a laddie half my age."

"What are you blithering about?" Finlay demanded in wonder, with his gloves on his hips.

Archie took a slug at the water-bottle, and professionally squirted it from the corner of his mouth. Then he allowed himself the pleasure of a smile.

"I mean just this, sir. I've taught ye all I can." He grinned broadly. "It's high time ye found somebody your own age to hit."

"Am I any good, then?"
"Good! Man, ye're darned good. This last couple of weeks ye've come on like a house on fire. But I aye said ye had the makings of a bonny fechter."

He paused then with sudden curiosity, went on—

"Now that ye're as guid as I can make ye maybe ye'd be telling me something. What was that reason ye spoke about if it's not too big a question?"

Finlay stood silent for a minute, then he told Archie about Cha. And again that slow grin broke over the sergeant's rugged face.

"BELL," he declared. "I ken him well—the bull-necked rowdy. He's a slugger if ever there was one. But ye've got the measure of him now. Ye'll teach him a lesson he's long been needin'."

"D'you honestly think so, Archie?"
"Man, I'm sure on it. I'm not sayin' but what it'll be a bonny fecht. But as I'm a sodger I wouldn't like to be in Cha Bell's shoes by the time ye've done wi' him."

Finlay went home that night with determination in his eye. During those weeks of preparation he had somehow managed to keep the matter out of his mind, but now he knew himself to be fit and ready for the fray all his black rage against Cha boiled up afresh.

The memory of the scene of the surgery stung him more bitterly. The recollection of the rare occasions when he had subsequently encountered Cha, of Cha's impudent stare crossing his own studiously detached gaze, of the shout of derisive laughter following him down the street, these burst on him with new violence and goaded him beyond the limit of his endurance.

As he strode up the drive of Arden House he thought wickedly, "I'll make him pay. I'll take it out of him. Not another day will I wait. I've suffered long enough. Now I'm going to get my own back."

In this mood he entered the hall and there, oddly enough, on the slate which was hung specifically for this purpose he found a call written up for Mrs. Bell at the little house in Quay Side.

Odd, in a way, but not unusual, for Mrs. Bell was something of a hypochondriac, and once a month or thereabouts Finlay was obliged to call and reassure her on the origin of some vague pain or indeterminate symptom.

It suited him down to the ground. He would visit the old woman tomorrow—which was Saturday—prescribe for her, and blandly leave word that Cha was to fetch the medicine from the surgery in the afternoon.

The same circumstances, the same time, the same place—but, oh, how different the result. Finlay set his jaw hard. "I'll give him medicine," he thought viciously. "I'll give him a dose he won't forget."

The next day came, and Finlay made straight for No. 3 Quay Side the moment he was through his morning consultations. It was a lop-sided, single-gabled, old-fashioned bit of a house perched right on the river front behind the Elephant and Castle, and it protruded slightly in the rambling row as if the pressure of its neighbors had squeezed it out of shape.

Please turn to Page 16

ASK YOUR
DENTIST
... HE'LL
RECOMMEND

Gibbs



At all Chemists and Stores. Small tube 1/- Large tube 1/6 Large refills 1/3 Recommended by all leading dentists.

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Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6 per month's supply.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN!

Doctors say that a woman's system is so sensitive that the shock caused by strong purgative medicines may do serious harm. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in later life are in many cases due to taking harsh medicines. Treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking "California Syrup of Figs"—"Calfing". It never interferes with the bodily functions, but relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours. Doctors add "Calfing" everywhere—recommend "California Syrup of Figs"—"Calfing" because it is a gentle liquid laxative.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Calfing" on the package. Get a bottle to-day.

French Dolls for Little English Princesses

"FRANCE" and "Marianne," the two dolls presented by the children of France to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, are here shown in an array of fascinating clothes, designed by leading French couturiers. Aren't they delightful-looking little playgirls? Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—By Air Mail



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Active sportswomen eat Peek Frean's Vita-Weat because it's *energising* (and the flavour's delicious). Vita-Weat Crispbread is made from the *whole grain* of the best wheat. Calories, vitamins and mineral salts are all retained—none of the goodness is thrown away!

Eat Vita-Weat for vitality—and slimmness, too. Peek Frean's Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch, so it *cannot* make you fat.

Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat on your table at every meal. A 4-lb. carton costs only a few pence. *Why not buy one to-day?*

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Glowing
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THE young and old alike are forever prone to disorders of the Kidneys . . . and there is no doubt that the secret of good health lies in the Kidneys.

The normal function of the Kidneys is the extraction from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which, if they are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream, upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia and many other common ailments.

For over sixty years, sufferers from these complaints have been restored to glowing health with Warner's Safe Cure . . . for Warner's quickly brings your Kidneys back to their normal working order.

Warner's Safe Cure is packed in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9d and in the original 5/- bottles . . . and is sold by Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere.

WARNER'S
SAFE CURE

THE 60 YEARS OLD REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

Resolve That Went Wrong

Continued from Page 14

MRS. BELL met him at the door, her fat, round face pulled into an anxious frown.

"Oh, doctor, doctor," she protested. "It was last night I wanted ye to come and not this mornin'. What way did ye not come when I sent down word? I've been worried fair sick the livelong night."

"Don't you worry now, Mrs. Bell," he reassured her. "We'll soon put you right."

"But it's no' me," she wailed, "it's no' me at all. It's Cha!"

Cha! Finlay stared at her with an altered face; then, very thoughtfully, he followed her up the narrow wooden stairs into a little uncarpeted attic room.

There, propped up in a chipped truckle bed, garbed in a not very clean day shirt and the famous muffler, with a sporting newspaper on one side and a packet of cigarettes on the other, was Cha.

He greeted Finlay derisively.

"What do you want? The rag and bottle man doesn't call till Tuesday."

"Be quiet, Cha, now do!" placated Mrs. Bell. "And show the doctor your arm." Turning to Finlay—"It was a scratch he got at his work, doctor, the back end of last week. But it started to beel, and, oh, dearie me, it's come up something fearful."

"My arm's fine," Cha declared rudely. "I'm not wantin' any make-down doctor to look at it."

"Oh, Cha! Oh, Cha!" groaned Mrs. Bell. "Will ye not mind that terrible tongue of yours!"

Finlay stood with a stiff face trying to control his temper. At last, in a difficult voice, he said:

"Suppose you show me the arm."

"Aw!" protested Cha. But from beneath the patchwork counterpane he produced the arm, heavily, as though it were made of lead.

Finlay took one look at it, then his eyes widened in surprise. An enormous swelling stretched from wrist to elbow; an angry, boggy tumefaction—the diagnosis there was not the slightest doubt, Cha had acute cellulitis of the arm.

Making his attitude detached, completely professional, Finlay set about his examination. He took Cha's temperature—Cha's remark as he stuck the thermometer rakishly in his mouth being:

"Whit do you take me for—an oestrich?"

But for all Cha's pretence of coolness his temperature registered 103.5 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Have you any headache?"

"Naw," Cha lied. "And don't think you'll present me with one."

There was a pause; then Finlay looked at Mrs. Bell.

"I shall have to give him a whiff of chloroform and open up the arm," he declared impassively.

"NOT on your life," said Cha. "There's no chloroform for me. If you're going to butcher me at a', ye can butcher me without."

"But the pain—"

"Aw! What the devil!" Cha interposed scornfully. "Ye know fine ye're wantin' to hurt me. Go ahead and see if you can make me squeal. Now's the chance to get a little of your own back."

The blood rushed to Finlay's face. "That's a lie and you know it. But just you wait. I'll get you better. Then I'll teach you a lesson that you won't forget."

He swung round abruptly, and opening his bag began to prepare his instruments. Cha's answer was to whistle "The Bluebells of Scotland" with satiric variations.

Cha didn't go on whistling, of course—though no doubt he would have liked to.

It was a nasty business opening the mass of inflammation without an anaesthetic.

His stocky figure went quite rigid, and his face a dirty grey as Finlay made two swift, deep incisions, then started to probe for pus.

When it was finished Cha drew a stump of cigarette from behind his ear, lit up, and hardly regarded his bandaged arm.

"You've made a bonny hash of it,

right enough!" he exclaimed critically. "But what else could we expect?"

Then, with the cigarette in his hand, he promptly fainted.

He came to, of course, but he was far from being right.

That afternoon when Finlay called again he found him in the grip of a raging septicaemia. The infection had spread into the bloodstream. Cha was delirious. He was dangerously ill. Mrs. Bell resolutely opposed his removal to hospital.

"Cha wouldn't have it! Cha wouldn't have it!" she kept on repeating, wringing her hands. "He's a guid son to me for all his wildness. I wina go against him now he's badly."

So the whole responsibility of the case fell on Finlay. For a whole week he battled for Cha's life. He loathed Cha—yet he felt that he must save him.

He came three times a day to the house in Quay Side, religiously dressing the arm himself. He sent specially to Stirrock's in Glasgow for some new anti-toxin. He even went into Paxton's in the High Street and ordered the nourishment which kept Cha alive.

Not a labor of love, you may be sure; for lack of a better phrase you might call it a labor of hate.

At last, after a horrible week, Cha had his crisis on the eighth day. As he sat late into the night beside Cha's bed, Finlay saw positively that Cha would recover. Indeed, towards midnight Cha stirred and opened his sunken eyes, which, out of his gaunt, unshaven face, fastened themselves on Finlay. He looked and looked; then, moving his pale lips, he murmured:

"Ye see—I'm getting better in spite of ye."

Then he went off to sleep.

DURING his convalescence Cha was even worse. The stronger he got the more outrageous he became.

"Thought ye'd take me arm off so ye'd have the beating of me!" or "Ye'd have finished me, I suppose, if ye'd had the nerve to do it!"

Not that Finlay stood it stoically. Oh, dear no! With Cha out of danger, he dropped his professional dignity and thoroughly let himself go. Hammer and tongs they went at it, slanging each other unmercifully, the young riveter and the young doctor, until Mrs. Bell would thrust her hands upon her ears and run in terror from the room.

Finally, when Cha was up and ready to depart for a month at the Ardberg Home, Finlay took him pointedly aside:

"Your treatment's finished now. You're better. You're going down to get braced up at the seaside. Well, when you're back again and thoroughly fit, come and see me at the surgery. I'm going to give you the hiding of your life."

"Right!" Cha nodded defiantly. "That suits me down to the ground."

The four weeks passed slowly. Indeed, they passed extremely slowly.

One by one Finlay counted the days. He hated Cha so much he missed him. Yes, he actually missed him.

Life was rather flat without Cha's scornful grin and bold, satiric tongue. But eventually, on the last Saturday of the month, Cha returned and came bustling into the surgery, bronzed and fit, as strong, stocky, and sardonic as he had ever been before.

Up he came to Finlay. They faced each other. There was a pause.

But what happened next was terrible—so terrible it can hardly be set down.

Finlay looked at Cha. And Cha looked at Finlay.

They grinned at each other sheepishly.

Then, with one accord, they delightedly shook hands.

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Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's Cough Mixture (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough or bronchitis is under control. Buckley's Canadiol, now available in Australia—is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all busy-day cold Canada—one little sip and the cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 sips and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. If not joyfully satisfied money back.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"You want a divorce, although you've been married only six months! Why?"
"Because I can make a better match, of course."



"I can't stand that man; he always smiles to himself whenever I say something silly."
"I know, dear. A sort of perpetual grin."



HEADACHES relieved immediately

The quickest relief you can find for any headache is Bayer's Aspirin. Two tablets, a drink of water, and you feel better at once! Do not hesitate to use Bayer's Aspirin because of this speedy action! The relief is felt at once because tablets of Bayer manufacture dissolve at once. Not a single ingredient in Bayer's Aspirin can harm you in any way. It does not upset the stomach nor depress the heart. But it does put a quick end to the pain.

A pocket tin of these tablets is the best insurance you can carry against a sudden headache, colds, or any pain or discomfort, either in or out of business hours. Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In boxes of 12-9d., also bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/- have means Better



Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

YOUNG HUSBAND (breathless): I got your phone message at the office and came at once. What happened?

Young Wife: Oh, you're too late. Baby had his toe in his mouth and he did look pretty.

DONALD: Dad, you promised me sixpence if I was top boy at school, and I've been top boy two weeks running.

Father (reluctantly): Well, here's a shilling, but you must give up studying so hard. It's not good for you.

GOLF PROFESSIONAL: Now, sir, it's very important for you to keep your eye on the ball.
Suspicious Novice: Oh, is that the sort of a club I've joined?

"QUICK, Mary, bring the brandy. Your mistress has fainted."
"Very good, sir. And shall I bring mistress anything?"

"HENRY, you were talking in your sleep last night."
"Was I, dear? Sorry to have interrupted you."

BETTY: Daddy said there was not another woman in the world like you, Aunt Marjorie.
Auntie: That was very flattering of him.

Betty: And he said it was a good thing too.

WIFE (to maid): The master doesn't like me in this hat, Judith, so you may have it.

Maid: No, thank you, ma'am, he doesn't like it on me either.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



MOPSY: My worst sin is my vanity. I spend hours admiring my beauty.
MOPSY: That's not vanity—that's imagination.



"Forty, you say; she carries her years well!"
"Yes, but she's starting to drop a few now."



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Will he be leaping ahead to
SUCCESS—or, Just Jogging
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ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Books

Reviewed by . . .
ESME FENSTON

The romantic interest in "The Big Firm," a recent novel, suggests that true love is more often found in second than first affairs.

"THE BIG FIRM," by Amabel Williams-Ellis, is a satisfying novel because it is so many-sided. Its characters are at grips with the practical business of living.

They are never static. They change and grow under the impact of events.

Love, work, politics and loyalties shape them this way or that, so in the final scenes they are different people from those we met at first.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis is a very thorough writer. She is as much at home in the research laboratories of the "big firm" as in the lovely scenes on the Welsh mountains, organising a dockers' strike, or mingling in fashionable and witty society.

A Scientist Dismayed

BUT through her very diversity the novel gets away to a bad start. The scene is crowded and varied, and there is some confusion before the characters settle into their places of relative importance to the story.

The big firm is "Consolidated Scientific Products," run by the interesting family of Morpheus.

To its research laboratories comes Owen Wynne, youthful Welsh scientist, with the first fine careless rapture of University enthusiasm still working within him.

He is practical enough to realise that Universities to-day rarely have such funds free for research as have huge business concerns.

But he is impractical enough to be bitterly disappointed when he is refused permission to publish scientific results obtained from his experiments.

The Board explains that some of these results could not be patented.

Aghast, he argues that these things are important. That they may have bearing on medical research; that they may help other scientists toward discoveries that will benefit the world.

When offered a bonus, a really substantial sum, as compensation for his disappointment, he is outraged.

"You don't think you can buy me?" Owen's head was up; he looked arrogant.

"You compel me—again—to say something extremely unpleasant. We bought you, as you choose to call it, two years ago. You seem to have forgotten the terms of your contract."

Which brings Owen up against political and economic questions which, in his abstraction with science, he has never considered.

Has a man the right to know what is going to be done with work for which he is paid?

OWEN has been sharing himself between his beloved science and a rapturous affair of the heart with Caro Morpheus, daughter of the head of the firm.

Caro is a creature of wistful longings and wild activities. Her trouble is she's so thorough.

"Think of other girls . . . They all go through phases, they all want to elope with their schoolteacher, or with the butcher, or eat hashish or run away to sea. They all want to—but Caro does." That is how one character explains her.

The affair with Caro comes to an explosive finish, but Owen is not so deeply affected as he thinks.

He finds his true love in Nicola, Caro's cousin, who lacks Caro's pas-



AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS, writer of "The Big Firm," comes of a noted literary family. She is the daughter of St. Loe Strachey, a famous "Spectator" editor, and a cousin of Lytton Strachey.

wide variety of readers, men and women alike. It is essentially sound in its presentation of the world as it really is.

"The Big Firm." By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Collins, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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IT works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense.

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Ask for VELMOL 2/- All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers.

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Excess Acid Causes that Pain

Take this Advice AND Eat what you like

Read how this quick-acting powder will give you immediate relief from your pain. And, what is even more important, it tones up and strengthens your stomach so that your indigestion eventually goes for good.



The stomach, from three to four times a day, has to deal with a variety of foods and convert them into nourishment for the body. These foods are not always the most suitable, or they may not have been properly chewed, and so reach the stomach in a form that makes digestion difficult.

So we must not be surprised that the stomach rebels at this harsh treatment. It does its best to extract nourishment from the food. But too often this results in an outpouring of excess acid.

At first, flatulence and palpitation are the only symptoms, but later come inflammation of the stomach

or duodenal ulcers—all caused by excess acid in the stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, owing to its extreme fineness, neutralises the excess acid as soon as it reaches the stomach. There is immediate relief from the pain and the inconvenience of flatulence. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than this.

FIRSTLY, it protects the stomach walls from further burning by the acid. SECONDLY, helps to digest your food, and THIRDLY, tones up the whole digestive system so that excess acid is no longer given off, and you can eat what you like without any ill after-effects.

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**DE WITT'S
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BOOKS TO READ

DOUBLE SPY. By Marthe McKenna. Spy fiction by the writer of "I Was a Spy," rich in thrills and sensation and secrets.

NIGHT LIGHTS. By Seymour Hicks. Witty reminiscences crammed full of celebrities, ranging from Shirley Temple to Melba.

MOTIVE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. An unpleasant young millionaire is killed and the wrong person is tried. Of course, it all comes right in the end.

sion and flamboyance, but has brain and heart to compensate.

She has married Peter Orway, firmly believing him to be a radical champion of the people, and is disappointed to find that after all he is only an ambitious politician.

Her sincere leaning to radical thought finally divides her from her husband, and through her Owen is diverted from his personal problem to a more general one.

She is concerned in a movement to prevent a ship being loaded with arms for Spain.

He slowly comes to realise that the problems of the dockers are little different from his own. They also claim the right to ask what shall be done with their work.

This book cannot fail to interest a



"FRAGRANT MEMORIES"

It features the songs our parents and grandparents used to sing and if there is some song you have not heard for years and would like to hear again, it will be featured for you.

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

MONEY-CONSCIOUS

ARE women too money-conscious?

Every day, whether in conversation or by accidentally overheard remarks, I find that people and possessions are judged chiefly by monetary standard.

This is particularly noticeable when women gather together for inspection of, and discussion on, clothes.

Unless the possessor immediately states the price of an article one at once hears such questions as, "How much was that?" or "What did you pay for it?"

Quality and pleasant appearance seem to be secondary considerations, and judgment is passed according to the money paid for the article.

Does this not tend to create a false set of values?

I have never heard men indulging so freely in this price listing.

£1 for this letter to Tess van Sommers, Ocean View, Raglan Street, Manly, N.S.W.

CHILDREN'S READING

SHOULD children read the newspapers? I think they should. Because of the news of divorce, battle, murder and sudden death there will be many to disagree with me.

Well, it will do no good to prevent the children reading them.

And it would be disastrous to delete from the papers the more unpleasant items in order to present to the young a beautiful picture of an unreal world.

The average child is far less interested in crime and murder than most people believe.

Wise parents have a magnificent chance to supplement school training by making the most of the educational possibilities of our Australian newspapers.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. N. Dunlop, Woruna, 12 Ben Boyd Road, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.



THERE'S ONLY ONE SOAP I'D TRUST FOR HER SOFT BABY SKIN - THE FINE OLD FAVOURITE Pears

Now only 6d. (City and Suburbs)



Should Parents Expect Thanks for Sacrifices?

MISS GLADYS AMEY deplores man's ingratitude to man (23/7/38).

To feel gratitude one must have had to suffer and make sacrifices.

When one is young and having a good time one does not stop to think and offer thanks.

The father of whom Miss Amey writes ought to try to understand this attitude of youth and find consolation in the thought that he has done his duty.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

Made Selfish

WHEN parents sacrifice their whole lives for their children they do not deserve any thanks from them.

We all do our best for our children, but surely we should not do so much as to make them selfish.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Show Kindness

A LITTLE gratitude shown by children to their parents would be very acceptable.

This gratitude need not be spoken, but implied, in repaying kindness and consideration with like treatment.

But the statement of the "sacrifices parents make for their children's future" is an irritating one. Parents have children for their own sake, not the child's, and whatever is done for the child reflects favorably on the parent.

Children should not be made to feel that they are under a debt to their parents.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Parade, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

They Brought Joy

I CANNOT see why a parent should expect to hear gratitude expressed by his children for what has been done for them.

After all, joy has come to both parents in making those sacrifices. Expressed gratitude is worthless.

If a child shows love and consideration, that is sufficient reward for one's labors.

Making sacrifices for one's loved ones is the greatest joy in life.

Miriam Hawkins, Sefton St., Largs Bay, S.A.

Tactless Treatment

OFTEN children appear ungrateful, only because they do not realize the sacrifices which have been made for them by their parents.

If parents would tactfully and affectionately point them out, the children would not fail to show appreciation.

But many parents either bombard their children with recitals of their own self-sacrifice or wear a martyr's halo.

Either attitude is fatal to true parent-and-child camaraderie.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Reticent Children

THE father who deplores that his children do not express their gratitude to him should not think they are ungrateful.

Modern youngsters dislike express-



Ing in serving

ing sentiment. If they make good, the parents must be satisfied that their devotion to the children has borne fruit.

Do parents often say to their children: "We're glad we have you. Life without you would be very dull and dreary?"

And yet that is true in many cases. Parents owe a lot to their children. Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 77 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Is Good Nature a Sign of Weakness?

OFTEN the man or woman who is obliging or who gives in easily is, as Miss Roberts says (23/7/38), merely a weak character.

It is harder to withhold a favor when one knows by so doing one is incurring odium or antagonism.

Often, the good-natured one is merely seeking popularity, though she may not realise this herself—or worse, looking for future benefits.

Mrs. Simpson, Mt. Hawthorn, Leederville, W.A.

Matter of Intelligence

GENUINE good nature, combined with intelligence, is not a sign of weakness.

There is a world of difference between being good-natured and obliging and in merely being soft and easily imposed upon.

V. Gresty, 132 Hewlett St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Lack Courage

I AGREE with Sylvia Roberts—with reservations.

I have known two people only who have been good-natured and, at the same time, strong-minded enough to hold their own against imposition.

The remainder of my "good-natured" friends have not had the courage to do other than accept the inevitable impositions of the recipients of their favors, although I am sure that they resent them.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 130 Brook Street, Coogee, N.S.W.

Noble Characteristic

SYLVIA ROBERTS says, "good nature shows weakness rather than strength." I do not agree with her. It is the person imposing on a good

They Won't Take Their Sisters Out

ONCE a brother was proud to take his sister out, but now you rarely see a young man even walking down the street with his sister.

He is too engrossed with his own affairs and has forgotten that his sister on many occasions needs his support and protection.

This is a sad side of modern family life.

Miss N. Platt, Hanwood Rd., Griffith, N.S.W.

nature who shows weakness of character. Kindness is fine noble

"Good nature" will stand the strain of tragedy and sadness, ill-temper, greed, deceit, gossip, hate, envy, resentment, jealousy, spite and, yes, "all impositions."

Yet, Miss Roberts you call it a weakness!

Dorothy Condon, Dunmore, South Coast, N.S.W.

Writer Confused

S ROBERTS says that good nature is usually a sign of weakness.

To allow such a statement to go unchallenged would be unjust. Rather would I brand selfishness a weakness.

Consideration for others can be cheapened if done without discretion, or for a material gain, and, evidently, the writer has confused this with good done in the right spirit.

Surely more "real" happiness is derived from giving and doing for others than in any other way.

Mrs. A. McCombes, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, Brisbane.

Ruthless Age

WHETHER good nature is a sign of strength or weakness, it is certainly an unfortunate characteristic to possess in this hard, modern age.

The person who takes commands respect and rises to material success. He who yields easily his goods or his opinions is thought less of by his fellows, and is likely to be overlooked by his employers.

Miss Daniell, Clifton Street, Hawthorn, S.A.

People To-day Slaves to Convention

IN answer to L. Smith (23/7/38), we have to be slaves to convention to a certain extent.

The unconventional Bohemian life is attractive, but we must adhere to recognised social customs, which time has proved to be best for the community.

We can develop our own individuality without being eccentric. Absorb



No individuality in dressing

other people's ideas if they are good and have the test of experience behind them.

It does not denote mental laziness. Rather, it shows good sense.

F. Howard, 73 George St., Devonport, Tas.

Lack Courage

YES, we are pitifully eager to be "like other people."

Our actions are bounded by what other people will think.

Women are worse than men in this respect.

A woman is not content with a dress, even if it suits, unless it bears a particular resemblance to what everyone else is wearing.

Convention has laid a heavy hand on hairdressing. Every girl's head today looks exactly the same—elaborate curls and rolls, according to the latest "fashion."

What a relief it is these days to meet someone with courage to put into practice her own ideas!

Mrs. Myers, King's Park Rd., Perth.

Making Progress

IF we are considered too slavish followers of convention to-day, what must our grandparents have been?

Though there is still too great a uniformity of ideas, we are rapidly progressing, learning to think and act as individuals.

P. Walkhom, Swan St., Hobart.

Few Are Original

WE are nearly all slaves to convention as Mrs. Smith said.

We are afraid that our opinions are different from others, or to wear clothes not in the latest fashion, whether they suit us or not—just because everyone else is wearing them.

Only a few people are original and different, and not afraid to follow their own convictions.

Mrs. E. May, Macquarie Fields, N.S.W.

Inevitable

YES, we are slaves to convention.

Mrs. Smith.

And yet it is inevitable.

There must be some recognised code of conduct. Otherwise society would be in a state of chaos and much misery and unhappiness would result.

As regards fashion; clothes are modelled actually on what the loveliest and most prominent women of the day wear.

The Duchess of Kent looks attractive in a certain type of hat, and so sets a fashion.

A fashion does not start unless it is attractive to wear.

Of course, it is a pity to allow our opinions and thoughts to be governed by what other people think.

Miss Stewart, William St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

Breaking Away

PEOPLE to-day are learning to develop their own ideas, to think for themselves.

Women in particular are breaking away from the old feminine routine, taking up new jobs, new interests, designing their own wearing apparel.

I cannot see that we are "slaves to convention."

Mrs. Myers, Walter Street, Claremont, W.A.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found on top of page 3 of this issue.

LACK DIGNITY

LATELY our Press has given us some delightful photographs of women—young and old—in their Court presentation gowns, and one cannot help being impressed by their graceful charm and beauty when compared with the popular styles of to-day.

Wearers of modern fashions can have little dignity or poise—the two outstanding qualities of both our Queens.

Mrs. L. M. Dennis, c/o Flat 3, 232 Avoca Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

VERY soon summer will be with us once more, but what a pity we do not introduce daylight saving in Australia.

If our clocks were put forward one hour from October 1 to the last day in February we should begin our work in the cooler part of the day and would have long daylight evenings.

Mrs. R. Lumsden, Orchardtown Rd., New Lambton, N.S.W.

GOOD HANDSHAKE

WHY do some people avoid the good old habit of hand-shaking?

Our Royal Family are renowned for the warmth and friendliness of their greeting in this respect.

It is rather chilling on being introduced to receive only a curt nod.

Mrs. J. H. Collaw, Neerim Post Office, Vic.

FLATS PROSAIC

WHY do so many young couples, when looking for a home, insist on a flat, thus depriving themselves of the joys of a garden and the economy of growing their own vegetables?

A flat is such a prosaic place, generally very small, and thus hard to keep tidy, even if it is equipped with labor-saving devices.

With other people so close there is not the same freedom as in a cottage. A cottage in a suburb has every advantage for both man and wife.

I would welcome the opinions of other readers.

Mrs. Cecil Foll, 85 Coonanbarra Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

"Then it began to gather"

A neglected cut! Just a scratch—and in no time the germs of infection can start their work. Use 'DETTOL' promptly. It is ruthless to germs, yet is non-poisonous and gentle on human tissues.

'DETTOL' is the modern antiseptic, and should have a place in every modern medicine cupboard. Get a bottle from your chemist and be ready. Your Chemist has 'DETTOL' ... price 2/-.

DETTOL
TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED
(PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY.

"WELL, let him alone," Duffy said. "I daresay he's tired and wants a rest."
"But," the old man continued, "he hasn't put his boots outside the door, and he hasn't even chosen his bath time. We're not getting the class of passengers we used to have, Mr. Duffy." He wandered off disconsolately, shaking his head.

Derek left the purser and went to his own modest cabin on E deck to dress for dinner. From his porthole he could see the long, low peninsula of Port Tewfik and the buildings of the Canal administration. A fleet of Arab feluccas with sails like open scissors were drifting lazily across the mirrored water toward the Clingalee, their painted hulls laden with cargoes of fruit and rugs and trinkets.

He dressed quickly, then made his way toward the smoking-room for his usual rendezvous with the Ginger Cat.

She was there, waiting for him. He sat down beside her at the small table just as a ragged newsboy from one of the feluccas came aboard with the afternoon papers from Cairo. Derek bought one and vanished behind its greylash, badly printed sheets.

"It's rude," the Ginger Cat pointed out cheerfully, "to read when you're in company."

He was scanning the pages feverishly. "It's rude," he agreed a little belatedly, "but it happens to be my job to follow the news. I haven't seen a paper since we left Colombo."

But it was more important than that. Something was lurking now, shaping itself in the dark, dim recesses of his mind; the adumbration of a faint yet persistent inquiry, which he couldn't shake off.

"Listen to this," he exclaimed sud-

denly. "Stop-Press. Fezlim Bey Deported. Due to the discovery of inflammatory documents in his rooms at Suez, Fezlim Bey, newly appointed adviser of the Younger Nationalist Group's militant left wing, has been ordered to leave Egypt. His Excellency the High Commissioner signed the order of deportation at noon to-day. In a recent speech, Fezlim Bey declared that the present High Commissioner, General Bullock-Lee, was the sole stumbling block to Egyptian nationalist aspirations."

He flung down the newspaper. "You know who Fezlim Bey is? No more an Egyptian than you or me! That's why they can deport him. He's a Turk and a paid agitator in a world-wide revolutionary move-

ment. And in this instance the student party is simply one of his dupes—in a long chain stretching from the Black Sea to Java."

But the Ginger Cat was not deeply impressed. "What's the odds?" she asked lazily. "Let's go down and have a bite."

"I'll see you later," Derek told her, and dashed from the smoking-room.

He found Duffy in his cabin behind the purser's office. Duffy, sliding into a white mess-jacket, was contemplating himself in a mirror. "Sporting these togs on an off-night like this," he complained, "is a bit thick. But it's company rules. What's on your mind?"

"Fezlim Bey," Derek said. "And who might that be?" Duffy asked blandly.

"Lay off, Mr. Duffy. I've just read the Cairo evening paper. I can still put two and two together. Fezlim Bey is the man in E-106."

Mr. Duffy shed his air of flippancy. He sighed heavily and sat down, motioning towards another chair. "Look here, Mr. Mason, I've no quarrel with your kind. In fact, I help newspaper men wherever I can. But this business you mention is absolutely out, d'ye see?"

He made a sharp, final gesture with his hand. "It's off the record. This lad is one to be handled with gloves, as the saying goes. He very nearly did in the two Government agents who arrested him. He's being quietly deported, instead of facing a criminal court, simply to avoid that nebulous thing known as international complications, and the orders are that he's to have communication with no one until we're clear of Egyptian territory."

"Listen!" Derek demanded hotly. "Why can't you do me a private and personal favor? Every newspaper man in Europe has been trying to pin down Fezlim Bey for the past two years. If I could get a personal story from him, it would be the scoop of the year."

Duffy thought a moment. "Well, it's possible, after we've left Port Said, that I could wangle the skipper's permission."

"Oh, sure," Derek jeered. "And by that time the story would be useless. Why did you offer the man a promenade deck cabin instead of the kennel he'd booked for himself?"

Duffy grinned. "Policy, my friend. Company policy."

"Then you won't give me a break?"

Duffy said, rising: "I have my job and I have my orders. I imagine you're much in the same boat."

They went down to the dining saloon and found the Ginger Cat seated at Duffy's table. The ship had already weighed anchor and was now moving slowly into the Suez Canal.

Mason ate his dinner silently, in a brooding mood. But the Ginger Cat was contrastingly gay.

"When will we get the Sydney Cup results?" she asked Duffy.

"About seven a.m.," he told her. "Then we'll be rich by seven-ten!"

Mason laid down his fork. Frustrated and bitter, his nerves were beginning to surrender. "I wish," he pleaded, "that you'd forget about that darned horse. We don't live in fairyland."

She stared at him in astonishment. "Derek! Do give over! You're becoming a wet blanket."

It happened that he'd never been called a "wet blanket" before and it heightened his momentary irritation. Particularly because he didn't know what she meant. "Please translate," he said.

She flushed. "A gloom. A kill-joy. I believe, in your superior language."

Then she flung her napkin on the table and left the dining saloon.

EVENTUALLY Derek found her on the boat deck. He said at once: "I'm sorry, Iris, but I've been under a strain the past few hours. Goodness knows why I took it out on you."

He took her hands in his, kissed them, and her rigidity melted.

"You see," he said, linking his arm in hers, "I thought I was on to a good thing for a moment. This Fezlim Bey business. But Duffy put the lid on it." He led her toward a pair of deck chairs just under the bridge, where there was a clear view of the canal ahead. And he told her all about the man in E-106.

At length he finished his story, and Iris said: "It's filthy luck, but perhaps you'll get a break after we leave Port Said."

AT this point all his pent-up emotions broke loose. He seized her, hugging her, kissing her, nearly stifling her, as he had wanted to do for a longer time than he could remember. He said: "Oh, darling, darling, why do you think I want a break so much? Just for one reason. The worst of being poor is that you can't make reasonable plans either for yourself or for the person you love."

When she had freed herself, a little breathless, she said: "Need you worry so much, Derek? The future mightn't be so difficult, if you'd only let me have a go at it."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I could talk to Dad about you. Dad doesn't refuse me many things."

Derek knew all about her father, whom she was on her way to meet in London. "Big Collins," the Australians on board called him. The chief executive of an immense exporting company with ramifications throughout Australia and New Zealand. "But even Big Collins has his heel of Achilles," some one had remarked. "That daughter of his can twist him around her finger."

Derek knew what the Ginger Cat was suggesting, in her gentle way. A career. One of those gradual, suave advances to a position of dignity and security. A godsend of a career—for some men. . . . He shook his head.

"The Greeks had a word for that—nepotism. But I'm not cut out for it, Iris. I'm cut out for this crazy thing called journalism. It's part of me."

THEY sat there for an hour, perhaps even longer, until the Canal ahead of them suddenly widened into the hammered silver expanse of the Great Bitter Lake. They heard the engine-room telegraph jangle on the bridge above them, and they felt the sudden forward urge of the turbines as they abandoned the cautious seven knots prescribed by Canal regulations. Then Iris Collins rose, said: "I'm terribly happy, Derek, but a bit tired. I think I'll turn in."

He accompanied her to the main companionway, then returned to his chair on the boat deck. The starlit night was too glorious to miss—and besides, he had plenty to think about.

It was ten miles across the Great Bitter Lake, and nearly three-quarters of an hour passed before the waters narrowed and he saw a yellow bloom of lights sprinkled on the horizon. That, he reflected, would be Deversoir station, the beginning of the northern portion of the Canal. It was now past midnight. In four and a half hours the Clingalee had completed approximately forty miles of her canal transit. There remained sixty-odd miles to Port Said.

The station at Deversoir flashed a signal. Derek again heard the crisp ring of the telegraph on the bridge, felt the ship's way slackening. Then the telegraph trilled a third time and the turbines altogether ceased their faint pulsation. The waters of the lake slapped suddenly and loudly against the bows.

Derek glanced ahead, saw that the Canal entrance was partially blocked by a small native dhow lying athwart the channel and manoeuvring in a helpless way. The Clingalee waited patiently.

Derek yawned and stretched his arms; made his way aft along the now vibrationless deck. At the forward companionway he descended to E deck, towards his own cabin. Down below, the narrow white corridors were deserted, but for the figure of a night-watchman in the far distance.

Derek, proceeding along the semi-dark corridor, suddenly noticed a crack of light gleaming beneath a cabin door. He glanced up, read the number on the door. E-106. There was a sign hanging on the knob. The sign said: "Please Do Not Disturb."

He knocked on the door. No answer came to his knock, and he repeated it several times. Then he took out a card, scribbled something on it, and thrust it under the door. He rustled the card to and fro against the lintel. He did this for several minutes. If any human being had been in that cabin, asleep or awake, he must surely have been aroused by that persistent rustling.

After a while he moved on, frowning, towards the main companionway. The slither over the purser's counter was still raised and he saw Duffy, now in his shirt sleeves, typing out entries on a yellow Board of Trade form. Derek said cheerfully: "To the devil with ethics, Duffy. I just tried to get into E-106. But your bird's flown."

Please turn to Page 22



WHY, SIS, I'M SURE TOM WROTE THIS LETTER TO MISS FITZ— AND I'M SURE THE GIRL IS ME... OH, HOW HORRIBLE— READ THIS PART...



HOW HAVE I CHANGED? TOM USED TO SAY I WAS THE SWEETEST, DAINTEST GIRL HE KNEW...



WEEKS LATER
SIS, HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW MY SKIN'S IMPROVED SINCE I WENT BACK TO LIFEBOUY?
YES, AND I'VE NOTICED TOM'S A VISITOR NEARLY EVERY NIGHT



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"BO" GONE... Mollie finds happiness



MOLLIE, DEAR, PLEASE MARRY ME. I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

SHE THINKS: OH, YES YOU COULD IF I HADN'T GONE BACK TO LIFEBOUY

Even if You've
NEGLECTED
YOUR SKIN



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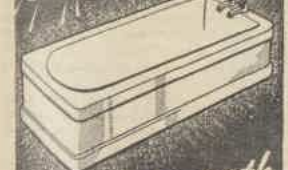
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First-Hand Account of Royal Visit to Paris



THE KING AND QUEEN IN PARIS. An informal glimpse showing the King signing the Golden Book during his visit to the Paris Town Hall. The Queen is talking to M. Lebrun, the French President.

Queen Looked Radiant Figure, Blazing With Jewels

Here is a complete, vivid, and intimate first-hand impression of the visit to Paris of our King and Queen. It was specially obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly.

By MARY FAY, Airmailed from Paris
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

I CANNOT help drawing a mental comparison between the little Duchess in a simple white dress and a single row of pearls to whom I was presented at a Caledonian banquet in Paris less than three years ago and the radiant figure of a queen, her corsage blazing with jewels, that I had the honor of seeing in the Royal box at the Paris Opera on Wednesday night.

Queen Elizabeth was magnificently regal on this occasion—regal, and wonderfully young and sweet at the same time.

I shall never forget the sight of her sitting smiling in the box like some radiant jewel enshrined in the glittering setting of tier upon tier of boxes filled with the elite of cosmopolitan Paris—social, intellectual, artistic, political; a giant engagement ring symbolizing the ties that bind our two countries together.

The Queen's dresses throughout the visit have been perfect.

The all-white note suggested by her recent bereavement was so right and so effective, and I am certain that Her Majesty has already set a stamp on coming styles, not only in the matter of white as a formal color, but also in her preference for wide skirts of the crinoline style.

The gown worn at the opera was in heavy duchess satin, the flowing width of the skirt accentuated by pannier effects edged with silver lace.

Silver lace also formed the fichu drape finishing the Victorian décolletage, caught at one side with a group of white camellias.

Exquisite Dress

THE dress worn at Bagatelle was all "lace—crisp lace," to use Mr. Norman Hartnell's own expression—a wide full skirt with a short matching bolero and a knot of white jasmine at the waist.

Her Majesty carried a dainty parasol in the same crisp lace.

It was a perfect garden party dress worn in a perfect garden party setting.

The elegance of this ground-long formal afternoon dress and the elegance of the hundreds and hundreds of long dresses worn by guests tends to defy the present vogue for short dresses for formal afternoon wear.

The few short dresses present—you could count them on two hands—looked sadly out of the picture.

And never, oh never have so many top hats and, above all, grey top hats, been seen in Paris as at the garden party at Bagatelle.

Paris haters must have made a fortune out of the Royal visit. I

hear that by Wednesday morning there was not an unsold top hat to be found in all Paris!

The dress worn by the Queen at Versailles is worthy of a special paragraph. You may have seen photographs, but these reveal nothing of its exquisite detail.

The fabric is white organdie worked all over with hand-embroidered "broderie anglaise" with here and there flower motifs in relief hand-worked in the same organdie, petal over petal thrown up on a background of openwork design—like a lily floating on a pool.

The waist is slotted with black velvet ribbon, and the wide crinoline straw is trimmed with a black velvet bow.

Too Fast

A FRIEND of mine who was presented to Their Majesties at the British Embassy was impressed by the King's freshness and alertness—even after two days of steady official going.

To explain what he meant this friend quoted as an example that, as the Ambassador presented each resident in turn, it was the King who seemed ready and waiting before the candidate had gathered himself together.

"Just a jump ahead of everybody else," he put it.

And the Queen's blue eyes! Everyone who has approached closely enough to Her Majesty to judge is struck by the blueness of her eyes and the rare beauty of her coloring. And, of course, the famous smile is now a byword in Paris. Not that the poor man in the street really caught a glimpse of it.

The authorities certainly knew what was best, but the speed at which the Royal cars passed in the streets and their almost complete screening by what appeared to be the world's longest legged horses were a sad disappointment to the Parisian public.

They were expecting, if not the walking pace of the Coronation procession, as seen in the film, at least a pace that would permit a glimpse of the Royal faces.

Instead of which it was at the rate of a horse's brisk trot, and though the cars were open, thick "anti-everything" glass screens added to the difficulty of a clear view.

In spite of all this, what a wonderfully happy, enthusiastic crowd. I can safely say that I have never seen so many smiling faces and such a show of good humor in France.

It was patent that everybody from the highest to the lowest understood the grand significance of the Royal visit and that the people especially saw in it a promise of better days to come.

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Suez Transit

Continued from Page 20

jeered. Derek moved on, thoughtfully, toward his own cabin.

He awoke at seven, after a restless night. Derek found his cabin distinctly cool as he dressed, the morning air funneling through the open porthole, its passage accelerated by the metal wind scoop which had been attached for the torrid Red Sea portion of the voyage.

The ship slowed down, paused in a buoyed channel while the harbor authorities came on board. Derek, his head projecting from the porthole, idly watched them stepping onto the ladder from their launch. Then his eyes happened to travel along the serried rank of E-deck portholes in the direction of the ship's bow. His glance suddenly became fixed.

Someone knocked at his door. He called, "Come in."

Milliken, his steward, entered. "Miss Collins," Milliken stated, "has just read the wireless bulletin. She wishes to tell you that Sunflower, the favorite, won the Sydney Cup."

Derek withdrew his head from its circular brass halo. "That," he declared, "is not a piece of news to give me heart failure. We shared a ticket on Dustbin."

"Well," the old man mused, "Dustbin didn't do half badly for a rank outsider. Second, in a field of twenty-eight."

Derek placed a blade in his razor, frowning. "Second? Is this so? But it won't help us, Milliken. We held a ticket to win."

"Back luck, sir," Milliken said. "When do you take down these infernal wind scoops from the portholes? I'm just about freezing."

"It'll be done, sir," Milliken assured him, "while you're at breakfast. We always take them down as soon as we're north of the Canal." Ten minutes later Derek went down to breakfast. Iris was already at Duffy's table, struggling bravely with a small and obstinate grapefruit. They looked at each other, and he saw at once that she was a trifle glum. "Tough luck," he said.

"You're right!" she agreed, and handed him a copy of the Cingalee's radio bulletin. He read:

Sydney, N.S.W. In magnificent weather Sunflower, popular favorite, won Sydney Cup to-day before a record-breaking crowd.

"Still," Derek said, "Dustbin was pretty hot at that—"

"What do you mean?"

"Coming in second. If we'd only held a ticket for place—"

"Where did you hear that?" she asked sharply.

"Milliken, the steward, told me. Didn't you send the message?"

She had put down her spoon.

"How very odd, Derek! I simply told him that Sunflower had won. I'd just read the bulletin. I hadn't the foggiest idea that Dustbin was second."

Yes, Derek agreed vaguely, it was odd—very odd. But perhaps some later radio message had come in, which Milliken might have heard. He dismissed the subject, absorbed as usual by the news of the day, his eyes scanning the wireless bulletin with a professional rapidity.

Suddenly he cried out: "Iris! Listen to this! Cairo, eleven p.m. As he entered the Opera House this evening to attend a gala charity performance, General Sir Roger Bullock-Lee, the High Commissioner, was the object of an attempted assassination by an unknown assailant. Four shots were fired from the dense throng lining the Midan-el-Lezari. His Excellency escaped injury, but an aide, Lieutenant F. E. G. Beasley, was gravely wounded. The assailant escaped in the ensuing confusion."

Derek stared at the girl. He flung down his napkin. He said cryptically: "You've helped me—more than anyone else." And he dashed from the dining saloon.

He mounted the main companion-way three steps at a time and went to his own cabin. There he rang the bell furiously. Milliken came running, as fast as his rheumatic limbs would permit. Mason let him in, then bolted the door. "Sit down, Milliken," he said. "I want to talk about something very serious."

Duffy, fifteen minutes later, was seated in his office conversing with a harbor official, a portly man of serious mien. Duffy was complaining about the new anchorage allotted to the Cingalee, which—because of its distance from the shore—was a grave inconvenience to passengers. And while Duffy was airing his views the side door of the office shot open. Derek Mason came in.

Duffy wasn't in a mood to relish the intrusion.

"You'll have to wait a bit, Mr. Mason," he said. "I'm busy now." Derek said: "There's no time for formality, Mr. Duffy. Are those two men guarding Fezim Bey's cabin still there?"

Something in the timbre of his voice changed Duffy's attitude. He said: "I think so, but I'll make sure." "You'd better," Derek told him. "I've just sent Miss Collins to the port promenade deck to look over the side, in case he tries to get through the porthole."

The harbor official, twirling his handsome white moustache, drawled: "Fezim Bey? Fezim Bey? The chap they deported yesterday from Suez? I say, what's this all about?" Derek said calmly: "Fezim Bey tried to assassinate the High Commissioner in Cairo last night."

They stared at him. Then they began to hurl questions.

"All along," Derek said, "I had a hunch that Fezim Bey was away from his cabin last night. You don't analyse such things. You just feel them. When I came to see you about it, Duffy, I knew I was telling the truth. And when he opened the door at your knock, I was flabbergasted—but only for a moment. You see, I took a look round that cabin while you were getting his papers. You'll remember that his hair was untidy and that he was in his stockinged feet, as if he'd been resting."

Duffy nodded.

"But he hadn't been resting!" Derek shot at him. "He'd just climbed into his cabin through the porthole. I saw his shoes projecting from under his bed—and they were sopping wet!"

"Go on," said Duffy.

"Well, I did a lot of thinking, and I didn't get much sleep. But I came to no real conclusions. And then, about an hour ago, I happened to stick my head out of the porthole, and I noticed that the wind scoop was missing from the third porthole forward from mine. That was cabin E-106. Steward Milliken will confirm it, because he's all in a lather about that missing scoop."

Derek grinned.

"You see what I'm building up? That Fezim Bey kicked off the scoop either entering or leaving his cabin."

There was a little silence, until the harbor official said: "You suggest that he swam the canal both times, to and from a moving ship?"

Derek didn't like his tone. He said sharply: "There were half a dozen feluccas alongside us at Suez. Any fool could have climbed from an E-deck porthole to a felucca mast, if the felucca was manoeuvred smartly. Especially under the cover of darkness."

Duffy said: "But seriously, Mr. Mason, where's your proof that the man was in Cairo last night?"

Derek opened the door behind him. "Come in, Milliken," he said.

MILLIKEN came in nervously. Derek said: "Now, answer my questions as I ask them. Number one: Miss Collins gave you a message to deliver to me at seven-fifteen this morning. What was that message?"

Milliken swallowed. He said: "Tell Mr. Mason in E-112 that Sunflower has won the Sydney Cup. Tell him I just read it in the wireless bulletin and it makes me sick."

"And did you come straight to my cabin with that message?"

"N-no, sir. It was this way. E-106 is ringing like blazes when I comes down the corridor. I answers the bell, and he's sitting up in bed reading a newspaper. He says: 'Bring me some coffee, and bring it sharp.' While he's saying it, my eye wanders a bit and I happens to notice the paper he's reading. It's a Cairo paper called the 'Gazette,' and it says, 'Final Night Edition.' There's a heading on the front page, which says, 'Sunflower Wins Sydney Cup: Dustbin a Close Second.'"

"I goes off to fetch his coffee, and when I returns, he hasn't the paper no more. I says: 'Begging your pardon, sir, but might I have a squint at that Cairo paper? Someone gave me a tip in Sydney, and I've got ten bob on Dustbin for a place.'"

"He looks at me like I was crazy, and he fair yells at me: 'I don't know what you're talking about.' He's getting waxy by this time, so I clears out. Then I recalls Miss Collins' message, and I delivers it to Mr. Mason, adding that Dustbin came in second."

MILLIKEN moped his brow.

"Thank you, Milliken," Derek said. He turned to Duffy vehemently: "Get this! That newspaper came out in Cairo at eight-thirty p.m. It was the final edition. After we sailed at seven forty-five, no paper could have come up on a legitimate way. I reckon that Fezim Bey bought that paper on landing at Cairo airport, possibly to check up on the High Commissioner's programme for the evening. I think he slipped it into his coat pocket and forgot all about it until this morning. Then, when Milliken saw it, Fezim realised his error and threw it away. It's the little things that land the criminal in the dock."

The harbor official said: "Even so, it's all purely circumstantial."

Derek clutched his hair in despair. But Duffy came to his rescue at last. He picked up his telephone. "Give me the captain," he said quietly.

The three of them moved down the corridor, following Mr. Trent, the Cingalee's first officer. Outside E-106 the two men on guard made way for them, and Mr. Trent knocked at the door.

Fezim Bey opened the door, wearing his habitual blend of irony and melancholy. But when he saw the five men facing him, his expression changed into something much less civilised, and his hand made a swift movement towards one of his pockets.

The able-bodied seamen, however, were a shade quicker, and while he struggled between them, even the scuffed harbor official knew that there was little or no need to search the cabin. The necessary evidence was written on Fezim Bey's face.

Fezim Bey wouldn't talk, but it made a grand story, nevertheless. As Duffy said, the more you examined it, the more interesting became its ramifications. Derek dashed ashore, and after he'd been to the cable office to send his story, he returned to the ship in search of the Ginger Cat.

He found her on the promenade deck, bargaining with a one-eyed gentleman who was selling shawls. The gentleman was pleading: "Thank you very please, my kind lady, but these are real high-life goods, and that is my very last price. I am a poor man, and one who is kind to his mother." But the Ginger Cat was being singularly hard-boiled.

Derek tiptoed up to her, placed his hands over her eyes.

"Guess who?"

"The most brilliant, handsome, lovable—"

"Kind of man, in fact, that you're quietly mad about?"

"Too true," said the Ginger Cat.

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Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I LIKE—

Mrs. Richard Tauber's white ermine coat flaring from the hips and with wide-shouldered sleeves of smoky fox furs.

The peacock-blue mesh veil enveloping Enid Hull's red hat.

Squash Racquets Enthusiasts

MARJORIE WILSON, daughter of the Governor of Queensland (Sir Leslie Wilson), is an ardent squash racquets player, and I hear she was one of the first to interest herself in the new squash racquets club which has just been formed in Brisbane.

The recently-married Neville Pixley couple—Neville, you remember, used to live in Sydney—are other enthusiasts, while Audrey Herring, one of Brisbane's expert exponents on the tennis court, is turning her skill to this fascinating game.

Mrs. N. M. Roxburgh is spending a holiday in Victoria and is the guest of Cecile Mann at the Manns' station property at Caramut.

Diamond Ring

RETURNING to her home at Narooma this Tuesday is Joan Hyland, who has been in town for a few weeks as the guest of Winsome Esgood, at her Potts Point flat. Joan's sister, Marie, also spent a few days here after a trip to Brisbane and back with her father.

Joan is going home wearing a diamond ring given to her by Eric Graydon, of Woolahra, to whom she has just become engaged. Joan is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hyland, and Eric is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Graydon.

Returning Home

BOUND for home on the Otranto, which reaches Sydney on August 24, are several Sydneyites who have been travelling abroad.

Joan Hartigan, our young tennis player, is returning after competing in the tennis tournaments at Wimbledon, and Bee Minks will be back in our midst after an absence of 18 months. She is accompanied by her mother.

Back From Melbourne

LEUTENANT-COMMANDER D. M. HOLE and his sister, Pat, motored up from Melbourne together last week. Pat has been visiting friends in Victoria for the past six weeks, and is now back at her home at Artarmon.

Her brother was formerly stationed at Flinders Naval Depot in Victoria, and has just been transferred to H.M.A.S. Canberra, so will be closer to his family for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cosh are more snow enthusiasts who are off to Kosciuszko for a spot of ski-ing.

Applauded at Supper

THERE is no doubt that Diana and Richard Tauber have captivated Sydney just as completely as they say Sydney has captivated them.

After Richard's first concert on Tuesday night he and his titan-haired wife went to Usher's for a quiet supper. But a large number of people from the audience were also there, and they burst into loud applause as the Tauber couple entered the lounge.

Many of them rushed up to Richard brandishing their programmes and begging for his signature—so then and there the genial tenor autographed about 30 programmes!

Sydney's attractive Eleanor Martin is spending a holiday with Mrs. John Collins at Beaudebert, Queensland. They paid a flying visit to Brisbane one day last week, and Eleanor was looking particularly smart in a burgundy coat and hat.

Lady Mayoress' Birthday

SUCH a cheery party at the Town Hall when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress (Aid. and Mrs. Norman Nock) entertained in celebration of Mrs. Nock's birthday. The 250 guests might be forgiven if they thought, at first glance, they had come to a flower show, because the rooms were simply filled with the most gorgeous blooms sent to Mrs. Nock by her many friends.

I thought one of the most attractive floral gifts was the huge bunch of purple and white violets from Mrs. Bobbie Fowler—was Bobbie Terry, the airwoman, remember?

Mrs. Nock's schoolboy son, Graham, gave his mother a pair of silk stockings as a birthday present.

A charming Dutch visitor I met there was Mr. J. H. Rijnas, managing-editor of the Batavian newspaper, "Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad." He tells me that in Batavia they employ very few girls in the offices "because they get married too quickly!"

Sydney Goes to Brisbane

EXHIBITION Week in Brisbane promises to be gayer than ever this year, and quite a number of visitors have arrived this week for the Government House garden party and the opening of Parliament.

Sydney visitors include many of the naval wives, as the fleet will be in Brisbane. Among those going up are Mrs. F. Getting, Mrs. P. C. Patten-Thomas, and Mrs. E. H. C. Chapman, whose husbands are in the Canberra; Mrs. H. H. Palmer, Mrs. J. Denny, and Mrs. G. J. A. Ashley-Brown, wives of Sydney officers; and Mrs. J. C. Morrow, whose husband is in command of the Voyager.

Dancers at Night Club

SIR ALFRED AND LADY DAVIDSON were hosts at a party at Romano's last Thursday night. Lady Davidson wearing a soignée gown of black cotelle.

Their guests included three well-known dance exponents, Phyllis Haylor, Penelope Cay and Agnes Duncan, and Bobbie Bradley, D. C. Dennis and S. C. James.

Can't Speak English

WHEN the Awateas arrived last Thursday she brought among her passengers Nati Morales, the Spanish dancer, who opens her Australian season in Melbourne next week, and then returns to Sydney to appear here.

In the afternoon I went down to the Australia Hotel to the tea party given for Nati, her manager, Alexandre Levitoff, the guitar player, Angel Ferrare, the pianist, Pedro Vallibora, and the singer, Carmen Martinez.

Nati speaks nothing but Spanish, but I managed to discover that she doesn't smoke, is 28 years old—and very pretty, too, this dark-eyed little senorita. She says her dances speak English, so that is something.

Of the rest of the company, Alexandre knows a little English. Angel speaks only Spanish and German, and Pedro and Carmen speak Spanish and French.

Fashions on Parade

SYDNEY is certainly being brought to an awareness of spring fashions this week. To aid the Sydney Industrial Blind Institution a Paris Fashion Tea is arranged for this Tuesday at the Australia Hotel, when the gowns will be modelled by some of Sydney's loveliest well-knowns.

Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mrs. John Fairfax, Mrs. Colin Galbraith, Mrs. Noel Heath, Mrs. Stewart Dawson, Patey Finlayson, Sheelah Lyle and Audrey Connell are among those taking part.

Then on Friday there is the Mannequin Cabaret Tea at the Town Hall, which will raise funds for the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund.

Fair-haired Lyle Mason is tripping up to Brisbane for Show Week, and will be the guest of Mrs. A. S. Huybers. Lyle was there earlier in the year, so has lots of friends in the Northern capital.

Admiral as Host

A CONDUCTED tour of the ship for the guests when Rear-Admiral W. N. Custance entertained members of the Legislative Assembly on H.M.A.S. Canberra last Tuesday made this one of the most informative shipboard parties ever given by our Fleet.

Admiral Custance is one of those charming hosts who make a social success of every party they give, and on this occasion he felt his guests would be interested in learning something about a warship as well as just enjoying the party.

Guests were given printed slips explaining the why and wherefore of each part of the ship they visited, and interesting facts gleaned from these slips were that the allowance per man per day for food is 1/7, that approximately 1000 pounds of bread is baked daily on the ship, and that "rum is not served in the Royal Australian Navy." So bang go our illusions about the hard, rum-drinking sons of the sea!

The same afternoon Captain Waller entertained members of the Legislative Council on H.M.A.S. Sydney.

Sydney's Lovelies at Rehearsal

STRAINS of music led me to the ballroom of the Australia Hotel last Thursday afternoon, and when I peered through the door I thought I'd walked straight into a rehearsal scene in an American picture!

But I discovered it was a rehearsal for the "Fun and Fashions Revue," to be produced at the Theatre Royal this Tuesday to aid the Food For Babies Fund.

Dancers of Sydney's young lovelies are taking part, and they were all strutting round the floor while Philip Lewis, who is producing the show, was yelling instructions at them in the true producer style.

Apart from the band the only other male among the galaxy of beautiful girls was Alan Weekes, practising his song, "I'm Commercial Minded," which he composed himself and will sing in the revue.

Mrs. Stuart St. Vincent Welch, Mrs. Adrian Rofe, Mrs. Ruth Wilson, Marie Coen, Helen Bazche, Joy Yates, Sheila Pring, Pat Nall, Robin Eakin, and Joan Hodgson were among those I noticed.



To Live in Sydney

SYDNEY will be the future home of Mary Davies and Ted Wheeler, whose wedding is fixed for this Tuesday at the Toorak Presbyterian Church, Victoria.

Mary has decided against tile and orange blossoms in favor of a smart dusty-pink ensemble of faconne patterned in self-toned flowers, with enormous cuffs of dyed ermine as the only adornment. Hat and gloves are to be pink and shoes and handbag brown.

Her sister, Margaret, will be bridesmaid, and has chosen a powder-blue ensemble with burgundy accessories.

For their honeymoon Mary and Ted have decided on a leisurely motor tour to Cairns, and then back to Sydney to settle in their new home.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cook and baby son John are moving from Aston Gardens to a new house they have taken at Rose Bay, complete with a perfect harbor view and lovely garden?



MISS ZENA STRICKLAND, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Strickland, of Bondi, whose marriage to Mr. D. R. Armstrong, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Armstrong, of Stanmore, takes place at St. Ann's Church, Bondi, this Saturday.

—Montgomery Dunn



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Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Cream is the softest, lightest cleansing cream you have ever used. Rose-coloured and luscious looking, it liquefies the instant it touches your skin and gently works deep into the pores. Every bit of clogging dirt is dissolved and floated to the surface. Perfect Cleansing Cream will give you a wonderfully clean skin that is truly beautiful.

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the Perfect Skin Tonic. It closes the pores and stimulates the circulation, giving your skin that fresh and youthful appearance.

You will be thrilled when you see how soft and beautiful your skin becomes with the daily use of these Daggett & Ramsdell Beauty Creations. Your complexion will take on the bloom of youth and you will always look your loveliest.

Write to Potter & Birks, Ltd., Dept. A, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty.

Perfect Cold Cream, from 1/4 — Vivatone, from 1/4 — Perfect Cleansing Cream, 2/8
Perfect Face Powder, 2/4 — Perfect Vanishing Cream, from 1/4
Perfect Cleansing Oil, 4/- — Perfect Shampoo, 4/- — Perfect Hand Lotion, 4/6

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those queer old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 15c.

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The opening of Australia's most efficient China and Antique Repair Service—Restoring and reuniting at reasonable charges—all work by our specialists.

THE CHINA AND ANTIQUE REPAIR SERVICE
3rd Floor, Station House, Rawson Place,
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MRS. DONNELLY

and the Major came to ask if Miss Alexandra would accept their daughter as a pupil; they were most anxious for her to acquire a correct French accent, and they understood that Miss Alexandra now provided facilities. Again Miss Alexandra did not deny it.

Her visitors left, and instead of waking up to any proper realisation of what she had done she spent the evening demurely playing bridge with her grandmother and thinking of M. Louis Nabonnand's fingers in her hair.

During the week-end that followed she sank only deeper into deceit. By Sunday evening it seemed that she had definitely committed herself to providing the daughters of the elite of Sydney with French lessons by M. Louis Nabonnand. And who was he, and whence had he come? She must find out, and she could not trust even now to

The French Master

Continued from Page 5

the ambiguity of his farewells, but must herself seek him out immediately. Having found him, she would offer him the position he was already supposed to occupy, and if he could not take it perhaps he would recommend a substitute.

The secret of all successful adventure is to do indiscreet things prudently. Miss Alexandra told herself. No one, she now argued sensibly, could be better acquainted with the Frenchmen in the Colony than a priest; so she went to Father Minchin and asked him if he knew one M. Louis Nabonnand. This gentleman, she said, very jealous of the not-too-sound truth of her statement, had offered himself as a teacher of the French language in her academy.

She was surprised at Father Minchin's warm approval of the suggestion. It appeared that he knew

M. Louis well, though he remained aggravatingly uncommunicative about him. The position would be most suitable and fortunate for the young man, he said, and he would undertake to come to terms with him immediately on Miss Alexandra's behalf; she must leave it all to him. It really seemed that the whole affair would resolve itself in Father Minchin's hands before Tuesday morning.

A PAINT, disappointment mingled with Miss Alexandra's relief and gratitude. However, there was still the question of M. Louis' exact identity, concerning which Father Minchin seemed altogether too guarded; curiosity about this kept the feeling of adventure still alive. And she was also left to wonder how much M. Louis would tell Father Minchin of the story of their meeting; here she must trust to M. Louis' discretion, a quite unknown quantity.

When he actually did arrive on Tuesday morning, the very fact of his prompt return was disconcerting to her, and he took up his duties with almost as little formality as he had shown on the previous occasion. Grandmother presently met him and pronounced herself charmed—so charmed that for his benefit she revived, with a notable Yorkshire accent, her own unsuspected store of French. She invited him to dinner, at which meal, she declared, no English should be spoken; but it is more than likely that she regretted this courtesy of language later, because it left her no scope for extracting any personal information from the young man; Grandmother's French, apart from the Yorkshire accent, needed brushing up. Miss Alexandra, though more fluent, could not bring herself to introduce a subject he himself never approached, and at the day's end his situation and his reasons for accepting her offer were no clearer to her. But he had become, on three days a week, an exotic addition to her establishment; and so, it seemed, he meant to continue.

As the summer went on there was no doubt that the prestige of the school increased. Clementina grew more vainglorious and spoke of M. Louis as if she were on familiar terms with the great; she made up romantic stories of his expulsion from Paris for duelling and invested him with an alien glamour which, conveyed somehow to Miss Alexandra, served only to set him farther apart from her. Miss Alexandra could not literally believe the fancies of Clementina, but they fitted in so well with all the inclinations of her own wondering imagination that she could not help but be influenced by them. So, with reticence on M. Louis' side and this conjecture on Miss Alexandra's, their friendship did not progress beyond the first memory of mispronunciations and bee-stings.

GOVERNMENT

House bees still invaded the classroom, and she received them now with less innocent confidence; if they had to be ejected while he was in the room he always stopped teaching and watched the proceedings with keen anxiety, and Miss Alexandra, though having no more of his embarrassing help, always turned from the window with a reassuring smile for him; on these brief occasions they were wistfully intimate.

At last, however, exasperated by the airs of Clementina, one of her mother's friends was driven to demand, "Where did the Dendys get this French paragon from? Who is this M. Louis Nabonnand supposed to be?" And, being more practically curious than Miss Alexandra—or perhaps less satisfied with dreaming—the inquirer forthwith made it her business to find out.

Miss Alexandra, at the end of the term, had a second visit from Mrs. Donnelly and the Major.

"If you had made more thorough inquiries in the beginning," said Mrs. Donnelly, "you would have discovered that this M. Nabonnand was only a French-Canadian; not a real Frenchman at all."

"One of those political prisoners sent out here five years ago," supplemented the Major. "Lately got a pardon from the Home Government, I believe. Far too lenient. Damned traitor, and all that. No time for these rebels. Sentenced to be hanged in the first place, and so he should have been. Sentence commuted."

"I'S

Caroline's accent we have to think of," interposed Mrs. Donnelly. "We thought she was learning from someone who really knew the language."

Miss Alexandra remained even more outwardly calm than when the bee had stung her. She thought of the bee-sting at that moment. In fact, she remembered the little red-hot needle prick in her scalp. Now there seemed to be a red-hot needle deep in her heart; and over it she seemed to feel the fingers that had once touched her hair. Yet she did no more than raise her hand. "I can assure you that next year a new arrangement will be made," she told Mrs. Donnelly and the Major.

When they had gone she went in to the class where M. Louis was teaching, and arrived just in time to hear him reprimanding Clementina. "Mademoiselle, you are speaking to your neighbor in English: in my class that is not allowed."

"I only told her, M. Louis, that it is braver to face the whole British army with cannon than one man with a pistol," said Clementina.

"It is not braver, M'amelle," said M. Louis. "It is just infinitely more foolish."

"The class is dismissed," said Miss Alexandra.

Once again the little girls went with backward glances and Clementina collided with the doorpost.

"You would not even let me finish my lesson?" M. Louis said sadly.

He was not an exotic; he did not even come from Paris. Miss Alexandra touched his face. "My poor Louis!" she said.

Next year, as had been promised to Mrs. Donnelly and the Major, the school was conducted under a new arrangement. M. Louis Nabonnand, who, it transpired, had once had his own school in Montreal, took entire charge and taught every subject but French: the French was taught by Madame Nabonnand, assisted, when the classes became too large, by her grandmother. Everyone was quite satisfied, particularly the parents of Miss Caroline Donnelly, whose accent was much admired but never properly identified.

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When you rub nappies with slow-dissolving soap a certain amount of the soap sticks in the weave and can't be rinsed out. This unseen soap left in nappies causes the harshness that sets up irritation on baby's tiny limbs . . . makes him fretful and cross.

Lux Rinses Right Out Easily

But the lightning solubility of Lux means quick, safe, thorough rinsing. Just two changes of water and every trace of Lux lather is out, so nappies dry softer, whiter and sweeter—and baby is happier because he's comfortable.

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A LIVER PRODUCT

IT'S FALSE ECONOMY TO USE ANYTHING BUT Lux

The Movie World

August 13, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. DANIELLE is alarmed, Louis Hayward pleased, when they spot Doug Fairbanks, jun., in the crowd at the opera, Helen Broderick, ex-stage actress, is present as chaperon.

2. THE FRENCH STAR with Fairbanks and comic head waiter Mischa Auer.



3. FAIRBANKS, busy saving his friend from Danielle's wiles, finds himself reluctantly falling in love with her himself.

4. STUDY in expressions as an intruder approaches: Fairbanks, bland, self-assured. Charles Coleman, his man, querulous.

5. DANIELLE plays innocent, while Fairbanks points out the error of her ways.

MOVIEDOM GOSSIP

Australian Theme

AT the Hal Rosch studios in a few weeks, production will start on "Robbery Under Arms," a Hollywood picture with an Australian background. Very little will be left, however, of the original Ralph Souderswood story.

The scenario, only just completed, tells the adventures of a cultured young Englishman who is transported to Australia for some minor offence, takes up bushranging, and becomes a sort of Robin Hood.

Brian Aherne will play this role, with Margaret Sullivan as his leading lady.

Life of Valentino

WITH Rudolph Valentino's best-known films, "The Sheik" and "Son of the Sheik," now showing in theatres all over America, and proving amazingly popular, producer Edward Small has been inspired to make a film based on the life of Valentino.

Jack Dunn, formerly Sonja Henie's skating partner, who resembles the late star, will probably play Valentino.

Merle Doubly Taxed

WITH movie contracts in both England and Hollywood paying her salaries that run into four figures weekly, one would expect Merle Oberon to be one of the screen's richest stars.

Actually, Merle gets a mere twenty per cent. of what she earns for her part.

Income taxes in both the United States and England take almost seventy per cent. of her salary, and her agent ten per cent. Heavy income tax is the reason for Charles Laughton's decision to do all his work in England.

If he made only one picture a year in Hollywood, it would mean paying taxes on both sides of the Atlantic.

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Duse of the Screen

"WHAT Duse is to the stage, Isa Miranda is to the screen." Thus did the great poet, D'Annunzio, describe the lovely Italian actress.

Of a strange, exciting beauty, Isa in Hollywood seems to have stepped out of another world and era. She is learning English rapidly, but her Italian accent is still obvious enough to be charming.

She has started something new in the way of beauty culture in Hollywood. None of the usual creams and lotions appear on her dressing-table. She owes her exquisite complexion to almond oil, goat's milk and rain water.

New Boy Actor

HOLLYWOOD is raving over Terry Kilburn, the little Cockney boy who makes his film debut in Freddie Bartholomew's "Lord Jeff."

As a waif in the Dr. Barnardo home, Terry walks off with the picture from under the noses of such experienced and talented child actors as Micky Rooney and Bartholomew.

FILMING "MADAME CURIE"

THE finest biography of the season, "Madame Curie," written by the famous scientist's daughter, Eve Curie, was originally bought by Universal for Irene Dunne, and later sold to M-G-M., where both Luise Rainer and Garbo were considered for the title role.

Now Warners are trying to get the story for Fay Bainter.

Kay May Stay

KAY FRANCIS is said to be reconsidering her plan to retire from the screen after her marriage to Baron Eric Bernekow in September.

Her latest film, "My Bill," directed by Australian John Farrow, made such a hit with preview audiences that she has received offers from three studios wanting to sign her up when her Warner contract expires in a couple of months.

Busy Days for Richard

RICHARD GREENE, young English newcomer, has established himself in Hollywood in record time.

During his short stay in the movie city he has played leads opposite Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer," and Sonja Henie in "Lucky Star."

His next film will be "Spitfire Fleet," which deals with the small, speedy torpedo boats used during the world war.

Bette Davis' Protoges

BETTE DAVIS, always enthusiastic about helping youngsters, has taken seventy-one aspiring actors and actresses under her wing and will try to get them started in screen and stage work.

Most important is Pamela Baascom, a thirteen-year-old girl who, Bette says, has a beautiful soprano voice and shows great acting talent. She will live with Bette and her husband.

Bette has bought the rights to several plays, and will produce them in a little theatre in Hollywood, training the other seventy young players for various roles.

DEBUT OF DARRIEUX

"THE RAGE OF PARIS," romantic farce, launches Universal's French import, Danielle Darrieux. In it she plays a penniless French girl who passes herself off at a swanky Parisian hotel as a celebrated actress, in order to ensnare a millionaire (Louis Hayward). Doug Fairbanks, jun., is Hayward's friend who goes out to save him.



Pond's Creams bring to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

To-day—Pond's two creams do more for the skin than ever before! They contain a vitamin which helps your body to rebuild skin tissue and aids in keeping skin beautiful—the "Skin-Vitamin".

For years Pond's tested this "Skin-Vitamin" in Pond's creams. Then Pond's gave the creams to women to try.

They said, in four weeks: "My skin is smoother," "My pores look finer." Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams to-day—Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream as a powder base.

And remember, Pond's Creams cost

Listen to "Your Cavalier" 3CH at 11.30 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KY at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; JAW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5AD-MU-FI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

"The new ingredient makes them better than ever."

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FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indefinite shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural) (), Naturrelle (Light Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Sontan) ().

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Little Sister to a Star

NOT since the days of Dorothy and Lillian Gish have sisters been at such a premium in the studios as now.

Gloria Blondell has been signed up to a long term contract in Hollywood, her relationship to Joan being used in all publicity.

Three of the Lane sisters have been put into a film together, entitled "Sister Act."

Latest recruit is 13-year-old Georgianna Young, sister to Loreita, who started in the films as Ann Royal, but has now resumed her right name.

The studios are deliberately going out after the extra publicity accruing to the sisters of already-established stars.

Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland's young sister, wanted to win success on her own merits, without sharing in any reflected glory.

When she first went to Hollywood she changed her name, kept the relationship a close secret, and when she made good had it put into her contract that no publicity was to be given the fact that she was Olivia's sister. It was Joan, you remember, who was popped into "A Damsel in Distress," to be Fred Astaire's dancing partner instead of Ginger Rogers.

She is one of the most promising young actresses now being groomed for stardom in Hollywood. Her career is one of the few genuine Cinderella screen stories. Born in Tokio, Japan, she literally was carried about in cotton wadding, so poor was her health.

When she was two years old physicians declared she must be taken to a different climate if she were to live, and so the family—her mother, sister and herself—moved to San Francisco.

Although her health improved after going to California, she was far from well. At fifteen her doctors prescribed a sea voyage. Anxious to revisit the land of her birth, she elected to go to Japan for the trip, and to complete her schooling.

It was while in Japan, at school there, that Joan first took an interest in theatricals. She appeared in a

BUT JOAN FONTAINE KEPT HER RELATIONSHIP WITH OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND A SECRET UNTIL SHE WON HER FILM CONTRACT.

number of amateur productions, including numerous Shakespearean plays.

On her return she joined her family in Hollywood—whither her sister, Olivia, had preceded her—and won a role in Henry Duffy's stage

production of "Call It a Day."

On the opening night, Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, chanced to be present and enthused so much over her possibilities as an actress that he went backstage after the performance—and signed her to an R.K.O. Radio contract then and there.

"Quality Street" was nearing production stages at the time, so Joan was given a small part on trial.

When Katharine Hepburn, the star of the picture, saw the first rough print, she said:

"I don't know whether this picture will be a hit or a dud, but I'm sure of one thing: you have something in Joan Fontaine. I want her with me in 'Stage Door.'"

Unfortunately for Joan, it was decided that Franchot Tone was presented in an unsympathetic role in those scenes in which she was featured.

There was nothing to do but to leave most of the sequence on the cutting-room floor.

Her next screen appearance was as lead opposite John Beal in "The Man Who Found Himself." Then came lead, opposite Preston Foster, in "You Can't Beat Love."

Joan did not play in "Stage Door" as Hepburn had requested. In the interim between "Quality Street" and the new Hepburn picture, Joan had become too important to be cast in minor roles.

Following "A Damsel in Distress," Joan made "Maid's Night Out," and her latest film is "Blonde Cheat."

Joan is determined to make good on her own merits.

"Mr. Lasky told me not to try to remake my face," she says. "Whether I was beautiful or not didn't matter, he said."

"What mattered was that I didn't look like someone else. Therein lay my chance to be remembered."



● The smiling lass above and with the collies is Joan Fontaine, R.K.O. player. She is one of the most promising of the younger actresses now being groomed for stardom. She is also Olivia de Havilland's sister.

Problem Parents of the Players

TO most actors and actresses success in Hollywood comes as a mixed blessing.

Admittedly it brings them fame and fortune—but that very fortune makes them prey to any money-grabbing person who thinks he has a claim on them.

As soon as a star is lifted out of obscurity to scintillate on the silver screen, friends and relations clamor at the gates of Hollywood to be let in.

Some want a chance at film fame, or to share reflected glory, but more often what they want is a direct cut from the much-publicised salary of the star.

In this respect, parents are the worst offenders.

Within recent years, many established and newly-risen stars have been victims of parental lawsuits and litigations.

Their court actions and other

MANY STARS ARE SUFFERING HARMFUL PUBLICITY FROM UNPLEASANT COURT PROCEEDINGS BROUGHT ON BY THOSE WHO ARE "NEAREST AND DEAREST" TO THEM.

From JOHN B. DAVIES
New York



five Freddie was earning small sums by reciting bits at bazaars and other village shows.

His father, Capt. Cecil Llewellyn Bartholomew, is said to have agreed that, after the aunt and grandmother had been reimbursed for the boy's education and kept the remainder of his earnings should be placed in trust for the boy.

But when Freddie became a star overnight in "David Copperfield," and was earning \$400 a week, his mother started for California under full sail, with grandmother and

grandfather steaming to Freddie's assistance.

In December, 1937, Mylicent Bartholomew was given complete control of Freddie.

But Freddie had to give 10 per cent. of his earnings to each of his parents, and five per cent. for each of his two sisters.

About three months ago Freddie went to court and obtained permission to suspend the payments for this year.

He argued that he netted only \$3 or \$4 a week last year in spite of his total income of \$19,600.

Of that he owed \$13,400 taxes to the Government, \$3000 to his lawyer, and \$1000 to his film agent.

"I would like my aunt to have

ROBERT TAYLOR and Mary Astor have both hit the headlines recently in unpleasant fashion.

Taylor was reminded a year ago of his obligations to his aged grandfather, Jacob A. Brugh, who was found in Nebraska living on \$3 monthly relief.

Taylor has now been forced to support him.

Mary Astor was sued by both parents for support, but won the action.

full control of the estate," he testified. "My reason is very aptly justified by the fact that while my aunt had charge of my affairs once before for a little over a year she saved \$5000."

Asked if he had affection for his parents, he answered, "No, they're strangers."

Eleanore Whitney, 20-year-old Paramount dancer, is the latest to be besieged by an impecunious parent.

In this case it is her father, Alan Whitney, who has taken her to court, and is demanding \$5 a week and \$40 down to pay for a new wardrobe and doctors' bills.

He declared he was living in poverty, his sole assets 27 cents.

"My father," said Eleanore, "has never contributed to the support of either myself or my 17-year-old sister since we were born, and, as I have assumed his responsibility since I was ten years old, I feel it is very unfair to charge me with neglect, although I have occasionally sent him money."

"It is unfortunate that it has to be my father who brings this charge against me, but if he really cared about me he wouldn't attempt to involve me in this unpleasant publicity."

The Whitney suit was soon dropped, and reported to have been amicably adjusted out of court—but not before much unpleasant publicity was brought on the star.

who was accused of neglecting her father.

● Family relationships are not always unhappy, as this picture of Wally Beery, M.-G.-M. player, and his little daughter will show. It was taken on Wally's Californian ranch.

Martha Raye, bull-voiced comedienne, has also received much unpleasant publicity through her father, Peter Reed, who is claiming maintenance.

Her mother, Mrs. Maybelle Hooper Reed, has already

caused her much mental stress.

A year ago Mrs. Reed divorced Martha's father, and filed a property settlement under which the actress would support him until she became 21 in August last year.

Two months later, Martha married Buddy Westmore, studio make-up man. The marriage lasted only three months.

"Too much mother-in-law," Westmore ruefully remarked when Martha filed suit for divorce.

That was the day after Mrs. Reed charged in on the couple at a night club, and is reported to have demanded of Martha:

"All right, who is it going to be? Your mother, who made you what you are to-day, or this upstart?"

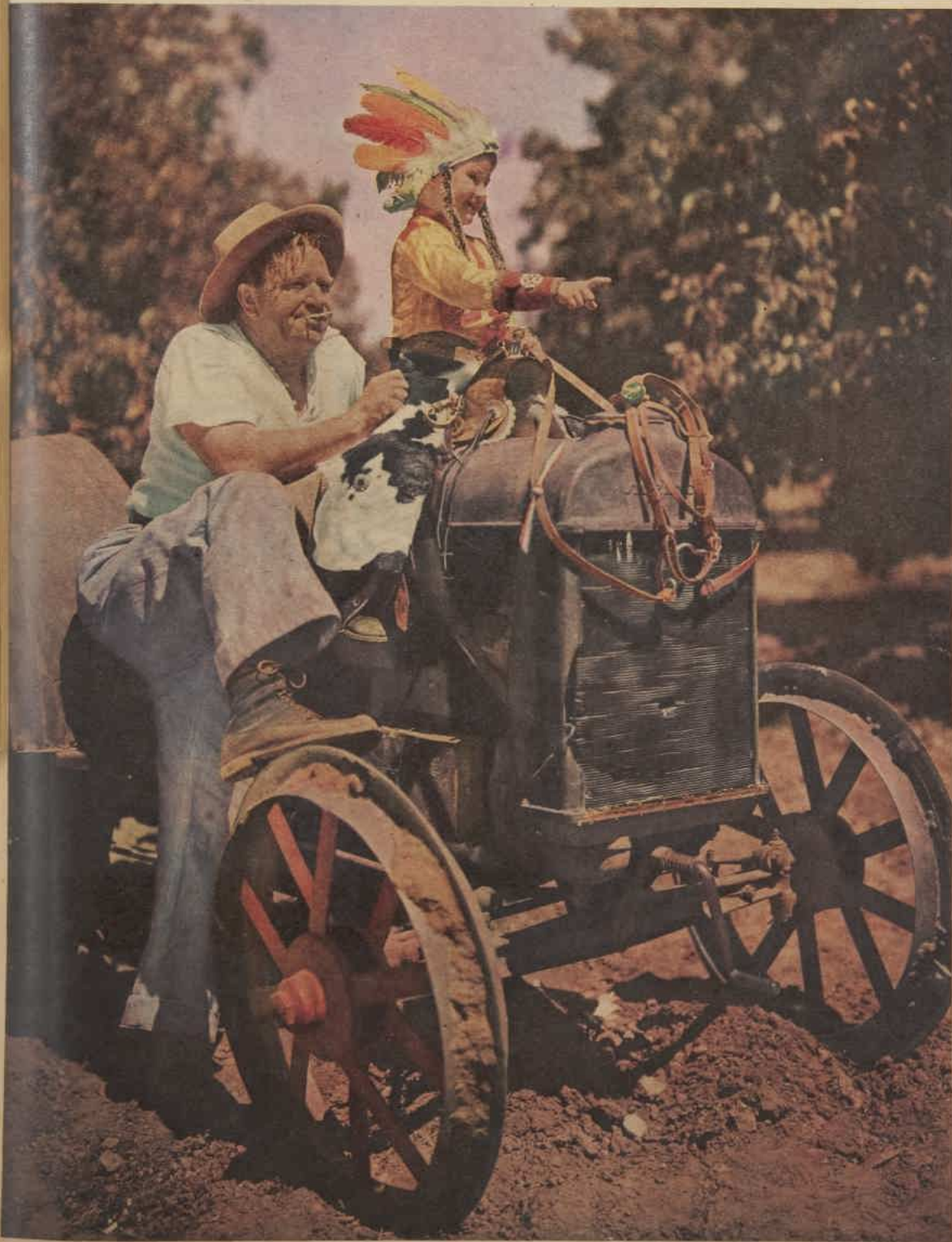
Then came the lawsuit with Peter Reed.

He is claiming \$10,000, because, he says, the training which he supplied since she was three years old entitles him to such remuneration—computed in ratio with the star's earnings of \$500 to \$1000 a week as a film and radio artist.

Parents, however, are not all anxious to make out of their children's earnings.

Recently Charles C. Leppert, one-time policeman, died obscurely in a hospital in New York. Then it was discovered he was the father of Alice Faye, who now earns \$400 weekly.

He had lived on \$3 a week, and had never made any demands of his daughter, content with her success and declaring that "he was too old to fit into grand company."





ROBERT TAYLOR, snapped at the races. He is also one of the colony's most inveterate fight-fans.

Fourth of Our Series of Hollywood Revelations . . .

Hollywood Plays In Many Ways

ROBERT TAYLOR goes to fights, so to fights we go, too.

There is a vast, floodlit, open-air arena, with the citizens in deck-chairs wearing their coats like dolmans, shouting like schoolboys.

The band plays the men in and out of the ring, while the crowd eats voraciously and continuously hot dogs and peanuts, and drinks coca cola.

The fighting is a poor but vigorous

BUT WATCHING RACES BY DAY, FIGHTS BY NIGHT, ARE FAVORED PASTIMES, SAYS PAUL HOLT, CABLING FROM THE MOVIE COLONY.

cross between haymaker slugging and all-in wrestling. Favorite call of the fans when things are quiet is: "Stop that slaughter! Open the door and let 'em go home!"

But Joe E. Brown, Bing Crosby and 90 per cent of Hollywood names go to the races, so we go to the opening meeting at the Holly-

wood track, built by movieman Jack Warner.

The car park is like a nightmare. There are Wembley stands and a super-cinema. The elite sit in thousands, eating two-guine lunch snacks. Hawaiian players wander between the tables.

It is a hot sunny day, but women

wear chinchilla knee-length cloaks with silver fox ankles.

Men dress all in white, all in green—any color so long as it is bright enough.

Old English huntman blowing a huge horn brings crowds to luxury cattle-pens to watch racing horses come out of the bowels of the earth.

The paddock is a sunken floodlit pit under the grandstand and looks like a surrealist Napoleon's tomb.

The horses parade in the tan ring spotted by floodlighting. The audience sit round, tier on tier to the ceiling, and stay all afternoon.

Every room, even washrooms, have electric indicators which flash up the changing tote prices.

The middle dirt track has a sunken garden pond, waterfall, rock garden, geese, swans, ducks.

The pond is tended by a golden goosegirl in Dutch costume. She keeps them moving.

I asked, "A goosegirl on a race track?" and was answered: "She keeps the geese out of the way of the horses."

The prospect of a gander coming up the straight shocks these simple sportsmen.

When Lawrin, the Kentucky Derby winner, takes the main event by a neck at 5 to 2 on the band plays "Old Kentucky Home." Ruby Keeler hangs a garland round the animal's neck—so heavy a garland the horse probably wishes he hadn't won anyway.

Harpo Marx, short, dark, beady-eyed, wanders from pen to pen playing practical jokes.

Protection Racket

ONE pen entrance was always blocked by two leather-faced men, hands in pockets.

In the pen were three: fat, spectacled, saturnine men with open-necked shirts. They bet with thousand-dollar bills peeled off fat rolls, and study crowds with slow eyes.

These are the heads of the protection racket which flourishes in this town to protect stars from robbery, blackmail, kidnappings.

Prices to stars are high, but if stars don't pay the stars get robbed.

The protection industry turns over three million dollars a year. The men look happy, they greet clients kindly.

The women with them are strikingly dressed and strikingly plain.

A voice of wrath through a loud-speaker summons customers' cars—the crowd is electrified to last blared: "Mister Stinker's car!" It is only Harpo Marx's going-home comedy.

Comedy golf is a studio craze. Thousands of M.-G.-M. workers park a grandstand at first tee at the Ranch Club at 4.30 a.m. Sunday.

Searchlight players know the ball may be a bad egg, or a baby bomb.

Great Louis B. Mayer gets an egg and the crowd roars.

The players are harassed by siren's music from loud-speakers concealed in the bushes.

The studio state officially that the tournament is good for morale. The intelligentsia dodge such pleasures; they prefer quiet parties in Beverly Hills.

Another Paul Holt cable next week.

Scouting for New Talent

SCOUTING for prospective film talent is one of the most important parts of the studio business to-day.

According to producer Darryl Zanuck, Fox spent £15,000 on tests last year.

"I've got a man called Irving Conn who does nothing but go round girls' high schools," says Zanuck. "If he sees anyone he flies them to Chicago or Los Angeles and has them tested. A test costs £20 to £30."

"We got only three stars last year—Richard Greene from England, Nancy Kelly on Broadway, and Lynn Bari on our own lot in Hollywood."

"Marjorie Weaver just happened to walk in. Arleen Whelan was seen by Irving Cummings (a Fox director) when she manicured him."

SPRING TONICS



EVERLOC

SHARKTEX

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Spectator

STYLED EXCLUSIVELY BY SPORTSWEAR

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



SHIRLEY TEMPLE LIKES TO DIVE FOR WICKETS IN THE SWIMMING POOL ON HER ESTATE.



CECIL DEMILLE IS CALLED UPON TO JUDGE 50 BEAUTY CONTESTS A YEAR



JOAN CRAWFORD IS STUDYING SINGING SHE IS AMBITIOUS TO BECOME AN OPERA STAR.

Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

MARGARET SULLAVAN is going to have another baby, so she will be unable to appear in "Northwest Passage" or "Robbery Under Arms," both of which have been prepared for her.

Margaret's little daughter, Brooke, is not yet two years old.

AFTER accepting the coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara in the film version of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," Norma Shearer has now decided not to take it after all.

She was moved to make the decision by the storm of protest raised by fans who feel she is unsuited to play the temperamental Scarlett, who scandalized tight-laced society in the days of the American Civil War.

"THREE SMART GIRLS" will have a sequel, and Deanna Durbin, as well as the other two girls of the original story, Nan Gray and Barbara Read, will play in it.

The name of the new story is "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

HOLLYWOOD comedians go to endless trouble to keep their best jokes and descriptions of their big comedy scenes from leaking out before their films are released—and most careful of all are the Marx brothers.

All their best gags and comic routines are omitted from even their final scripts, in case a copy might fall into the hands of an outsider who would steal the Marx material.

No visitors are permitted on their set during the shooting of comedy sequences, and on their current film, "Room Service," Groucho, Chico, and Harpo are shooting their biggest scenes in the middle of the night, so that there will be fewer people about and less chance of their material being stolen.

Baby Drummond, Winner of Open Championship at Sydney Baby Show.

MARY DEES, the girl who doubled for Jean Harlow in the final scenes of "Saratoga," when Jean met her death before the picture had been completed, is being released from her M-G-M. contract.

When the picture was finished, M-G-M. kept her under contract in order to prevent her signing with another studio which might have tried to "cash in" on her resemblance to Jean.

Because of this very resemblance they felt it would be unwise to use her in any of their own pictures either.

So Mary has languished at the studio for over a year without once appearing before a camera.

WE hear that Constance Bennett has adopted a two-month-old baby.

Several movie people have adopted Spanish war orphans. Frances Farmer and Leif Erickson have been caring for one for several months.

M-G-M. have bought the screen rights to "Sailor on Horseback," life story of Jack London, the famed author, and hope to cast Clark Gable in the star role.

WALT DISNEY has started plans for a big new studio, and is negotiating for a large tract of land out in the San Fernando Valley.

The present Disney studio has been built up around the two garages which were Disney's first Hollywood workshop, and now that his staff of artists and technicians has increased from five hundred to almost seven hundred in the past couple of years accommodation has become a problem.

The new studio will have a restaurant, barber's shop, tennis courts and probably a swimming-pool and gymnasium for the artists.

Walt is considering doubling the size of his staff when he gets into the new quarters.

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS

THIS SIMPLE, EASY WAY

Gently rub Curlypet into Baby's hair and watch it grow into delightful waves and curls. Curlypet strengthens the hair and makes it beautifully soft and thick. Read what Mr. and Mrs. Drummond say of Curlypet and how it helped their baby to win the Open Championship at the Baby Show in Sydney.

"Curlypet has done wonders with our Baby's hair. It used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At baby shows the judges always remark on his hair, and we feel this has been one of the reasons towards his repeated successes."

Get a tube of Curlypet from your Chemist in 6d. One full month's supply, 3/6.

CURLYPET

★★ COCONUT GROVE

Harriet Hilliard, Fred MacMurray. (Paramount.)

(Week's Best Release.)

A NOTHER musical about the drummer behind the glamor, the struggles of crooners, hoofers and hornblowers before they hit the high spots—or the high spotlights hit them.

But this is one of the best of its type for some time. To start with, Fred MacMurray is a versatile actor who can play anything from lumberjack leads to cuckoo clowning (as in "True Confession").

The role of a band leader may not seem to offer much scope for real acting, but MacMurray succeeds in winning your sympathy for the ambitious young swingster. In fact, this is one of his best and most sympathetic parts.

Harriet Hilliard, famous American radio singer, has the other lead. Her voice and personality are as effective as her radio reputation would suggest.

The Yacht Club Boys, who lack the genius of the Marx Brothers and the circus tricks of the Ritz trio, are nevertheless a fast and funny team, rehearsed to the second in their intricate business.

Ben Blue, that lugubrious comedian, is very funny indeed at times, though, as in all his films, he seems at times to hold the lens a little too long.

The music is extremely polished, played mostly by the Royal Hawaiian orchestra, and includes two real hits: "Says My Heart" and "Coconut Grove."

Another, "Dreamy Hawaiian Moon," will probably be popular—so popular you'll get sick of it.

The story deals mainly with the progress of a swing band from nowhere at all to the much-boomed Coconut Grove, the night-club of the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood.

Fred MacMurray really carries the story, the music and Harriet charm the ear, and the comedy keeps the show rolling.

A bright, slight entertainment that

Shows Still Running

★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairy tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 11th week.

★★ The Divorce of Lady X. Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; modern comedy.—Century, 5th week.

★★ Jezebel. Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; colorful period drama.—Embassy, 4th week.

★★ Three Comrades. Margaret Sullivan, Robert Taylor; post-war drama.—St. James, 3rd week.

★★ Vivacious Lady. Ginger Rogers, James Stewart; romantic farce.—Regent, 3rd week.

★★ Bad Man of Brinsford. Virginia Bruce, Wallace Beery; Wild West adventure.—State, 2nd week.

★★ The Sky's the Limit. Jack Buchanan; musical farce.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

almost everyone will enjoy.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN

Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas. (Columbia.)

JOAN BLONDELL has come ahead lately, and justified choice for lead in this racy farce, with mystery trimmings.

Melvyn Douglas, capable of top-notch work both in drama and comedy, has his first fling at the pure crazy clowning all stars seem to be called on to do nowadays.

The story is a fairly familiar one; Douglas is cast as a real detective, anxious to solve a series of mysteries, and pin down a suspect.

Joan is in the part of a girl private detective, who has the job of defending the suspect and solving the crime her own way—not to speak of messing up the other detective's plans.

Whom would you think wins? Cupid, of course.

There's a great deal of fun in the film, and a sufficient thread of mystery. Pretty Mary Astor lends charm, while Robert Paige and Walter Kingswood are in supporting roles.

No different from a dozen other laugh lyrics, but very good entertainment of its kind.—Embassy; showing.

★★ PRISON FARM

Shirley Ross, Lloyd Nolan. (Paramount.)

PRISON dramas have not been quite so frequent lately as during

PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

the "Big House" era, when every theatre resounded daily with the rattat of sub-machine-guns and the yammering of frenzied gaol-birds.

Maybe the diet was a bit strong for popular taste. Anyhow, "Prison Farm" brings the penitentiary back to the screen in all its tense horror.

The setting, as the title makes clear, differs from the gloomy interiors of "The Big House."

The atmosphere is more like that of "I Was a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," with harsh discipline on one side and smouldering violence on the other.

Lloyd Nolan, a quiet but intensely forceful actor, puts real poignancy into the romance he shares with Shirley Ross against this menacing background.

J. Carroll Nash, unforgettable for his gangster portrayal in "Tip-off Girls," adds weight to an excellent battery of dramatic actors, and Porter Hall, that sinister screen type, does a brilliant job.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ LAW OF THE UNDERWORLD

Anne Shirley, Chester Morris. (R.K.O.)

WHAT a treat for crime-drama addicts—and for those who like to see actors well-cast—to see Chester Morris back in a sinister criminal role.

Morris made his screen debut in "Alibi," where his remarkable portrayal of ruthless villainy, and later of the terror of a trapped criminal, won him universal regard—and the sardonic title of "Young King Lear."

He has been tried out since in dozens of straight roles, as comedian, as juvenile lead, and as serious young man. But he has never done a job of acting like "Alibi."

In "Law of the Underworld"—a banal title, not worthy of the film—he plays a wealthy lounge who is secretly a dangerous racketeer.

It's been done before, of course, but never better.

Anne Shirley plays the girl who flirts with danger, Eduardo Cinnelli is good in a character role, and Walter Abel balances Morris nicely in this last play of a city's war on crime.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE SCRAPPER

Anne Nagel, Mickey Rooney. (Associated Distributors.)

SENTIMENTAL tale of a boy in a small town whose father is a shell-shock victim and somewhat below the popular American boy standards of manly virtue and muscularity.

Mickey, a hale and hearty battler, licks everyone around for his father's sake, and also just for the satisfaction of licking 'em.

The lad is supposed to show his Dad the way to recover his manhood... at any rate he wins all his main fights and brings about a happy ending.

Frank Shields has the elder male role, and Anne Nagel is the love interest.

Mickey Rooney is a good lusty type for tough kid roles.

An average action picture with sentimental theme.—Capitol; showing.



Pain after meals?

IF your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, who writes—

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded meal-times. After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. "Bisurated" Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere... you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle to-day.

It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark "Bismag."

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia



Cure CRACKED LIPS

COLD winter winds often cause lips to become dry and painfully cracked.

At the first signs of cracking, apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona soothes the soreness instantly, and over-night its healing medications effect a complete cure.

Rexona Soap contains the same healing medications as the Ointment and its continued use keeps the skin supple and protects it against the unpleasant troubles that winter weather can cause.



Buy REXONA at your Chemist or Store. Now!

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tin, three times the quantity for 3/6. REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

New Medical Triumph

CONSTANT headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, flushes, kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer this way, start a three months' course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS. The new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Get Genuine Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS



BABY Contented and Happy



"Teething without Sickness"

Mrs. J. MANSFIELD writes—"I have proved the value of Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders in cases of babies starting teething with diarrhoea and sickness, and speaking from thirty years' experience, I have found them wonderful. My little grand-daughter has taken Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders since she was one month old, and she is one of the most contented and healthy babies you could find."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed and prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/8 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phospherin (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

PAIN YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN



When pain—backache, headache, muscular cramps—makes you "quiet," you'll find wonderful relief in a couple of Myzone. New, bright, comfort and poise... complete, immediate relief from the pain and that sick-feeling without the slightest "doping." Myzone tablets contain the remarkable *asterin* (anti-spasm) compound. Just take 2 Myzone tablets with a cup of tea, or water, any time. Try it on your next headache! Australian women say its relief is more complete—more lasting than with any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c. 2/- a box. All Chemists.

CORNS Lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like. So popular and sure is Frosol-Ice that chemists and stores sell it every day on guarantee. Price 1/6.

What Women Are Doing

Vice-Regal Photographer

LADY WAKEHURST, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, has taken color films of all the places she has visited in Australia, and has sent them back to England by her mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, who has returned to her London home after a visit here.

During official tours Lady Wakehurst has been able to see more of the Commonwealth than most Australians. She says the films are serving as very good propaganda for Australia, as her English friends are amazed at the beauty and color of our scenery.

They Work for Happiness of After-care Patients

TWO Melbourne girls, Miss Ida Cur-tain and Miss Merna Meredith, are leaders of a group of young business girls and men who take an active and practical interest in the children at the After-Care Homes in Melbourne with the object of bringing more sunshine into the lives of the little patients.

They plan to form themselves into a Younger Set to work along these lines, and their first big effort will be a dance this Tuesday at Tudor Court, Caulfield.

Travelled by Plane to Visit C.W.A. Branches

WHEN Mrs. J. W. Beveridge, president of the Country Women's Association in New South Wales, travelled recently from Broken Hill to Tibooburra, near the Queensland border, she made the trip in the flying doctor's plane.

The whole township, numbering about fifty, turned out to meet her, for, though the local branch of the C.W.A. has not long been formed, it is a very loyal and active one.

At Broken Hill Mrs. Beveridge inspected the new wireless base for the Aerial Medical Service which the C.W.A. is erecting as its 150th anniversary memorial to pioneer women of the outback.

This was one of the first tours undertaken by Mrs. Beveridge since her election as State president in succession to Mrs. Matt Sawyer.

Schoolteachers and Members of Hockey Team

WOMEN'S sports in England are receiving much benefit from the National Fitness Campaign, according to members of the English women's hockey team which is at present visiting Australia after a successful tour of New Zealand. One of the greatest difficulties in England, the umpire-manager, Miss E. J. Warwick, said, was the securing of enough playing grounds.

With the backing of the campaign organisers women's hockey, lacrosse, and netball associations were working together to obtain more playing fields. This is Miss Warwick's second visit to Australia with a hockey team. She is one of four women councillors on the smallest County Council in England, that of Peterborough.

Nine of the players are teachers in secondary schools in England. Regarded as one of the most famous of English women hockey captains, Miss M. Knott, the captain of the team, has been captain of the All-England team for six years.

Is Candidate at Municipal Elections

A KEEN interest in municipal affairs has led Mrs. Alan W. Taylor to stand for Frankston Riding, Victoria, at the municipal elections on August 27. A daughter of the late Dr. Sidney Plowman, a former councillor of the municipality, Mrs. Taylor was born in Frankston.

After graduating at the Melbourne University she studied architecture for a time.

During the war she acted as a Red Cross motor driver in Melbourne and organised the Australian Women's Auxiliary Army Corps before leaving in 1916 for Egypt, where she was on the strength of the A.P. until after the Armistice.

PHOTOGRAPHING ROYALTY

QUEEN ELIZABETH turning to her old Scottish nanny for a final word of approval on her choice of a gown before sitting for a photograph... the keen personal interest the King takes in the selecting of photographs. These sidelights on Royalty were gained by Mrs. Denbigh Russell, charming Australian, in her work with a Court photographer.

So successful has Mrs. Russell been in her work that she may be asked to join the staff at Buckingham Palace on her return to London. She was formerly Miss Joy Allen Jones, of Adelaide, and is at present visiting Australia.

Holds Red Cross Medal For Twenty Years' Service

FOR many years, Mrs. E. A. Bell, of Brisbane, has been an enthusiastic worker for a variety of good causes. She holds the Red Cross medal for twenty years' service with the Red Cross Society, and also has a badge from the Sandgate branch of the Country Women's Association to mark her thirteen years' work with the branch. She was president for a number of years, and is now vice-president. The Queensland Ambulance Transport Brigade is another of Mrs. Bell's interests.

In her spare time she knits baby clothes which she distributes to the needy.

Supervisor of Indian Village School

DEACONESS B. M. WESTON has arrived in Melbourne on two months' leave from India. She is supervisor of the school in a little village in the Punjab, and is the only European woman there.

A West Australian by birth, the Deaconess is a graduate of the Melbourne University. She has spent eight years in India.

There are only three wholly Christian villages in India, she says, and her village is one of them.

Sketched Ballet Stars As They Danced

SKETCHES, done in London, of the Covent Garden Ballet Company, shortly to visit Australia, are included in the exhibition of her work Mrs. Ramsay Moom, Melbourne artist, is holding in Sydney this month. Mrs. Moom, who is visiting Australia from England, sat in the wings at the theatre and sketched the artists as they danced.

Formerly Miss Eileen Pearcey, of Melbourne, Mrs. Moom has exhibited with the Society of Women Artists in London, the British Empire Society, and last year had one of her drawings hung in the Paris Salon.

With her husband and young son Felix she now lives in a studio flat in an old house with walled garden in Hampstead. She will return to England in October.

Leads Enthusiastic Band of Church Workers

MRS. C. N. RAYMOND, of Brisbane, is an enthusiastic worker for the Church of England, Chelmer. She is president of the Women's Guild and, with her committee, is tireless in her efforts to raise funds for the new church building, which it is hoped, will be commenced this year.

Until three years ago Mrs. Raymond lived in Roma, Queensland, where she took an active interest in a number of organizations. She was vice-president of the local branch of the Queensland Country Women's Association, honorary treasurer of the Girl Guides, and a committee member of the Boy Scouts' Association.

Mrs. Raymond—Dorothy Coleman.

Knitted Verse of National Anthem into Rug

OF most original design is a rug knitted by Mrs. E. Manley, a 78-year-old resident of Merrigum, Victoria. She intends to offer it as a gift to the King.

On one side of it Mrs. Manley has worked into the background the first verse of the National Anthem, with a Union Jack at each corner. She has inscribed the gift as being to the King, Queen, and the two Princesses. The lettering was not embroidered on afterwards, but forms part of the pattern of the knitting. On the other side is a kaleidoscope of tiny figures, birds, and animals with more lettering worked in different-colored sections.

The rug was awarded first prize in the section for women aged more than 60 years in an exhibition of work arranged recently by the Essendon (Victoria) branch of the Housewives' Association.

For several years Mrs. Manley has been a regular competitor in the women's industries section of the Royal Show, Victoria.

Will Exhibit Craftwork in London

IN response to an invitation from the English Arts and Crafts Society to send an exhibit to its 50th anniversary exhibition in London in November, members of the Society of Arts and Crafts of New South Wales have been busy lately preparing a representative collection of craftwork to send to England.

Mrs. Molly Secombe and Miss Violet Abce are sending examples of the aboriginal pottery they specialise in. Pottery of Australian design made by Miss Nell Holden, Mrs. V. Eyre, and Miss N. McCredie will also be included. Printed linens, featuring Australian motifs, designed by Miss McKenzie and Mrs. M. Quick, bookplates and tapestry by Miss Irene Mort and Mrs. A. H. Brown, and jewellery by Miss Rhoda Wager and Miss M. Creed will be among the collection.

Solving Problems of Relief Committee

ONE of Melbourne's busiest women is Mrs. Percy Krone, who is in charge of the voluntary helpers at the

Victorian State Relief Committee.

Supplying needy folk with clothes is one of her main responsibilities. This is a problem she has been dealing with for eight years and one which can only be solved satisfactorily if people send along left-off clothing to the committee's room at 605 Bourke Street, Melbourne, or telephone Central 1214 so that a car can be sent to collect gifts.

Mrs. Krone and her assistants, Miss M. C. Young, Miss E. A. Harant, and Mrs. M. Mackenzie, think nothing of supplying clothing to 317 people per week. Each person receives two complete outfits if supplies will permit, and, if possible, clothes that properly fit the applicant are chosen. Supplying parcels of clothing to 52 municipalities round Melbourne is easier than attending to the needs of country people who have no centre where they can lodge their applications for clothes, but must write direct to the committee.

Organises Swimming Classes for 10,000 Children

MAKING her first visit to Victoria for fifteen years, to represent West Australia at the conference of the Australian Federal Council of the Royal Life Saving Society, held in Melbourne recently, Miss M. A. Hamilton was the only woman delegate. Miss Hamilton, who is treasurer of the West Australian Life Saving Association, has been a member of the Federal Executive for ten years, but her interest in life saving and swimming dates much further back than that.

As a member of the staff of the West Australian Education Department one of her tasks is the organising of swimming classes in many parts of W.A. Last year more than 10,000 children attended these classes, which are held wherever there is enough water.

Not only seaside towns indulge in swimming classes. They are also held in Kalgoorlie and Gnowangerup, where children from all the tiny outlying schools come in to classes held in the natural lake.

NEW SOUTH SEA LIP COLOUR GIVES LIPS NEW ALLURE!

Reds that fascinate... luster that intrigues... smoothness that captivates!



South Sea reds... the glamorous little South Sea maid's own alluring colours... here they are, ready to vest your lips with new enchantment... new juster... new sparkle... new softness and smoothness. They are the shades of the new TATTOO transparent lipstick and one of them is sure to exactly suit you. And how you'll love TATTOO's loyalty to your own lips! It's so stubbornly indelible, it simply won't leave your lips for someone else's!

PRICE 3/6

Introductory size, 1/-, Medium size, 2/-, De Luxe size, 3/6.

CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAZELBUN

TATTOO

YOUR LIPS for romance!

Beautifully Fresh & Rosy

HER SKIN NOW FREE FROM PIMPLES

"My complexion was ruined by pimples," states Miss B.D., of Bundaberg, Qld. "I had very poor blood and no colour at all in my face. I was distressed with headaches and backaches and was always short of breath."

"My mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and, by the time I had taken the second bottle, to my delight my skin became clearer and I began to get stronger. After taking a few more bottles of these splendid pills my complexion is now beautifully fresh and rosy, and I do not suffer from headaches, pains and breathlessness. I have plenty of energy and think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are wonderful for enriching the blood."

The rich, red blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help to create brings rich gifts of fitness and loveliness to women and girls. Pimples and skin blemishes vanish as this new blood flows throughout the system; a natural colourful complexion and lustrous eyes appear which tell of perfect womanly fitness, youth and energy. Get rid of your pimples, headaches and languor by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.



From every point

No waste with the patent pourer.

Superbly packed in damp-proof tin.

Every grain runs freely.

White, fine, and dry.

Cerebos

IS THE PERFECT TABLE SALT

PREPARED BY CEREBOUS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA

FARMER'S



14/11
REGLISSE HAT
THAT GLEAMS
IN THE SUN

Be resplendent for Spring in a hat that looks expensive, but actually costs about half of your price guess. Reglisse straw with a becoming muffin brim. In black, brown and navy colours, with individual trimmings of gold ribbon. Priced at only 14/11.

Millinery on the Third Floor.



ICY-COOL BITS OF CONTROL

New Chafe Guard

Direct from "Kleinert's" of New York comes the new "Chafe Guard"—soft as swansdown, light as a petal... Dinky little garments you can wash easily as your kerchief. Small, med., large. **8/11**

SPORTS GIRDLE of lastex yarn. Surprisingly firm control across tummy and hipline. Special garter bands replace suspenders. Designed for dancing, active sports. Small, med., large. Us. 21/-. **10/6**

Suspenders Belt Section—Ground Floor



Charnaux sends Margaret Stirling to you

Blossom out this Spring with a silhouette as lithe and slim as a nymph. Margaret Stirling, Charnaux expert, will be at Farmer's all this week in personally-fit and advise you on your new Spring foundation. No charge, of course. M3465

On Fourth Floor



New spring fabrics are at Farmer's

Reflecting the sunny gaiety of America's Pacific playground... with California Pastels the keynote of everything you see... Silks in bewildering variety... linens in a hundred guises... cottons in a riot of novelty weave and colour.

On First Floor



1938 SPRING FILLIPS

New season's frillings, collarings and frontings

Devastatingly feminine frou-frou in celery-crisp lace, organdi and georgette. Herald Spring with insouciant little collars and trimmings... sheer as mist, and cool as a long drink. Trim and simple enough for the office—festive enough to go to dinner. Farmer's sells these new collarings for you to sew on yourself.

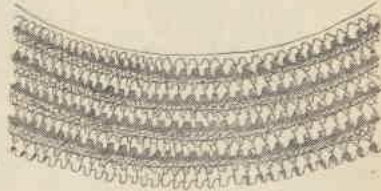
Collared with originality in scalloped georgette, filmy as a cloud. 1½ in. wide. Ivory only. Yd., 3/6

Pretty as a miniature—organdi with Val. lace edging for beguiling charm. Frosty white. Yd., 5/11

Fresh as a daisy, organdi fronting lavishly trimmed with dainty Val. lace. 5 ins. In white. Yd., 7/11



COLLARINGS to give you that crisp-as-the-dewy-morn look... lace pleated collar. 2½ inches wide. White and beige are the colours, and the price per yard is only 3/6



COLLARING—deftly pleated organdi combined quaintly with Val. lace for youthful collar, softly feminine for Spring charm. 1½ inches wide. White only. Yard priced at 7/11

Frillings, Collarings and Frontings on the Ground Floor.



THE NEW "MIDDY"

One of the famous "Townies"

Refreshing prelude to Spring! Cooling breezes waft through its ventilated sides... you'll find comfort with the new tailored all-leather heels, the high ghillie tie. Also in blue or polo tan calf. Half sizes, 2 to 7. At **14/9**

Shoe Salon—Third Floor



BUST IMPROVERS

"Sans Souci's" from Hollywood

Fashion demands a youthful, softly rounded bust... and maybe nature didn't give you one. So why not wear the natural bust improver—the "Sans Souci" from Hollywood. Tinted georgette. Oval or round, at 12/6 and **7/11**

Brassiere Section—Ground Floor.

Womens Weekly Reader Specials from— GRACE BROS

FROCK **4** SHOP

PRICE

You must be COATED
To be Smart
This Season

Fashions Decree!



MES6



MES7



MES8



MES9

SEMI BOLERO
10/-

MES6—Semi Bolero, made of crazy patterned robe in brightly coloured prints. Cross-over vest of plain, two-button finish. Knife pleat in skirt, tie belt. In novelty prints of Green, Romance Pink, Egg Blue. Sizes: BSW, SW, W. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL . 10/-

MES7—Lace Printed Bolero. Consider the bargain this two-piece garment offers! Plain black look for business or dry wear, with long sleeves and high cowl neckline. Pin tucks on front panel of skirt. Long sleeve bolero with soft gathering on shoulder. Frock of Granite. Cape in plain Black only. Motif: Romance Blue, Black. Sizes: BSW, SW, W. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL . 15/-

MES8—Box Coat. Decidedly new in this version of the indispensable jacket dress. Short sleeve look with plain contrast on collar, waistline, and belt. Gathered bodice, button finish. Three-quarter sleeved coat finished with band contrast, rolled revers. Brightly coloured prints on Black and Navy grounds with plain contrast. Size in floral only, same style. Sizes: BSW, SW, W. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL . 20/-

MES9—Edge to Edge Coat of Plain Sheer with softly gathered shoulders. Lace Boyalere, in monochrome printed sheer. Frock with fully-plated bodice formed to uplift bodice. Long sleeves, both in back and coat. Six gored skirt. An ideal Summer garment in two tones: Black and Navy. Sizes: W, BSW, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL . 25/-

Children Make Good on the Air

Considerable child talent has been brought to light by Station KID, which is 2GB's children's session run entirely by child announcers and child artists.

IN the few weeks since its inception, this new type of presentation has proved remarkably successful.

It promises not only to provide radio with future stars, but also to offer very young people a means of deciding for or against an attempt to break into radio.

Mr. Geoffrey Jackson, who created station KID, and is in charge of it, says the station thinks so highly of the talents of a number of the children that arrangements have been made to draft some of them into the evening sessions.

Each Tuesday night, for a period of four weeks, one of them will be featured with Jack Lumadaine in a new entertainment, "The Radio Rascal and His Protégé."

This will enable each artist of talent to gain experience at the microphone.



MR. GEOFFREY JACKSON, creator of Station KID, which has brought child talent to the 2GB microphone.

and even if he or she is not contemplating a radio career it will help to give poise and assurance.

In addition each protégé will have the benefit of a month's musical training under the supervision of Jack Lumadaine.

"At least 12 of the young artists," says Mr. Jackson, "have been sufficiently outstanding to bring up to 30 letters and phone calls asking for their reappearance on the air."

"Every Saturday afternoon sessions are held at 3.30, and some of the children are only too happy to spend their afternoon in this novel way."

There is a dearth of boy announcers among the applicants, and Mr. Jackson advises parents who are considering radio as a career for their boys to persuade them to apply for an audition.

The first girl to be featured with the Radio Rascal will be Cynthia Ross, 15 years old, who so surprised listeners with her singing that many people, including the manager of 2GB, Mr. H. G. Horner, rang asking if the number they had just heard was not a recording.

This girl has a definite style, a distinctive personality, and exceptional talents, and this is her first step in what may be a successful radio career.

Another girl, Rhonda Miller, brought forth 198 phone calls in the course of an hour following the broadcast.

GRACE BROS.

Present to you

KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER RINGLESS SHADOWLESS HOSIERY

88 x A miracle of sheer glamour. A new "Mir-O-Kleer" sheer-silk to the top 4/11
10 x "Mir-O-Kleer," of exquisite dull sheerness. The "reflection of perfection" stocking 5/11
12 x A beautiful "Mir-O-Kleer" service sheer with lace patterned welt. For every wear 5/11
505 x KAYSER pure silk stocking of service weight, for sports and all occasions 4/11



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NEW PORTABLE
REMINGTON NOISELESS

FREE CASH OR
EASY TERMS.
Charlton Ltd.
Liverpool & Newcastle
Streets, Sydney

Real Life Stories

Wild Boar Attacks Woman Hunter

A Story with a Moral

Preparedness for any emergency should be the motto of every hunter. But when Mrs. E. Pike, of Kuranda, North Queensland, sallied forth to shoot a duck she did not reckon on meeting a wild boar.

That she escaped with her life was due to her deadly aim, but the experience taught her a lesson she has never forgotten. Her story of that encounter wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories.

FOR some time I lived in the far outback of Northern Australia (writes Mrs. Pike).

Game was plentiful and wild pigs numerous at certain seasons of the year, a fact for which we were thankful when the creeks and rivers were in flood and the pack-team which brought out the food supply was delayed. They sometimes meant meat when meat was scarce.

One afternoon I decided to go out and shoot a duck. The lagoon was alive with wild fowl, and as it was less than half a mile away I set out on foot, leaving my small son playing about the house.

I was following a wallaby path through tall buffalo grass along the steep bank of a creek when suddenly, just ahead, I noticed a movement in the high grass. I stopped. Then I heard a grunt, and at the same time caught a glimpse of what I took to be a young porker.

Raising my rifle I took careful aim.

With a squeal of rage something leapt high in the air. But it was not a little porker. Next moment a ferocious wild boar with huge upturned tusks was charging straight down upon me.

There was no time to reload and no climbable tree within running distance.

I stood there, gazing horror-stricken at that oncoming avalanche of fury.

The great brute was now within a half-dozen yards of me. I could see his tiny bloodshot eyes. His mouth was dripping foam and blood from the bullet wound.

Suddenly he staggered in his headlong charge. Next



"... A ferocious wild boar with upturned tusks was charging straight down upon me."

instant he toppled over the precipitous bank to the creek 50 feet below. I heard the heavy body as it hit the water, but did not wait to find out whether he was dead. I raced for home and safety. Never again did I try shooting pigs with a single-shot rifle.

The Tattooed Arm

THREE girl friends and myself were seated in a train bound homewards for the school holidays.

Night had fallen, but we were too excited to go to sleep, so my friends prevailed upon me to tell ghost stories.

My story had reached "And as the man peered from under the bed-clothes he saw an arm, all covered with blood..."

Then I stopped, surprised at the set look on Joan's face.

Following her horrified gaze I was struck dumb, for I saw "an arm."

Kathleen and Eileen realised by this time that something was wrong, and as we all gazed at the tattooed arm just showing from under the seat they gave a little shriek.

Joan pointed to the communication cord and I managed to pull it.

The train stopped, and on entering the carriage the guard's amazed exclamation changed to a growl of rage when he discovered the arm belonged to a sleeping tramp. He was hauled to his feet and was being pulled out when he turned back and said, "What about my mate?"

And there under the other seat was another tramp.

5/- to Miss Mary Ryan, 28 City Rd., Darlington, N.S.W.

Ran Into Train

WITH my brother I had been into our nearest town for the afternoon—our first afternoon off after five weeks of harvesting.

Leaving the local store about half-past six we set off for home in the best of spirits.

I was putting my tennis racquet into the bottom of the car when my brother jammed on the brakes, and exclaimed: "We're done for this time."

I looked up as the car crashed into a Bendigo train loaded with hundreds of tons of wheat. Fortunately my brother had the presence of mind to nerve with the train and consequently we escaped with a shaking and a slightly-damaged car.

5/- to Miss G. E. Pietsch, Muckleford P.O., Vic.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Dangerous Joke

WORKING at a small mill near Powelltown, Gippsland, it was my job every three months to crawl into the big steam boiler and clean the rust from the tubes.

On this occasion I fell asleep in the boiler and when I woke I was in a lathe, and gasping for breath.

To my horror the circle of light from the opening was no longer visible. Someone had put the lid on and screwed it down.

Frantically I beat on the sides with the scraper, and when—hours later it seemed—I heard the lid being unscrewed I fainted.

Next day I heard the story of the joke that nearly cost me my life. One of my mates saw me asleep in the boiler and thinking to have a bit of fun screwed the lid on.

Anyhow, it taught him a lesson. I don't think he's played another practical joke.

5/- to J. H. Spencer, c/o B.C.U. Club, Griffith, N.S.W.

Lost a Finger

AS we lived on a wheat farm at Makenbudin, and travelled into town, about twelve miles away, in a cart, there was great excitement when Dad was persuaded to buy a car.

The tyres were very worn, but the blacksmith had a pair he thought would fit so they were put on.

Next day when we went to visit a neighbor, my brother took his gun along to shoot rabbits. Our friend was down in the far paddock and when we got there my brother yelled "Isn't that a dingo over there?"

Jumping into the car we tried to head him off, and were travelling at mad pace, my brother having a shot as we raced, when, as I turned a corner the tyres flew off and the car turned over and crashed through the wire fence.

Simultaneously the gun went off and blew away the top joint of one of my brother's fingers.

We were lucky not to have been killed, for it turned out that the tyres were oversize. Now we have to be content with the cart.

5/- to F. Cole, Wellarton Street, Midland Junction, W.A.

Curiosity Satisfied

IT occurred on the island of Tavuni, in the Fiji group. My husband had left early to visit the plantation, and I was alone when I saw hundreds of Indians, both men and women, making their way up to our home.

They entered the house, pulled the bedding up, opened all drawers, and peered into everything, gently poking me with their long-bladed knives and touching my hands and jabbering to each other.

For over an hour this went on until I fainted with fright.

When I recovered my husband had returned and immediately sent for an interpreter, who learned that the Indians had never seen a European home, having been recently indentured from Calcutta.

Earlier in the week one Indian had been sent to the house with a message, and had invited all his friends to see it.

They explained that they would not

When Food Was Nearly Fatal

EREMAI was my black Gilbertese maid while I was living on a small island in the Pacific.

She always brought her son Johnnie, aged about three years, with her to work and he played with my boy, also a three-year-old.

Johnnie could say only two words, "Kai-kai" (food), and as he spoke them he beat upon his little black tummy very emphatically.

One morning I heard strange sounds under my bungalow, which was built up very high like most tropical houses, and on going down to investigate found Johnnie with his hand over my son's mouth, saying, "Kai-kai."

To my horror my boy's mouth was filled with sand, and the poor little fellow was nearly black in the face, and choking.

Grabbing him up quickly, I held him by his heels, at the same time giving Johnnie a hard wallop.

As this happened I heard a sound at the back of me, and was just in time to see Eremai with a knife in her hand ready to strike at me.

I dropped my son and, catching hold of the black mother's wrists, soon quietened her down.

After that I always kept an eye on Johnnie.

5/- to Edith Hill, Hotel Central, Maryborough, Qld.

Lost His Boots

WHEN the motor van in which we were travelling to Port Augusta developed engine trouble on a steep hill, my young brother-in-law, aged ten, got out and placed stones under the back wheels to prevent their slipping.

After the driver had examined the engine he decided to turn back to the nearest garage, but when my young brother-in-law had kicked the stones away from the wheels the van started to move off. He was only half in the van at the time, but he clung to my wrist, and with his feet bouncing along the ground had an unenviable experience. My wrists were all chafed and both baby and I were nearly pulled out of the van. But after travelling nearly a mile and a half the driver stopped and the lad scrambled on board.

The soles of a new pair of boots were worn to shreds, but he was unhurt.

5/- to Mrs. A. Robb, c/o Post Office, Goolwa, S.A.

Dampette
WAVE-SETS
MY HAIR
IN 3 MINUTES



Red Label DAMPETTE is a new and improved preparation for ladies to wave-set their own hair. A few drops poured into the palm of the hand—then combed or brushed through the hair—enables perfect waves to be finger-pressed into position and STAY THERE for days.

Red Label DAMPETTE is so economical that a 2/- bottle lasts 2 months. Use Dampette sparingly (enough in your hand to cover surface is plenty), and see how it brings up beautiful waves and highlights in your hair. One application is sufficient for two or three wave-sets.

Dampette Will Make Your Hair Look Beautiful

Whether you have had a permanent wave or just wave with bobby pins, this new Red Label Dampette will waveset your hair perfectly. Dampette is non-greasy, non-sticky, and non-gummy. Dampette gives you a perfect waveset in 3 minutes which lasts for days. Get a bottle of Red Label DAMPETTE today.



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BE SURE TO GET *Genuine* RED LABEL DAMPETTE *

BILIOUSNESS

Is due to a disordered condition of the liver. When your liver functions properly, you no longer suffer from the tortures of biliousness. Mother Seigel's Syrup is admitted, on all hands, to be the best stomach and liver invigorator. Its action upon these organs soon restores them to healthy activity and natural efficiency. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal values. Buy a bottle to-day, and test it yourself.

At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 1/6.

LOTTERY LUCK

Follows the study of ARITHMANCY & COLOUR. Learn how YOU can combine Lucky Colours with Lucky Numbers in all of your activities. Send Birthdate, and your Lucky Numbers and Colours will be forwarded to you. Enclose addressed stamped envelope and P.M. 1/- to K. COLMANCY (Dept. WW), King St. P.O. Box 45, Sydney.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

I'm Keeping Up My Average of a 10-1 Winner a Week

By BETTY GEE

I'm lucky, and so are you. That's because I'm keeping up my average of a 10 to 1 winner a week. Cooranga won at Rosehill, as I forecast last week.

You've got to admit 10 to 1 is a fleecy-lined price for the end-of-winter Arctic blast which burst on Sydney.

One might have been as well in Melbourne for the opening of the Australian Hurdle, but, thank goodness, one wasn't, but at Rosehill.

What a glorious day it was with its spring sunshine absorbing the bitter chill of winter.

Who could help being cheery upon such a day?

And the first horse I espied in a race was Cheery Jack, and then I

bumped into somebody who had it straight from Mr. J. M. O. Forsyth, the owner, and I invested 10/ at 7 to 1.

Cheery Jack was lucky. A horse fell right in front of him. But he jumped over it and won. I heard people say it was a fluke. But that's the first time I've ever seen a flat racer forced to hurdle, and still win.

Wait till he starts brush hurdling really.

My big tip for the Three and Four-Year-Old was, of course, Kai

Tere. I had £6 to £1/10/-. Notice how deep I went in.

And when he came round the home turn with a big lead I was simply purring with delight.

But Kai Tere started to fight against Teddy Bartle, and, instead of going on with the business of winning the race, seemed to want to call into the Leger stand for a drink with a pal in the bar there.

Then Fearless bumped into him, oh, so rudely, and he and Oration beat him into third place.

After this I'm all for racehorse prohibition on the racecourses.

They'll have to shift the Leger bar on past the winning post if horses are going to stop in the midst of winning their races.



Cooranga at 10 to 1 was Betty's special tip for Rosehill.

Tellaweepee Tale

It was such a strong tip I had about a horse called Tellaweepee for the Granville that I hastened to take £4 to £1, and when Dickie told me it was an apprentice race and my pick carried a very new jockey, I'd have liked to get my £1 back.

Tellaweepee might be good. He had won his last three races. But the little apprentice jockey forgot to steer him round the corner which is found on every racecourse at the home turn.

He went straight on and lost. So did I.

But I joined in with the rush to get on Bonnie Legion for the Flying Handicap, with Maurice McCatten up.

She always goes best for Maurice, and she brought off my £3 to £1

I found myself confronting Captain Smart, and, naturally, I couldn't resist asking him how he thought his horse, Speardale, would go. He was favorite for the last race.

Captain Smart is an English gentleman from his cultured courting down to his spats, and he replied, "I don't think he could possibly lose."

So I had £6 to £2, and the Captain was right.

There are races on Wednesday, and the Head Waiter says Keewong is a Trial Stakes tip right from the right quarter.

And Gay Fortune I heard myself at the Ice Palais, where his owner, Mr. Bendroli, is the managing director.

But my loudest whisper is for Moorefield on Saturday, about Bush Bee.

Many's the win I had last year in Melbourne on her, and I've had the tip that owner Vince O'Reilly believes she's as good as ever.

And another Melbourne winner, Eastern Maid.

That comes from a messenger girl at the milliner's. Some of the boys have been talking out of stable hours.

And the Head Waiter says, follow up Arabia if he starts in the Rockdale Mile.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS...

from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, August 10:

11.45 a.m., Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins; 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, August 11:

11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, August 12: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, August 13: 2.30 p.m., "Let's Go Places"; 5.30 p.m., Hits of To-day; "Vieni Vieni," "Someday My Prince Will Come," "The Donkey Serenade."

SUNDAY, August 14: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital; Danny Malone; 6.10 p.m., From the Pen of Georges Bizet.

MONDAY, August 15: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, August 16: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

with such a pretty Paolova dash for the lead in the straight.

Now I had the bank for Cooranga, and I rushed the bookies to take £29 to £2.

Then Dickie told me there's another unknown apprentice in the case. His name was K. Davis, and up to now I find he's never ridden a winner before! Such a pretty kettle of fish.

But it's too late to change, so I invest a "saver" on Plutus at 3 to 1.

Cooranga Wins

Soon Cooranga is last, and Plutus not much better. I'm just turning away in disgust in the direction of the tearoom when the little boy clicks his tongue at Cooranga, and she breaks into a gallop, runs past everything in the race, and wins like a Peter Pan.

If you saw somebody treading on air towards the bookies' pay-out, it was me.

But why on earth didn't I put a lot more on such a good thing? If I'd only thought of it, I could have laid in the whole spring wardrobe.

Then, of course by pure accident,

SIREN the quality soap

brings you quality GIFTS



Siren's extra-soapy suds get your clothes spotlessly clean without rubbing and scrubbing! Hands stay soft and smooth, too, and linen washes a dazzling white... because Siren is made from pure, fine oils!

Save these crosses



BATH TOWEL

Genuine White Admiralty or gaily coloured Bath Towel, 46 x 23 ins. Save 48 Blue Crosses.



Aluminium SAUCEPAN

Strong, splendidly finished; 2 1/2 pint size, with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 56 Blue Crosses.



CASSEROLE, 9" diam.

made of "Strong-lite" 99% pure Aluminium. Close-fitting lid, heat-proof knob. Save 104 Blue Crosses.



PILLOWSLIP

21 x 31 1/2 ins., dainty and hem-stitched, nicely finished and long-wearing. Save 36 Blue Crosses.



GLASS CLOTH

Pure Irish Linen 23 x 32 ins., red or blue side-striped; will wear and wear. Save 24 Blue Crosses.



HAIR BROOM

Fine, close-set bristles. Nicely finished. Save 104 Blue Crosses.



TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Save 36 Blue Crosses.

DESSERT KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Save 36 Blue Crosses.



DESSERT FORK

Heavy E.P.N.S. Will grace any table. Save 24 Blue Crosses.

TABLE FORK

Heavy E.P.N.S. Will grace any table. Save 36 Blue Crosses.

DESSERT SPOON

Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 24 Blue Crosses.

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Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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Complexion perfection for every girl!

This new English-type face powder is doubly adherent—such a find for girls who must look their best at parties and dances! An enchanting new note in its perfume, too—fresh, light and gay... 2/6 and 1/6.

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Being forceful people, Leonians readily take charge of the lives of others. In every sense they express their motto, "I rule."

LEONIANs comprise some of the world's best "show-men." They thrive on popularity and applause and will work hard and long to gain the limelight or to reach positions of prominence among their associates in either social or business activities.

Leonians are chiefly those people whose birthdays fall between July 23 and August 24, but sometimes the planets are so placed in the various signs of the zodiac at the moment of a person's birth that those born under quite different influences can also display many of the Leonian characteristics. This is especially so when it comes to personality and general appearance.

They are seldom abashed by publicity or authority, and even the quieter type have similar qualities, although they may hide or disguise them for years.

Deceptive Signs

FOR instance, there is the rather mild and hesitant type belonging to this sign; the type which seems (but only seems) to defer to everyone else rather than take much upon themselves.

Those folk give an impression of extreme gentleness, shyness, patience, and kindness. But wise associates soon learn not to entirely trust these outward evidences of mildness, for suddenly the Leonian can show the lion that forms the true basis of his nature. They know that boldness and confidence can replace gentleness and

shyness, and that abruptness, forcefulness, and dominance can take the place of reserve and diffidence.

When such people actually get on the warpath it is time to beat a retreat. An aggressive Leonian is a hard enemy to beat, and a mild one turned wild adds the element of surprise to his battles, and thus holds an additional advantage over adversaries.

These supposedly mild-type Leonians are often distinguishable by their big and soft brown or hazel eyes, by a shyness of manner, and a habit of lowering the head and looking upwards at you, and by a hesitancy in the speech, in times of excitement, anger, or stress.

Then there are the Leonian "charmers." They can win their battles with smiles, soft words, joviality, and flattery. They shine in the arts of "blarney" and guile, and, strangely enough, they are quite sincere about it all.

But beware of them! They are magnetic to the nth degree; they can charm a cheque out of a miser, or talk a snake into a tangle. But, oh! they can be nice.

Lastly, there are the confident, lordly, intensely vital and sometimes "bossy" Leonians. They are off-times so impressive that they even impress themselves. They can act the grand manner so convincingly that they often achieve their goals by sheer bluff.

In such people the element of personal pride and the desire to rule over others become such integral parts of the character that the softer and more lovable qualities are in danger of sublimation.

When this happens, the affection and popularity which are so essential to the complete happiness of Leonians can be replaced by fear and disfavor on the part of their associates, and thus lead to ultimate unhappiness and failure.

Such characteristics should therefore be submerged or moderated as much as possible, and the naturally charming and kindly nature which is the true heritage of most people born under this sign be allowed to hold sway.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make hay while the sun shines this week. August 15, 16, and 17 (very early) can bring good results for many hard-working and enterprising Arians.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Be on your guard, for unexpected troubles and delays can upset you and your plans this week. Live quietly.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for you on August 19 (after noon) and 20. Work hard then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Nothing special is likely, though August 13 and 14 can be just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Your stars befriending you on August 15, 16, and 17 (till 10 a.m.), so be diligent and enterprising then. Seek advancement, make changes, requests or removals and start new ventures.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Just fair on August 17, 18, and 19 (early).

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): August 19 (after noon) and 20 can produce fair results for hard work and wisdom.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Take no unnecessary risks of any kind this week, especially on August 17, 18, and 19 (early). Trouble will probably dog the footsteps of most Scorpions then. Live quietly and avoid all changes, disputes and upsets.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Make the most of your opportunities now. The stars will be particularly bountiful on August 15, 16, and 17 (early a.m.) Be optimistic and energetic then. Plan to start some new ventures, ask favors, and make changes.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Routine best this week. August 17, 18, and 19 (early), just fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Discreet Aquarians will try to hide



BINNIE BARNES, Paramount player, chooses a sophisticated black straw, with a broad turned back brim, for a dinner hat. It is trimmed with twin brushes of clustered black feathers.

from trouble this week. Changes, really important ones wait over for some weeks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Get semi-important matters going if



LIGHT FAIR-HAIRED

Girls Have 47% More Sex Appeal Than Dark 'Fairs'

RECENT scientific tests made show that light fair-haired girls have 47% more sex appeal than dark "fairs." But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautifully light—prevent its going dark?

Dark hair is coarse and strong; has hair, fine and delicate. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use ordinary soap or soapless (soap substitute) shampoos. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair darken! What they need is Sta-blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. It not only prevents light fair hair from darkening but washes darkened hair two to four shades lighter—gives it the golden beauty of childhood. No other dye-less shampoo does this.

Sta-blond contains "Vitef," the amazing Hair-Vitamins which Nature puts in all fair hair and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta-blond not only prevents brittleness and dandruff, but makes the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple. If you want a bleach, don't buy Sta-blond! But if you want to keep your hair lovely and light as Nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use. Try it just once—try it today! Now Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos.

CONTAINS NO OYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHERS

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

MOLLY REBELS AT NEEDLESS ERRANDS



MOLLY has the right idea about housework. It's an excellent plan to save yourself time and needless steps every day by having TWO tins of Old Dutch—one in the kitchen and one in the bathroom.

Old Dutch, made with Seismotite, cleans quickly and easily. It polishes as it sweeps away dirt and grease, saving the surface, because it doesn't scratch, leaving porcelain, pots and pans, painted wood, crockery and metalware hygienically clean and odor-free. Old Dutch is the world's most popular cleanser, because, unlike harsh, scratchy pastes, powders and sandpapers, it is an all-purpose cleanser.

Here's how to prove Old Dutch doesn't scratch: Sprinkle some on the back of a plate, then rub with a coin. You won't hear any harsh, grinding sound, because Old Dutch is made with Seismotite—its particles are flat and flaky. Try the test with any ordinary cleanser and note the difference!

Now prove the economy of Old Dutch: Pencil the date on the tin when you start to use it. When it's empty, look at the calendar. You'll be pleased to find how much longer Old Dutch lasts, and how much more cleaning it has done. Old Dutch is both safe and saving!

OLD DUTCH OFFERS SAVINGS ON GENUINE VINER & HALL SILVERWARE!

Every piece of this beautiful "Old English" pattern silverware and cutlery is guaranteed for long life. Made by the famous firm of VINER & HALL LTD., Imperial Works, Sheffield—the world's premier cutlery and silversmiths, 10 different units offered at considerable savings over retail prices. (Illustrated) UNIT No. 1—FOUR TEASPOONS for 3/- and 2 Old Dutch Labels.



HOW TO GET THIS SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A-1 Silverplate or Stainless Steel.

Offer extended from June 30th to December 30th, 1938.

- 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
- 2 DESERT SPOONS (value 13/6 per dozen).
- 2 DESERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/6 per pair).
- 2 SPOON SPOONS (value 13/6 per dozen).
- 2 TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 4/6 per pair).
- 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 7/6 per dozen).
- 1 PAIR FISH EATERS (value 5/6 per pair).
- 3 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
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D47 30



Mrs. M. J. WHITEHEAD, Eucalyptus, N.S.W.

"Suffered hell on earth... couldn't lift the teapot!"

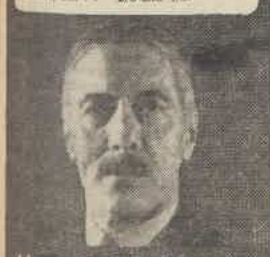
Mrs. M. J. Whitehead, Eucalyptus, N.S.W.

"For over 12 months I suffered a little hell on earth night and day, owing to Rheumatism. I could not even lift the teapot, and could not eat or sleep. But black goodness for your R.U.R.—after taking it I am as well as ever!" Mrs. Whitehead's experience is typical of thousands of men, women, and children who have achieved the conquest of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, and other ailments which disfigure the body with acid poisons, and bring swift and lasting relief. R.U.R. is sold with a plain, straightforward, genuine guarantee of relief or money refunded. Obtainable from all chemists and local agents, or R.U.R. Pty., 41 George Street, Sydney.

ASK FOR FREE BOOKLET.

The Chemist says—

"Most of my customers prefer HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE because it has such a fine record. Hearne's has been for many years amongst my best sellers for Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest, Bronchitis, etc." 2/6 and 4/6.



Always insist on...
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

SHE FELT SENSITIVE ABOUT HER FIGURE

Kruschen Reduced Her Weight—Gave Her New Vitality

Any woman who is burdened with excess fat is liable to become sensitive about her figure. This woman did, and in addition she suffered from weakness which made her feel dull and lifeless. But there is a happy sequel to her story:—
"I was anemic and suffered a great deal from weakness for which I had to have treatment every six months. I was burdened with superfluous fat. Then two years ago, I started taking Kruschen Salts. Kruschen has reduced my weight a lot, so that instead of being sensitive about my figure, I feel quite normal like other people. As a result of losing unwanted fat, I am able to enjoy my food. From always feeling dull and lifeless, I am now fit for anything. I find Kruschen marvellous for giving vitality."—(Miss) M.G.
The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off every day the waste and poisons that encumber the system. Then little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes, but surely.

Now then—
Morley Anderson walked closer to the married woman. "You have admitted that Ted Courtney was your lover."
"Yes."
"You have admitted that your husband did not keep accurate check on your movements."
"Yes."
"You have admitted that there were times when you were with Ted Courtney that he did not know about."
"I suppose there were."
"Then, Mrs. Campbell, there could have been many things of which he knew nothing when you were with other men. Is that true?"
"I suppose so."
"You knew many attractive young men in Habersham, didn't you?"
"Yes."
"Had any of them, other than Ted Courtney, ever tried to make love to you?"
"Yes."
"I must impose on your honesty a trifle more, Mrs. Campbell. You are beautiful, you were bored, you were accustomed to the attentions of men—you have testified that you were intrigued by Ted Courtney because you were bored. Now, then, Mrs. Campbell, may I ask you if

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 6

you were ever, since moving to this city, interested in any other men?"
"I was interested, of course."
"How interested?"
"Well, I had several friends."
"Intimate friends?"
"Yes."
"May I inquire, Mrs. Campbell, just how intimate these friends were?"
Rita hesitated. Then she said, "I don't believe I understand."
"I'll make it plainer. I am asking whether, since coming to Habersham as a bride, you have had affairs with any man other than Ted Courtney?"
Vale's objection was lost in a buzz of excitement. Rita looked at the Bench and asked, "Must I answer that?" and the Judge ruled "Yes."
But she did not answer. Her eyes were on the tips of her tiny shoes, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Morley Anderson shed his mantle of friendliness. His deep voice boomed in the ears of the jury.
"You have had other lovers in Habersham, have you not, Mrs. Campbell?"
"No!"

"No? You remember you are under oath?"
"Yes."
"Do you mean Yes, you remember your oath, or Yes, you have had other lovers?"
"I remember I am under oath."
"Other men have made love to you, haven't they?"
"Yes."
"You found their attentions agreeable?"
"I—I suppose so. Sometimes."
"Other men than Ted Courtney?"
"I told you—"
"You have told me nothing, Mrs. Campbell. You have told me only that you have not had other lovers, but that men made love to you, and that you found their attentions agreeable. Do you swear, under oath, that you have had no affair in Habersham except the one with Ted Courtney?"
Her face was haggard. She answered almost inaudibly:
"I didn't say that."
"Anasah!" Anderson backed away, surprised and pleased by the unexpectedness of this triumph. "You have had other affairs, then?"
She said, "One other."
"One besides Ted Courtney?"
"Yes."
"In Habersham?"
"Yes."
"Did your husband suspect this?"
"I don't believe so."
"I see. Now, then, Mrs. Campbell, will you be good enough to tell the jury the name of this other Habersham gentleman with whom you had an affair?"
"The man," she said, "was Larry Wilson."

The drive home was not pleasant. Even Jason's chronically genial smile was conspicuous by its absence. He considered trying to relieve the tension, but abandoned the project. Once or twice he glanced with some apprehension at Kay's impassive face, and at Larry's grim expression. He told himself sadly, "I'm terribly sorry for these young folks. Terribly sorry."

Cashus deposited them at the kerb and they entered the house together. Kay said quietly: "You'll excuse me," and Jason said: "Certainly."
Kay went upstairs. She did not hurry, or give any indication of what she felt. Larry walked across the living-room to the smoking-stand beside his wing chair and lighted a cigarette.
Here again Jason found himself barren of words. He gazed with apparent absorption at the wide black ribbon from which his eyeglasses were suspended, as though nothing else in the whole world could possibly be of so great interest. Then he heard Larry walk into the hallway and up the stairs.
Larry knocked briefly at the door of his wife's room, and entered. She was lying on the bed face down, her figure pressed against the mattress. He entered and closed the door gently behind him. For a few seconds he was silent. Then:
"I'm sorry, Kay."
"She answered: "So am I."
"I don't blame you for being hurt. I had no idea."
"Last night—" he started, and then found himself bogged down again.
"Forget last night, Larry. You felt you owed Rita more consideration than you did me. I'm simply a trifle stupid. I don't understand those things."

"I don't blame you for anything you might think."
"Thanks." Her glance encountered his. "I suppose it was the publicity that hurt my pride most. Plus the fact that you hadn't prepared me for it."
"I didn't know—"
"—that they would compel Rita to tell? Of course you didn't. You see, Larry—that's another thing that hurts. Not so much what has happened between you and Rita as the fact that you lied to me unnecessarily last night. If you had told me the truth I would have forgiven you."

"Would you?"
"Yes—"
"She hesitated. "Perhaps that's not true. Maybe I wouldn't have. I would have tried, though, and I would have admired your honesty."
He shook his head. "I would have spared you if I could."
"Naturally."
"And there's one more thing, Kay. I do love you."

He turned and walked out of the room. For a few seconds he stood outside the closed door, then proceeded down the hall and walked in on Jason Rountree, who had come upstairs, shed coat and tie and was gazing out of the window.

Jason took a quick look at Larry's face and said: "Tough going, eh, Larry?"

"It certainly is."

"Well?"

"I've got a hunch—" Larry lowered his voice. "I've got to find out whether Rita told the truth. I believe she lied."

"She ought to know, oughtn't she?"

"Yes—"
But look, Jason. Whether I remember the last eight years or not doesn't make any difference. I'm the same person inside. I know what my instincts are—
"I can't believe I'd have done anything so crude."

"But when Rita herself says—"
"I'm still not satisfied."

"I'm not, either." Jason rose and put his hand on Larry's shoulder. "Keep yourself under control, Larry. You've waited this long; so why not give it a couple more days?"

"There's a man in this town—"

"What are you driving at?"

"Remember my telling you about Warner Blane?"

"Mr. Campbell's business agent?"

"Yes. Well, Blane and I don't like each other even a bit. We clashed plenty when he was here the other night, and the chances are we'd go to the mat if we ever got together again. Perhaps—"

Larry spoke slowly. "Perhaps Blane would know something."

"About what?"

"Rita and myself. Somehow, Jason, that has become more important to me than anything else. I've got to know the truth of that. You can't understand—"

"I think I can. I sure do. But where does Blane come in?"

"I understand that I've ridden with Rita several times. We must have got our horses from the Campbell stables. Warner Blane would know how often we'd been out together and for how long—and he's the only person who would."

"Logical," agreed Jason. "But what can you get out of him except a punch on the nose?"

"I couldn't," Larry smiled thinly. "But you could."

"Me?"

"Surely. You could drift over to the Campbell place this afternoon and introduce yourself. Chat around with him—keeping in mind what it is you want to know—"

"Which is his opinion of what really happened between you and Rita?"

"Exactly."

I

IN flat races on America's leading courses, the Campbell steeplechasers were famous. Campbell horses were decorated with ribbons at shows. The ownership and breeding of horses had always been a hobby with Duncan Campbell, sen., and it was the business acumen of Warner Blane which had kept it from becoming a too-expensive hobby.

Warner Blane was well born and well educated. He was a gentleman and was received in Habersham as such, although at first local society had not known quite how to classify him.

On this Saturday afternoon Warner Blane was pacing up and down the verandah of his cottage. Occasionally he ran nervous fingers through hair which was just a thought longer than it should have been. He was smoking furiously—

... and suddenly he whirled on the portly little man who was eyeing him apprehensively from the three steps which led up from the walkway to the verandah.

Warner Blane said, sharply: "You're a mug of a vet."

Dr. Giles Porter shrugged apologetically. He said: "I'm sorry, Blane—but I didn't break the filly's leg."

"No chance of saving her?"

"No. She'll have to be destroyed. Sorry."

Warner Blane walked inside his house. He returned a few minutes later with a revolver which he handed to Dr. Porter.

"Better do it yourself," he said.

Blane was nervous and unhappy. He fidgeted. He waited. He lighted one cigarette from the unfinished half of the last. His thoughts were over yonder—behind the stables—where they were about to spring the last barrier for a gallant little filly. He did not even see the portly little man who left a rented car on the road and approached the cottage.

The afternoon calm was shattered by the sound of a shot. Jason Rountree jumped as though the bullet had struck him. He exclaimed: "Phew! What's going on here?"

Warner Blane whirled. He asked, sharply: "What do you want?"

Jason spoke softly.

"Mr. Blane, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Please turn to Page 37



Hot Water...

whenever & wherever you need it...at the turn of a tap...
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Here is another bargain offered by the Sydney County Council to its customers... electric hot water in your kitchen, bathroom, and laundry for as little as 3/9 per week... **WITHOUT DEPOSIT!** The Smiths took advantage of this offer the other day. The Council included the cost of wiring and plumbing in the terms, and also supplies electricity to them at the greatly reduced rate of .35d. per unit. You can enjoy the same wonderful advantages and economy.

Ownership of an electric hot water storage system means that you have steaming hot water always on tap—in the kitchen, the bathroom, the laundry—wherever you want it! There is nothing to switch on or off. The scientifically

insulated storage tank is hidden away in the roof, and you almost forget it is there. Remember—**NO DEPOSIT, 5 YEARS' TERMS, WEEKLY INSTALLMENTS AS LOW AS 3/9. AND** your home will not be disorganised during installation. Call at the Showrooms of The Sydney County Council and make your application.

CAMPBIE RESIDENTS NOTE!

The Sydney County Council are opening on the 16th August completely equipped Showrooms at 259 Beamish Street, Campsie. All facilities will be available for the payment of accounts, the arrangement of transfers, and the purchase of appliances and equipment. An interesting display of modern electrical equipment will be maintained, and **DEMONSTRATIONS OF ELECTRIC COOKERY** will be a special feature.

Electricity

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL, QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

ELECTRIC HOT WATER... AS DEPENDABLE AND ECONOMICAL AS ELECTRIC LIGHT

"I'm sorry I made that remark. But that shooting..."

"We're destroying a filly."

Warner Blane was not in a friendly mood. He did not invite Jason to enter, he made no gesture of hospitality. He merely said: "What do you want?"

Jason removed his glasses, polished them briefly, and replaced them on his round little nose. He said: "I just dropped in. Wanted to talk to you a few minutes."

"Yes?"

"My name is Rountree. Jason Rountree."

"I know who you are. You're Larry Wilson's Man Friday."

Dr. Giles Porter approached the outside. He handed the gun to Warner Blane, who took it inside, ignoring Jason. The little man with the bald head asked: "You the vet?"

"Yes."

"Tough job you got—you have."

"And how!" He looked up at Warner Blane reappeared on the verandah. "I'll be moving along, Blane. Sorry things had to be that way."

"I'm sorry, too."

Blane stood motionless as the veterinary trudged towards his tiny coupe. Jason spoke sympathetically:

"You love horses, don't you, Mr. Blane?"

"Yes."

"Well, so do I. They've always fascinated me. I sort of thought maybe we might talk a little—"

"About horses?"

"Yes. You see, I've known about you for years. Me, I'm mighty interested in all this. Owned a stable once. Two horses. But they ate too much and ran too slow." Jason moved a step closer. "Mind if I sit down?"

Blane said nothing and Jason seated himself on the top step, cradling his knee in both pudgy hands. Warner Blane seated himself, so that he faced Jason. He said: "Let's have it."

"You heard about what happened this morning, didn't you?"

"What about it?"

"What Mrs. Campbell said on the witness stand."

"I heard."

WELL, look—

Jason chose his words with scrupulous care. "There's something queer about that. I've been figuring that what she testified couldn't happen in a town of this size without folks suspecting. Unless, of course, they were off alone together in a natural way. It struck me that the only chance they had was when they were riding together, and that would mean that they always started from here."

"So—?"

"So I don't believe what she testified. That's all."

"You talk like an idiot."

"Thanks," said Jason imperturbably. "I most likely am one. But sometimes I'm sensible. So I'm asking you this: What do you think about it?"

"I don't see why I should answer that."

"You do what you like, Mr. Blane. I'm just asking that's all."

"We-e-e-e... I do suspect something."

"Did you tell Duncan?"

"No."

"Well—would you guess that Duncan knew about it?"

"He might. He knew that they were riding together a lot."

"She went riding with other men, too, didn't she?"

"None."

Jason laughed. "You're saying lots of nothing, aren't you, Mr. Blane?"

"Why should I talk to you?"

"Because I'm trying to get the truth, and I should think you'd want the same thing."

"Maybe I do." Warner Blane strolled Jason for a few seconds. Then he said: "You've been asking me a good many questions, Mr. Rountree—"

"Yes. But I haven't been getting many answers."

"Now I'd like to ask you a few."

"That's fair enough."

"First: What does Larry Wilson say about this?"

"He hasn't told me a thing."

Jason's soft voice carried conviction.

"Has he ever mentioned Mrs. Campbell to you?"

"Oh sure. But not in that connection."

"Why don't you believe there was anything between them?"

"Hunch—that's all. And you know what hunches are to a racing man."

"What has he said about Duncan Campbell?"

"Same thing he's said about Mrs. Campbell. Nothing."

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 36

"Is he worried?"

"Wouldn't you be—in his shoes?"

"I'm asking you."

"I think he is. And if I was guessing—which I am—I'd say he was more worried about Mrs. Campbell's testimony this morning than anything else."

"He didn't expect it, eh?"

"I don't believe so."

"Has he denied it?"

"I tell you, he hasn't talked to me. And I'm trying to find out why. You can tell me—or anyway, you can guess—whether her testimony was on the level, or whether she had something else in mind."

"I can't tell you anything. As to arguing whether Mrs. Campbell told the truth—I don't see what reason you have to think anything else."

"Maybe it's because I want to."

"We'll let it go at that, then."

Warner Blane rose. "I'm busy, Mr. Rountree. You'll excuse me?"

Jason nodded. "I'll go. And thanks."

From the road he looked back and saw Warner Blane standing on the verandah of the cottage. He shook his head as he wedged himself under the wheel:

"Queer lad," he said to himself. "I can't figure him at all."

CASHUS entered with Larry's breakfast tray. He blinked and said: "You sho' is up early."

Larry turned from the window and tried to smile.

"Didn't sleep very well, Cashus."

"Ernestine said Mrs. Wilson didn't sleep so good, neither."

"She's had her breakfast?"

"She's eatin' it now, suh." He paused. "Anything else?"

"That'll be all, Cashus."

The butler coaxed out of the door. Larry picked up his breakfast tray, balanced it on his left hand, and tapped at Kay's door with the knuckles of the other. He fancied he detected a note of surprise as she called: "Come in."

He opened the door and inserted the breakfast tray. "May I?" he asked.

"Surely."

He entered the room, put his tray on the cedar chest, pulled up a chair, seated himself, and dropped a single lump of sugar into his coffee. He said, with attempted lightness: "Morpheus wasn't very kind to me last night."

"Nor to me."

"Cashus told me you were awake."

"I've been awake since five o'clock."

He looked straight at her. She wore a gay silk bed jacket which was pulled tight about her. Her eyes, which met his over the breakfast-tray, looked wide and tired.

She watched him while he sipped his coffee and toyed with a biscuit. She said: "Any special costume you'd like me to wear, Larry?"

"Anything but black."

She asked gravely: "Will it be very bad?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And you still want me there?"

"If you will. I need a little moral support."

"I'll do my best. And now... you'd better run along. I'll be dressed in a jiffy."

He walked downstairs, and seated himself on the verandah with the morning paper. There was an eight-column streamer:

LARRY WILSON TAKES STAND TO-DAY

He stared at the huge, black letters. He didn't hear the front door open. He heard nothing until Jason Rountree's voice sounded over his shoulder. "Good-morning, Larry."

"Oh—Morning, Jason."

Mr. Rountree dropped into a chair and patted a very elaborate necktie. "How do you figure things this morning, Larry?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"Question is: How will she take it?"

Kay came downstairs. Through the screen door they could hear her talking with the cook and maid; the efficient housewife, giving directions for the day's marketing. Then Cashus appeared outside at the wheel of the sedan.

There were policemen in front of the Court House to clear a lane for them. In the courtroom, neither Duncan Campbell, Jun., nor Graham Vale looked at him.

"There was a cry of: 'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!'" and Judge Frederick Macon Hawley took his seat. The jury filed in—puffed with their own importance. Reporters shuffled copy paper and whittled at soft-leaded pencils.

District Attorney Morley Anderson smiled at Defence Counsel Graham Vale, and Vale stood.

"Larry Wilson," he called.

Larry rose. And as he did so he felt warm, strong fingers close around his. He looked down at his wife. She was smiling gallantly.

"Good luck, dear."

The distance between his chair and the witness stand seemed interminable. Like the walk from a death cell to the lethal chamber Larry was conscious of the buzz of conjecture; of the boring of hundreds of eyes. He stood in the witness box and held a Bible in his right hand. He swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He seated himself and looked for

Kay. She was still smiling—straight at him. It was as though she were trying to flash a belated message. "Whatever it is, Larry—I'm with you."

Then came Graham Vale's perfectly modulated voice:

"WHAT is your name?"

"Larry Wilson."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"You are a resident of Haber-sham?"

"Yes."

"Single or married?"

"Married."

There was a stir in the back of the room. There was a whispered discussion between the Sergeant-at-Arms and someone outside the door. Then Larry saw the door open. Two men entered.

Please turn to Page 38

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- 1 Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Soak white articles for 30 minutes rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.
 - 2 Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR TWO MINUTES ONLY.
 - 3 RINSE THOROUGHLY.
- NOTE: Very dirty clothes should soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

Lukewarm RINSO suds wonderful for SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in rich lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse well. Don't twist or wring.



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CLEAR AND HEALTHY
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Don't despair over unsightly skin blemishes. Rexona Soap cleanses and purifies below the surface. Its healing medications get rid of every imperfection and bring that loveliness to your skin that you have always desired! For the more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.



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SOAP—4d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs).
OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. N.G.W. also
extra large tin, three times the quantity, 2/6.

**ADENOIDS
AND TONSILS**

Mouth breathing, snoring
at night, colds, weak
throat, enlarged tonsils,
stomach troubles, irritability,
all caused by adenoids
and enlarged tonsils. Get Kanatox
to avoid painful operations.
KANATOX kills disease germs and
adenoids disappear gradually and
naturally—swollen tonsils subside.

Get a 60-dose 2/6 flask (or 300-dose treatment
flask 10/6), complete with special heavy
dropper from your nearest chemist.

DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX

Kidney Poisons Often Cause Dangerous Symptoms

**Doctor's Prescription
Fights the Poisons
which May Cause Getting
up Nights, Loss of
Energy, Excess Acidity,
Bladder Weakness, etc.**

Look at the symptoms on the chart at the right, and you will be amazed at the number of troubles which may be caused by Poisons in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. Poisons get into the Kidneys during Colds or through other infections such as Bad Teeth or Tonsils or during Bacterial diseases, so it is no wonder that nearly every one must at times face the danger of Poison in the Kidneys.

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ONE was short and stocky and square-shouldered. It was Mickey Hogan, miraculously arrived from Warwick. But Mickey was not alone. Beside him was a tall, slim man; preternaturally grave. They found seats, and turned their eyes on Larry. There was a nervous bustle in the courtroom and Judge Hawley rapped sharply.

Larry tried to direct Jason Rountree's attention to the newcomers but met with no success. Jason misinterpreted the eager glance Larry bestowed on him, and merely returned a reassuring smile. Larry was disturbed. Mickey Hogan here and unannounced. With a stranger. He wondered whether Mr. Hogan was as trustworthy and discreet as Jason had claimed.

Graham Vale waited until the courtroom was quiet again. Then he resumed his questioning, in the same conversational tone he had used before.

"How long have you been married, Mr. Wilson?"

"Slightly less than two years."

"You are in business in Habersham?"

"Yes."

"Are you in business alone?"

"No. I have a partner."

"Who is your partner, Mr. Wilson?"

"Mr. Duncan Campbell."

"The father of the defendant in this case?"

"Yes."

Graham Vale turned away and glanced at some pencilled notes. Larry caught a brief glimpse of Kay's face. A tiny vertical line had appeared on her forehead. He braced himself for the next question.

"Mr. Wilson, do you know the defendant in this case: Mr. Duncan Campbell, jun.?"

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Just what has been your relationship to him during the past several years?"

"We have been very close friends."

"You have visited at his home frequently?"

"Yes."

"And he at yours?"

"Yes."

"How often, Mr. Wilson, have you seen the defendant since you returned to Habersham from your cruise?"

"Not at all."

"Not once?"

"No."

"Have you spoken to him on the telephone?"

"No."

"Has Duncan Campbell, jun.,

tried to see you personally—or tried to talk to you on the telephone?"

"Yes."

"And you refused to see, or speak to him?"

"Yes."

"Will you be so kind as to tell the jury why you refused to speak to a man who has been one of your most intimate friends?"

"I was not well. I had been injured."

"How are you feeling now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Better."

"You are able to think and converse clearly?"

"I believe so."

"Aren't you sure?"

"Yes—I'm sure."

"And when did this recovery take place? Last night?"

"I don't know. But I feel all right this morning."

"You have attended every session of the trial, have you not?"

"Yes."

"You understand that the defendant is charged with the murder of Ted Courtney?"

"I do."

"Did you know Mr. Courtney?"

"Yes."

"You knew most of Mr. Campbell's friends, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Mrs. Duncan Campbell, jun.?"

"The room was hushed."

Larry said, quietly: "Yes."

"You and she were very friendly?"

"Yes."

"I see—"

Once again Vale paused in his examination. It was apparent that he was fearful of progressing too fast. He was probing for the motives behind Larry's actions. He did not yet know whether Larry was friendly or hostile. He was sparring... and Morley Anderson, District Attorney knew it.

Larry knew that, too. He was grateful for the brief respite. Once more he looked at Kay, and was grateful for the brave little smile she gave him. Then he heard from the lips of Graham Vale the question he had been dreading.

"You say you have been living in Habersham about eight years, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Where did you live before coming here?"

"Warwick, Ohio."

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"All my life."

"You didn't live in New York?"

"No."

"But, Mr. Wilson—why then, did you tell everybody here that you had been born and raised in New York?"

"I don't know. But I do know that I was born and raised in Warwick."

Vale was amazed, and cautious. Visiting reporters quizzed local reporters, and Larry heard somebody say: "Yes—he always said he was from New York."

Vale asked the Court for permission to consult with his client. They talked earnestly. Vale's finely-chiselled face showed concern; Duncan Campbell seemed bewildered. He continually nodded and made gestures of affirmation.

Kay was staring at her husband. She saw that his face was white and drawn, that his eyes were tired. He was not looking at her, nor at any one. Jason touched Kay's elbow. He said: "Relax, Mrs. Wilson—please."

She whispered: "What does it mean?"

"You'll find out."

"You knew?"

"Yes—But, Mrs. Wilson—smile. If you can, Larry needs it."

It required superhuman effort, but she did it. And Larry caught her eye then, and saw the smile, and was grateful. Jason whispered: "Larry's terribly in love with you."

Graham Vale rose and approached the witness stand. A tense silence fell over the courtroom. Reporters' pencils hovered over copy paper. Journalistic instincts sensed a sensational story.

Vale exploded a direct question: "Mr. Wilson," he asked sharply,

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 37

"where were you at twenty minutes past six o'clock on the afternoon of last February eighteenth?"

Larry's voice was low, but it was clear. His answer carried to the farthest corner of the crowded room. He said:

"I don't know."

"Do you know that it was then that Ted Courtney was shot?"

"I know only what I have heard."

"Were you with Duncan Campbell, jun., at that hour on that afternoon?"

"I don't know."

"Mr. Wilson—you're avoiding my questions. Let me ask you this, then: Were you with Duncan Campbell, jun., at all that day?"

"I don't know."

"But you must know. A man can't forget such an important thing."

"I have forgotten."

"That's impossible."

"No, Mr. Vale—"

Larry's voice was quiet and impressive. "It isn't impossible. You see, my memory is blank as to the last eight years—ever since I came to Habersham."

"But—but really—"

"The answer is quite simple," said Larry. "For eight years I have been a victim of amnesia."

The Judge neglected to rap for order. The bailiff stood with his jaw drooping. Somebody in the audience asked audibly, "What's amnesia?"

Reporters surged through the crowd, through the door—seeking telephones. Proceedings were suspended automatically. There was a hum of comment and question, which grew louder and louder. Spectators fidgeted. Feet shuffled on the floor. Judge Frederick Mason Hawley poured a glass of water with a hand not quite steady.

District Attorney Morley Anderson made a remark to his assistant which was pertinent and keen. He said: "There goes Vale's case."

Larry sat stiffly in his chair on the witness stand. He felt better than he had since that dramatic morning on the Atlantic. Come what might, the truth was out; the Rubicon had been crossed; bridges had been burned; a definite course had been charted. Whatever the immediate future might hold for him, it would not be tintured with deception and evasion.

He saw Jason Rountree mopping his bald head with a purple-bordered handkerchief. He glimpsed Mickey Hogan and the stranger in earnest conversation. He saw Hogan gesticulating and showing a stubby forefinger into the midriff of his companion. He saw that tall, grave stranger nodding. He saw Kay.

Kay's face was white. Her eyes were screened by long lashes. Her fingers fumbled with a tiny lace handkerchief. Her incredibly small feet were squarely on the floor. He was sorry for her and glad for her. At least she understood now. Or did she? He found himself waiting tensely for the moment when her eyes would meet his, when he would find in them whatever message she wished to send.

And then she looked up. Her eyes were startled—uncertain. They seemed to query rather than to answer. She shook her head, ever so slightly, as though to say, "What does it mean? I don't understand."

The little smile she gave him was tremulous. He knew that she was thinking back over the past few weeks; thinking desperately, struggling to piece together—in a few vivid moments—all the things which had worried her for so long. Then she looked at him again and the smile which she gave him this time was less uncertain.

Reporters drifted back into the room. They pleaded futilely with Judge Hawley for permission to photograph the scene. He invited—rather than ordered—them back to the journalistic table. He commanded order in court. He signalled to Graham Vale to proceed.

Vale had been talking earnestly with his client and with Duncan Campbell, jun. They had been nodding emphatic agreement to whatever he was suggesting. When he rose and again approached Larry, it was apparent that he, too, was feeling the strain; that in probing for an answer to questions which hitherto had not been answered, he had uncovered something which threatened to shatter his case.

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GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer. He makes friends with
MARY: Dancer, out of work, and gets a job for her in the
same revue.
LILLI: Torch singer, takes a violent fancy to him, becomes
furiously jealous of his attentions to Mary, and, in

order to get her out of the way, plants her valuable
pearl necklace in Mary's dressing-room. She then
raises a hue and cry that they have been stolen. The
police are summoned, find the pearls, and Gruntz sacks
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I Love You Again

Continued from Page 38

He was groping
now; groping desperately, as a
shrewd trial lawyer should, for any
shred of evidence with which an
impartial jury might justify a verdict
of acquittal.

"May I ask, Mr. Wilson—what
you mean by amnesia?"

"I'm not a doctor... I only know
what I've read since discovering my
condition."

Vale said, "May I ask the District
Attorney's permission to have Mr.
Wilson give the jury his own ex-
planation in his own way?"

Anderson waved a generous hand.
"Certainly," he said.

"I have suffered a complete loss
of memory which has lasted ap-
proximately eight years."

"What caused it?"

"I don't know."

"Your real name is—?"

"George Carey."

"How did you happen to call your-
self Larry Wilson?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean to say that you
remember nothing of your life in
Hampshire for the past eight
years?"

"I remember nothing."

"When did you come out of this
amnesia condition?"

"On the cruise from which I just
returned. I was hit on the head."

"When I woke the next morning, I
wondered where I was and how I
had got there. So far as I knew, I
was George Carey and the year was
1928."

"But for the past two or three
weeks you have known that you
were not Larry Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Did your wife know the truth?"

"No. I told her nothing."

"You have been masquerading all
this time?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"My reasons were personal. They
date back to 1928, and have nothing
to do with this case."

"I see..." Vale hesitated. Then:
"During the past eight years, Mr.
Wilson, you have made many friends
in Hampshire. You have told them
of your boyhood. How do you ac-
count for that?"

"I don't know what I've said. But
I suppose that I invented a past
life so as not to be called upon for
details which I couldn't furnish."

"You made it all up, eh? Vale's
voice was sharp.

"I presume so. And if you'll per-
mit me... I understand from
reading I've done recently that each
time a victim of complete amnesia
repeats things which he himself has
invented about his past—those
things become more real. In other
words, it is possible that recently I
scarcely knew what was real and
what was imaginary."

"But it was pure invention?"

"It must have been."

"That is all. Your witness, Mr.
Anderson."

Morley Anderson rose; big and
broad and impressive. He was smil-
ing triumphantly. This was gorgeous
grist to the political mill. He
miraculously found himself one of
the central figures in a situation
which had assumed national im-
portance, and he was of no mind to
lose any benefit which might pos-
sibly accrue therefrom.

"I shall continue to address you
as Mr. Wilson," he started un-
certainly, "since that is the name
by which you are known in Ham-
psire."

Larry nodded, but said nothing.

"Now, Mr. Wilson—I understand
that amnesia is nothing more or less
than a complete loss of memory. Is
that right?"

"That is the way I was affected."

"You said a moment ago that
when you recovered you were—so
far as you knew—still George Carey
and the year was 1928."

"Yes."

"You do not remember coming to
Hampshire?"

"No."

"You remember nothing of your
life during the past eight years?"

"Nothing."

"YOU are presum-
ing—and I beg of the Court the same
latitude that my esteemed opponent
demanded—that you invented a boy-
hood."

"I presume so."

"And that while you were living
here you remembered nothing of
your real life or your true identity?"

"I don't know what I remembered
as Larry Wilson."

"The past eight years are a
blank?"

"Yes."

"Hm... That is exceedingly
interesting. Exceedingly."

Larry waited. Kay's eyes were on
him. She smiled encouragement.

It was as though she were saying,
"Now I understand many things.
Now I know why you wanted me
here this morning."

Anderson's next question came
abruptly.

"How did you happen to meet
Duncan Campbell, jun.?"

"I don't remember."

"You remember nobody in this
city?"

"No."

"Since you returned home, Mr.
Wilson, you have refused to see your
friends. You have avoided discuss-
ing this case with anybody. Am I
correct in presuming that it was
because you could remember noth-
ing?"

"That's right."

"But Mr. Wilson... do you mean
to tell this Court that when you
walked down the gangplank of that

cruise steamer you did not even
recognize your own wife?"

Larry felt himself grow hot. He
knew that everyone was staring at
Kay.

"I recognised her."

"But you just said—"

"There was a picture of her in
my cabin. She had sent me a wire-
less saying that she would be at the
pier. So when I saw someone who
looked like that picture—"

"I see. I do indeed. Your wife
was a stranger to you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Duncan Campbell, sen., was
a stranger to you?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Duncan Campbell,
jun.?"

"Yes."

"Mmm! Can you remember the
afternoon of February eighteenth?"

"No."

"Were you with the defendant at
all on that afternoon?"

"I do not remember."

"Since returning to what we shall
call 'normalcy'—you haven't even
had a flash of recollection of your
life in this city?"

"No."

"Then you cannot state positively
whether or not you were with the
defendant on the afternoon that
Ted Courtney was killed?"

"I cannot."

"You cannot state positively
that you were not at Mr. Courtney's
house at that very minute, can you?"

"No."

"For all you remember, you your-
self could have been there?"

"Yes."

"I see... One more thing, Mr.
Wilson. You heard the testimony of
Mrs. Duncan Campbell, jun., the
wife of the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Do you affirm or deny what she
said?"

"Neither." Larry's fingers held
tightly to the arms of the chair. "I
simply do not remember."

"You realize that this is a highly
unusual situation?"

"I do."

"And you do not wish to alter or
amend your sworn testimony in any
particular."

"I do not."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson." Morley
Anderson moved grandiosely to-
wards his table. "That will be all."

"Any further questions, Mr. Vale?"

asked the judge.

"None, Your Honor." Graham
Vale approached the Bench. "I
would, however, like to move for a
recess until to-morrow morning. It
is obvious that Mr. Wilson's testi-
mony completely upsets a defence
which I have carefully prepared. I
crave the indulgence of Court at
least for this afternoon."

"Recess granted." The gavel
sounded. "Court is adjourned until
nine in the morning."

LARRY walked
down from the witness stand. Not
until he moved was he fully conscious
of the strain under which he had
been laboring. His muscles were
stiff and sore, as though from too
violent exercise. He walked past
the lawyer's table to the place where
Kay was sitting. She rose and
smiled—brightly—for the benefit
of the gaping spectators who crowded
against the rail. He said, "Ready,
Kay?"

"Surely."

Jason asked, "Shall I come along?"

"Please..."

Mickey Hogan shouldered his way
through the crowd. He touched
Larry's arm. "I gotta see you," he
said.

"And I want to see you. Can you
come out to my house right away?"

"Okay. Will you show me the
way, Jason?"

"Sure."

Larry took Kay's arm and piloted
her through the crowd. Everybody
was staring at them. Larry knew
what they were thinking: they might
as well have been thinking aloud.
He smiled down at Kay.

Special policemen cleared a way
for them. Newspaper photographers
barred their path and said, "Aw
please... Just a couple of shots."

"They did not pose for pictures.
Neither did they avoid them. Larry
felt a sensation of infinite relief.
Nothing seemed to matter now,
except that Kay knew the truth and
that he could talk freely to her."

Thus far he had received no hint
of her reaction. She had been play-
ing a part. They passed down the
human lane towards the sedan, at
the wheel of which sat Cushua.

They rolled homeward. It was
Larry who broke a strained silence.
He said, "You'd rather wait until
we're alone?"

"Yes."

"GOOD. But

there's one thing I want to say. Now
I can do something. I don't have to
sit back and wait for things to
happen."

Larry and Kay were silent for
the balance of the drive from the
Court House to their home. They
did not look at each other—yet each
knew approximately what the other
was thinking.

The car swung into the curved
driveway leading to the garage
which was under the house. Larry
opened the door and helped Kay to
alight. He took her arm as they
walked up the stone steps from the
driveway and thence on to the third
side verandah which was screened
from the street by a row of spirea
bushes so rich in blossom that they
seemed to be covered with snow.

But even before they had settled
themselves another car drove up and
Jason Rountree escorted Mickey
Hogan and the tall, sombre stranger
up the front steps. Kay met them at
the front door and invited them into
the living-room. Mickey Hogan
performed the introductions.

"Mrs. Wilson—meet Mr. Rock-
well. Mr. Rockwell—Mrs. Wilson."

They both said "How do you do,"
and shook hands. Then Hogan
turned to Larry.

"Mr. Wilson—shake hands with
Mr. Rockwell." He paused for a mo-
ment as the two men clasped hands,
and then said—with conscious
pride of achievement: "Mr. Rock-
well is District Attorney in War-
wick."

Larry said "Oh..." and then he
smiled. "Things seem to be happen-
ing swiftly to-day."

KAY said, "Won't
you gentlemen sit down?"

"Look," explained Mickey Hogan:
"I got Jason's telephone call, Mr.
Wilson. He said I had a move fast
—so I took a chance. I went to Mr.
Rockwell and laid all my cards on
the table, and he hopped a plane
with me and we got in this morn-
ing. Rushed right over to the
Court House, and I tried to get
word to you, but you were already
on the stand and there was nothing
stirring."

"I see..." Larry spoke directly
to Mr. Rockwell. "My wife doesn't
yet understand everything, Mr.
Rockwell. May I explain?"

"Please do." The gentleman from
Warwick inclined his head. "I'd
like to hear it in your own words."

Larry turned to Kay. Quite sim-
ply and directly—without recourse
to melodrama or verbal pyrotech-
nics—he explained his actions and
reactions since that startling mo-
ment on the Atlantic when he had
awakened to find himself wearing
another man's shoes. And in con-
clusion he said, "I've only touched
the high spots, Kay. What happens
now is up to Mr. Rockwell."

There was nothing pompous about
the gentleman from Warwick. He
said quietly, "I remember you when
you were a kid."

"I'm commencing to believe that
memory is one of the most valuable
things in the world."

"There are a few questions I must
ask. First: Was your testimony this
morning absolutely true?"

"Yes."

"The past eight years are really a
blank?"

"Absolutely."

"You are willing to submit to
medical examination?"

"I'm anxious for it, Mr. Rock-
well."

Please turn to Page 41

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greasy film. The glass is not only crystal
clear but also actually polished, for Bon
Ami does both jobs at the same time.

Bon Ami
makes your windows
really sparkle



"hasn't scratched yet!"

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 40

the girl with whom I was falling in love."

"She flushed slightly, and said: 'Please Larry...'"

"Of course, you don't believe that. Or perhaps you simply don't understand it." He moved one step closer. "Do you remember something I told you on the verandah the other night, Kay?"

"About you—and me?"

"Yes. I knew that things were going to happen. I knew it would be a shock. I asked you to remember that moment because I was telling you that I loved you."

"Again?"

"Perhaps. I'm the same man, really, you know. It surely isn't illogical that I should feel the same way."

She faced him squarely. "It's all so bewildering, Larry. I know you so perfectly—yet you're a stranger."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Don't you see, the fact that you don't remember me as your wife embarrasses me."

He said gently: "At least that will help you to understand what I've been through."

"I don't even know how to begin thinking. My head is full of crazy questions."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Like this: Are we really married?"

"Yes. Legally, that is."

"Legally? That sounds so formal and foolish." She paused. "Oh, I apologise, Larry. But I can't help it."

"Go ahead."

"Suppose there had been no complications here in Habersham. Suppose you had learned that I was living here under another name. What would you have done?"

"That's hard to say, Mr. Wilson. But I believe that either I—or the indemnity company—or both, would have insisted on a prosecution."

"Then," said Larry, "maybe I haven't been so stupid."

"No. Only unfortunate."

They chatted a while longer, and then Jason escorted the two men down town. Larry said awkwardly, "I'd like to talk to you, Kay. Alone."

"My room?"

"If you will."

"If you will."

They walked upstairs together, and Larry followed Kay into her room. He closed the door gently.

Between them there was a fresh sense of embarrassment; an acute realisation of the incredible situation. He knew that for the first time she was aware of a barrier between them, whereas—up to now—she alone had been conscious of it.

"There are so many things I ought to say," he began slowly, "and so many that I want to say. But all I can think of right now is: Please try to understand."

"Poor Larry," she said. "It must have been pretty awful."

"It was. Perhaps some day, when we're all adjusted and can really talk about the thing—perhaps then you'll understand how bad it was."

"I'm sure I will." She made a helpless gesture. "Right now I'm all confused."

"The worst thing—for me—was the fear that I was being unfair to

her and put his hands on her shoulders. "There's still the one important point. You must believe that I love you."

"I'm trying to believe. I'm trying to understand. I'm trying to discover how I feel towards you. But everything is so cockeyed... I'll have to think."

"Of course you will. And I'll help, if you'll let me." He became suddenly grave. "Unfortunately, Kay, all the clouds haven't vanished."

"What do you mean?"

"Duncan."

"Oh!"

"Thank goodness, my hands aren't tied any longer. All that there is to know about me is already known—except the payroll business, and I have a hunch that Rockwell will keep that quiet. But Duncan is still on trial for murder."

"And you can't help him."

"Perhaps I can." His eyes were thoughtful. "The man who shot at me in the car was the man who killed Ted Courtney."

"I suppose so. Oh, Larry, the thing is so mixed up. Even if you had seen him, it wouldn't have meant anything to you, would it?"

"No. But he didn't know that. Obviously, the real killer has been frightened. He didn't know—or didn't until this morning—why I've been acting this way. You see, I feel guilty; I've straightened out my own troubles, but I've done Duncan a great deal of harm."

"And yet his story about being with you is probably true."

"I don't doubt it, and that puts a responsibility on me."

"What?"

"To get at the bottom of things. I've got a hunch, Kay."

"What sort of a hunch?"

"Mind letting me keep it to myself for a few hours?"

"If you wish."

"Also, will you act as my chauffeur this afternoon? That's something else you've never understood. That I couldn't drive my car in this town—because I don't know the place."

"You could take Cashus."

"I'd rather have you." He smiled down at her. "I'd always rather have you, dear."

The wheels of Justice may move informally in the south, but they frequently move efficiently. It was on this basis that Larry summoned Graham Vale into conference.

"It's only a hunch," stated Larry, "but I might be right."

"Won't you tell me what it is?" queried Vale.

"I'd rather not. I'm going to talk to the district attorney, and I want you present."

Vale shook his head. "It's rather irregular."

"You can work it, can't you?"

"I suppose so. I'll try."

He went to the telephone and returned in less than five minutes.

"Morley Anderson was a bit startled, but he says okay. Wants to know whether we can be at his home in fifteen minutes."

"We can," said Larry. "Mrs. Wil-

son and Mr. Rountree will go with us."

He talked privately and earnestly with Jason while Kay was getting ready. Graham Vale, watching them from the next room, observed that Larry was questioning his companion and that Jason was nodding emphatically in answer to every question. Then he heard Jason say, "I think you've got something."

"Maybe I have," answered Larry. "We can always hope."

They returned to the living-room. Vale was smiling. "You're a different man, Larry."

"Thanks. At least I'm a free one. Kay joined them and they walked to the car. Kay took the wheel. They ascended the mountain and dropped down into the valley on the other side. They rolled past the golf links of the Country Club and scores of golfers suspended their games to wave at the occupants of the car, to stare curiously and to indulge in conjecture. Vale said, "Even Habersham hasn't become hardened to surprises."

District Attorney Morley Anderson was waiting for them on the verandah of his white Colonial home. He invited them in and addressed Graham Vale.

"You understand that this is quite unusual, Vale."

"You're quoting my words. But this is Mr. Wilson's party."

Larry spoke without rising, but there was force and authority in his manner.

"Just before this trial started, Mr. Anderson," said Larry, "you issued a statement to the Press that you were seeking the conviction of a guilty man or the acquittal of an innocent one. Were you sincere?"

"Of course."

"Will you extend the facilities of your office to help find and convict the man who killed Ted Courtney?"

"Why, certainly. But I must be convinced."

"I CAN'T convince you. You'll have to assist in an experiment. There's a strong chance that I'm wrong."

"Something you remember?" inquired Anderson calmly.

"I remember nothing. But perhaps this will sound logical: Every man, woman and child in Habersham except myself has preconceived ideas about this case. To me, everyone connected with it is a stranger. Therefore, it's not unreasonable to suppose that my hunches might be more accurate than if I were acquainted with the people."

"Logical," agreed Anderson. "Quite logical."

"Please turn to Page 42"

"YOU'll help?"

Anderson evaded. "I must ask who it is that you suspect."

Larry's face was stern, and he answered without equivocation.

"Warner Blane."

There was a chorused exclamation of astonishment. Larry spoke again.

"Why not?" he asked. "The man is attractive. He has the appearance and manners of a gentleman. It has been presumed that whoever else was involved with Mrs. Campbell before the Courtney affair had opportunity to be alone with her. Well, who had better opportunity than Blane? In fact, we know that he was frequently alone with her. He taught her to ride. He was more her type than any other man she met in Habersham."

"Just a minute," interrupted the district attorney. "Your reasoning isn't practical. It isn't based on anything."

"You're wrong," answered Larry grimly. "I'm coming to that."

"I would suggest that you do. It sounds pretty far-fetched to me."

"Would it sound far-fetched if I were to tell you that about one week ago somebody tried to murder me?"

Anderson and Vale exclaimed, "What?"

Kay interrupted to tell them the story of the shooting on the valley road.

"Whoever shot at me," said Larry, "had a reason. I believe he was the man who killed Ted Courtney."

"But what would he gain by killing you?"

"A great deal. First, he could not understand what I was doing—or why I was saying nothing. No one suspected amnesia. This man—being guilty himself—must have believed Duncan's alibi. Therefore, I figure that my silence must have been a warning to him that I was suspicious and trying to trap him."

"That sounds reasonable," said Anderson. "But I still don't see—"

"You will. If I suspected him, then my death would free him of that danger. Also, if I were dead, there would have been no way of providing Duncan with an alibi."

"Why," asked Anderson curiously, "should Warner Blane kill Ted Courtney, and if he did, how can it be proved?"

"If he did," answered Larry, "it can be proved. That is why I need the help of your office, Mr. Anderson. You can help in two ways."

"What are they?"

"First, you can arrange for me to talk to Mrs. Campbell—with Mr. Vale's permission, of course."

"Where will that get you?"

"I believe that if I can question her, before you gentlemen, you will be satisfied there was never an affair between her and myself."



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Weak Kidneys cause that Pain in the Back

"BUT even you don't know that."

"True enough. But my instincts didn't vanish with my memory. Certainly there's nothing to be lost by it." He looked at the faces of the others and continued swiftly: "Ted Courtney was admittedly Mrs. Campbell's lover. Some man in Habersham was presumably her ex-lover. I do not believe that man was myself. I do believe it was Blane, and if I'm right I'm also right in believing that a man like Blane could become pretty jealous. And it's certainly more logical to suspect him than to suspect anybody else."

The district attorney broke in. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but I don't check with you at all. The logical person to suspect is Duncan Campbell himself. We'd need proof against Warner Blane, and you haven't offered any."

"I'm offering it now. I would like you to send two detectives, the city health officer, and a couple of laborers out to the Campbell stables right away."

"Why?"

"To see Blane. Tell him you came to exhumate the filly which was destroyed Saturday afternoon."

"Again—why?"

Larry smiled thinly. "Blane will ask that, too. Tell him that you know the filly was shot with his gun, and that you want to get the bullet—for comparison with the bullet which killed Ted Courtney."

"You think . . .?"

"Of course, I think that. Comparison of the two bullets by your ballistics expert under a comparison microscope will prove definitely whether they were shot from the same gun. We know that the gun with which the horse was killed was Blane's. That would be proof enough, wouldn't it?"

Morley Anderson said, "It sounds reasonable, Mr. Wilson. I'm willing to try."

"Immediately?"

"I'll telephone my office right

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 41

away. I'll have the men stop by here for orders. You'll wait?"

"Yes," said Larry. "I've got something else in mind."

Anderson talked for perhaps ten minutes. He returned to the room and nodded. He asked, "What else?"

"I'd like Mr. Vale's permission to question Rita Campbell."

Vale was out of the room less than three minutes. He said, "Rita will be right over."

"You'll give me a free hand?" asked Larry.

"Yes. So long as it doesn't jeopardise Duncan."

They waited. They discussed the weather and the flowers which covered the mountainside. They spoke of the new swimming pool at the Country Club. They talked about anything except that which was uppermost in their minds.

Two cars stopped outside. Anderson said, "Those are my men. I'll give them their orders."

"Be sure," said Larry, "that the roads are patrolled—in case Blane tries to get away."

He managed to get Kay alone for a few moments. "This," he whispered, "is more important than the other."

"Why?"

"Because—for our own sakes—we've got to know the truth about Rita."

"It would help," she nodded. "If it's the truth we both want."

Five minutes after the departure of Anderson's men, Rita Campbell arrived in a low, rakish coupe. Graham Vale greeted her on the verandah and escorted her inside. He spoke to her, and then nodded to Larry. He said, "Go ahead."

Larry's voice was quiet—gentle even—but his words were direct and positive. He said:

"We've sent for Blane."

They saw Rita stiffen and a frightened light appear in her eyes. She said, "You've what?"

"We've sent for Warner Blane."

She moistened her lips. "Why?"

"Because I believe that he killed Ted Courtney."

SHE looked around the room. She twisted her handkerchief into a tiny ball. She heard Larry's emotionless voice beating on her eardrums:

"We'll have proof pretty soon. A filly was killed the other morning with Blane's gun. They're going to get that bullet and compare it with the one they took from Courtney's body."

Still she did not speak. Larry leaned forward.

"Why did you protect Blane? Why didn't you tell the truth about him instead of lying about me?"

Her answer came so gently—so naturally—that at first the impact of its truth was not felt.

She said, "I was afraid of him."

"But you knew that he killed Ted Courtney."

"I was afraid so."

"You said you were trying to help Duncan, didn't you?"

"Yes. But Warner told me that Duncan could not be convicted."

"You believed Duncan's story about being with me that afternoon?"

"Of course." Her cheeks were white. "Warner said that if I told what I did on the stand it would confuse the jury and clear Duncan."

"And you knew that he had shot at me on the road?"

"I didn't know. Truly, I didn't!"

"But when I told you I had been shot at, you thought it was Warner Blane, didn't you?"

"Yes. And that frightened me more. Oh, don't you see: I had caused so much trouble to everybody. I didn't know what else might happen. To Duncan, for instance, I didn't care what happened to me so long as he was protected."

"And actually there never was anything between you and me, was there, Rita?"

"Of course not."

There was an awkward silence in the room. The afternoon sun was dropping towards the mountain top. From outside came the roar of a motor-cycle. Somebody called for Morley Anderson and the district attorney answered the summons. He

returned a few seconds later and smiled at the gathering.

"That seems to settle everything," he announced. "My man told Blane what they wanted. They started digging. Ten minutes later Blane drove away—fast. He was picked up immediately."

"Did he confess?" asked Larry.

"He didn't have to," replied the district attorney. "I'm sure the bullet will do that for him."

ERNESTINE greeted them at their front door, her Colorado-maduro countenance wreathed in smiles. She said, "They're a telephone call for you, Miss Wilson."

"Who from?" asked Larry.

"Miss Campbell. He asks will you call him right away."

"I will." Then, as the dusky maid disappeared into the rear of the house, Larry grinned at his wife. "What's the number?"

"Oak 4224. Are you calling him now?"

She watched him dial the number, and say "Mr. Campbell, please . . . Yes, Mr. Campbell, sen . . . Thanks . . ." There was a pause and then she heard Larry's end of the conversation.

He put the receiver back on the hook and returned to the living-room, dropping quite naturally into the wing chair.

"Nice town you've got here, Kay. Think I'll stick around awhile."

"Delighted. I'll show you all the sights."

"I'll need a guide." He inclined his head towards the telephone. "Mr. Campbell telephoned to say that he had heard what happened—and that he wanted me to know I was still tops."

"Did he mention Duncan?"

"Naturally. He was pleasantly hysterical, if you want the truth. I'm going to enjoy knowing him."

Cashus appeared to announce dinner. Kay looked up inquiringly.

"Jason not coming?"

"No. More dental work, probably."

She smiled as she walked with him to the breakfast-room. "He'll come out of this thing with the most perfect set of teeth in Habersham."

"And a wife."

"Is it that serious?"

"Jason has all the symptoms. Any man who will go through what he has deserves a break."

She said, "I like him. He's mild—but marvellous."

They had their coffee in the living-room. Kay turned on the radio, and dance music came to them from some New York restaurant. "We'll have to try that some time," said Larry.

"What?"

"A dance. I'll bet you dance beautifully."

"You used to think so."

He glanced at the evening paper.

The reporters had stated facts for popular consumption, whereas Larry was interested in the significance underlying those facts. Everything was being translated, in his own mind, into the personal. He was measuring it all in terms of himself and Kay.

Then the servants were gone and the house was quiet. Larry snapped off the radio. When he re-seated himself his face was grave. He said, "I hardly know how to begin."

"Anywhere," she suggested, "except at the beginning."

"IT'S this that counts." He looked around the comfortable living-room, and then at the girl opposite. "That's what I want to talk about."

She waited, looking down at the toes of her tiny shoes.

"I may have been mistaken," he said, choosing his words carefully, "but I did what I thought was best. I realise that."

"Things happened pretty fast today. Have you had time to think?"

"I haven't been able to do anything else."

"Are you still embarrassed?"

"Yes . . ." She met his eyes then. "Aren't you?"

"I am. And frightened."

"Of what?"

"You."

"I'm not so terrible, when you get to know me."

"That's what I'm hoping to do. It seems that we have a head start, but in the wrong direction." His voice did not change. He said, "Which doesn't alter the fact that I love you."

"It would be a shame to alter that fact, Larry. So many other things have changed."

"So much that they can't be straightened out?"

Her hands moved. "I don't know what to say. Silly as it sounds—even to myself—I feel shy."

He crossed the room and seated himself beside her on the couch.

"Tell me something, Kay. How did I propose to you?"

"How? Why, you just did—that's all."

"I mean, what did I say and how did I say it?"

A shade of laughter returned to her eyes. "You weren't very voluble. Larry. You stumbled around—"

She was thoughtful. "Well, first of all you discussed the weather. Then you told me—spare my blushes—that I looked beautiful. Then, as I remember it, you dared to take my hand. Then, just as I was readying myself for an ardent and poetic proposal, you said, abruptly, 'Why can't we?' and I asked 'Why can't we what?' and you said, 'Why can't we get married?'"

"And what did you say?"

"I didn't have a chance to say anything."

"Why not?"

"Because you kissed me."

Larry looked everywhere except at her. He said, gently, "The weather is beautiful."

"Lovely," she answered.

"And you are beautiful. The most beautiful girl I know."

She sat motionless, saying nothing. Timidly, Larry reached out and took her hand, and she did not withdraw it.

"Why can't we?" he asked abruptly.

"Why can't we what?"

"Why can't we get married?"

She turned to him, and waited. His heart was pounding.

"Have you forgotten the rest?"

"I asked you—"

"You're supposed to kiss me, Larry." She was very close to him now. "You always do it that way."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 13, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

REVITALISING Effects of SALT BATHS

Why not make a miniature ocean of your own bathtub? Experience, too, the tonic benefits to be derived from salt rubs!

BY EVELYN

AS a rule, in the summer (which, thank goodness, is on the way) most girls spend all the time they can at their local beaches.

They know that there is nothing quite like a good dip into the briny for cooling and refreshing themselves in hot weather.

You who have been in the ocean will agree with them there, I'm sure, for you know what a gloriously invigorated feeling sea bathing always gives.

Unfortunately, however, there are plenty of women who do not have the chance to indulge in ocean bathing whenever they feel hot, tired and in need of refreshment.

Salt Rub Simple To Take

BUT any woman who cannot take ocean plunges as frequently as their beneficial effects warrant can reap the revitalising effects of salt right at home. And that is by using a "peck of salt" for giving herself salt rubs or baths.

You can take salt rubs when you haven't the time to go swimming, and they will not only prove most refreshing, but also help to keep the skin soft and satiny-smooth.

Salt rubs really are excellent for people who work or play at the expense of nervous energy. They are immeasurably invigorating and refreshing.

They tone up the circulation of the whole



HELEN WOOD, lovely Fox player, enjoys a friction salt rub at least three times a week. She says she finds them bracing; they also help to keep the skin soft and smooth.

body, and counteract the ill effects of fatigue, thus assisting greatly in recovering from the weariness and tension of hot summer days.

It really is very simple to take these salt rubs. The first thing to do is to step under your shower and dampen your whole body. Then take handfuls of salt, and rub it in thoroughly until your skin literally glows.

After this, while you are still rosy from the friction, step under the shower again and rinse every particle of salt from your skin.

Do not allow any salty residue to remain on your body, as salt has a drying effect on the skin.

After the rinsing, dry yourself well, dust with a fragrant bath powder, and slip into clean garments. You'll feel marvellously refreshed!

If you haven't a shower in your home, of course, you'll find it a bit more difficult to take a salt rub. But in that case, you may substitute a salt bath, and you'll find it just as beneficial.

The salt bath is a tonic bath, and gives the body a gloriously invigorated and refreshed feeling.

Why Pine for the Ocean?

YOU can obtain practically the same effect as sea bathing merely by making a miniature ocean of your own bathtub.

To take a proper salt bath, fill your tub with water that is of summer ocean temperature—from 62 to 72 degrees.

Then dissolve at least a pound of salt in this water, reserving just enough to massage your muscles and your feet.

You may use pure sea salt crystals—that is, if you can get them from your chemist—or common table salt for this purpose.

Both are effective. Rest and relax in the invigorating salt water until you feel thoroughly refreshed.

After the bath, rinse your body well in clear water.

And as the final step, administer a brisk rub-down with a Turkish towel, and dust your body with a fragrant dusting powder.

You can take it from me, you'll feel like a new woman by that time!



AFTER THE SALT BATH, Beverly Roberts, of Warner Bros., steps into the sun, refreshed—and she looks it! Read the article on this page, and you'll be inspired to follow suit!



A SALT BATH rejuvenates the tired body. Consistently carried out they help you keep radiantly healthy, mentally alert.

Glare-Proof!

even under harsh electric light!



Pond's "GLARE-PROOF" Powder Shades becoming in the cruellest light!

Under the soft light of your own room your powder seems just right. But how does it look in the dazzling brilliance of the ballroom? Does it show up chalky? Does it catch the harsh rays of light that throw dark shadows and sharp lines over your face? Not if it's Pond's Face Powder, Pond's "glare-proof" powder.

shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays from your face. They're always soft and becoming, however cruel the light may be. Never look powdery, either. Pond's is so fine and soft, it spreads over your face in a smooth, flattering film. Clings for hours, thanks to special ingredients. You should try it!

Pond's New "GLARE-PROOF" Powder Shades

Available throughout Australia for 1/6 and 2/6 a box.

* Listen to "Four Cooles"

2CH every Tuesday at 11 a.m. 3KY every Thursday at 1.30 p.m. 3TB-LK every Tuesday at 1.30 p.m. 2AW every Thursday at 3 p.m. 4BK-AM every Tuesday at 10.15 a.m. 5AD-MU-PL every Monday at 10.30 a.m. 6UL-WB every Monday at 11.30 a.m.



POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. X39 Box 12112, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

By MARY TRUBY KING

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Facts About This Vitamin Craze

TO be healthy one must have vitamins (though one need not necessarily be aware of the fact that one is having them). In a well-balanced diet the vitamins take care of themselves.

It is more important, therefore, to recognise what constitutes a well-balanced diet than it is to go fussing about vitamin charts.

If we eat a moderate amount of everything we are sure to enjoy good health without any worry about vitamins.

By "everything" is meant the acknowledged food essentials such as milk, butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, wholemeal bread, and such.

There is, however, one vitamin which is apt to be deficient in what would appear to be a well-balanced

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 12997, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight (without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

diet, according to the average household, and that is Vitamin D—which is usually found in association with Vitamin A.

It is especially necessary for the expectant mother to have an adequate supply of Vitamins A and D, because baby's bones and teeth are formed long before it is born.

It is only when ample vitamins are present in the mother's diet that baby can be born with strong bones and well-developed jaws.

The old adage, "For every child a tooth," originated in the fact that when the mother is starved of vitamins the unborn baby draws upon the mother's reserves—robbing her bones and teeth that it may not go short.

Thus, even when an expectant mother's diet is adequate in minerals and other essentials, her own teeth will crumble and decay if she goes short of Vitamins A and D.

Vitamin D controls the use of calcium and phosphorus in the body.

Though there may be ample calcium and phosphorus in the food, they cannot be properly utilised without a sufficiency of Vitamin D.

A deficiency of this vitamin is one of the causes of rickets and dental decay.

Butter is the richest in Vitamin D of the foods ordinarily used in the daily diet, but it is doubtful whether the majority of people take enough butter, cream, or egg-yolk to supply

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME—

—BY A DOCTOR—

PATIENT: Is there any relationship between a "hypochondriac" and an insane person?

Of course, the answer to this question is "No!"

Let me explain to you exactly what a hypochondriac is, so you may understand why I speak so emphatically.

A hypochondriac is a person who is morbidly anxious about his health. Because of his fear, he is more or less depressed in mind.

It may be the result of a nervous breakdown, or it may follow a serious illness, but it is not a sign of or associated with insanity.

It is true that some families are great worriers, and they appear to be prone to this affliction as well as other nervous disorders.

As a rule, those who suffer in this way were over-sensitive, restless, and nervous during childhood.

Early Treatment

I STRESS this because, in most instances where the importance of "nervousness" is recognised in early life, much can be done to overcome the condition. To do so in childhood prevents a lot of trouble in adult life.

It is well for the victim of hypochondriasis to consult a competent physician. He should have a thorough examination, including X-ray and other laboratory checks.

Such disorders as anaemia, constipation, indigestion, colitis, insomnia and other annoying complaints must not be neglected.

Adequate hours of rest and relaxation are important. The use of stimulating drugs and especially alcohol and tobacco must be avoided.

The diet should be simple and nutritious.

Every effort must be made to get away from the indoor life with lack of fresh air and outdoor recreation.



THESE PICTURES tell a little story: Peter Brewer, of Grafton, N.S.W., had his first birthday recently, and a cake with one candle was duly presented to him—but not to be eaten! Peter, not realising this, started happily on the candle, when, lo! cake and all was whisked away!

the necessary minimum allowance of this vitamin.

This is where the value of cod liver oil comes in.

Long before scientists learned to measure nutriment in terms of vitamins, cod liver oil had proved its value as a teeth, bone, and body-builder, and as a powerful aid in resisting disease and illness.

Easy to Take

ONE ounce of cod liver oil of a guaranteed vitamin potency of 3000 international units of Vitamin A, and 300 international units of Vitamin D, contains as much Vitamin A as 8lb. of best dairy butter, and as much Vitamin D as half a hundredweight of butter.

Readers will be saying: "Ugh! Cod liver oil!" But it can be taken in quite palatable forms, and the

Ministry of Health in England specifically states that everyone should take cod liver oil, so important is vitamin sufficiency in the health of the nation.

It has been proved by medical authorities that dental caries and bone defects in children can largely be prevented and cured by the use of cod liver oil.

The future of all the fat soluble Vitamins A and D certainly lies with cod liver oil itself, and not with the substitutes.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the indiscriminate taking of concentrated preparations of vitamins is unnecessary, and should only be taken under the express instructions of a doctor.

It is not of these concentrates that we have been speaking in this article, but of simple cod liver oil or cod liver oil emulsions.

WARNING!

Are you being starved of 'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?

You may not know your diet lacks vital elements



Wives and mothers—everywhere—thank Bourn-vita for building up their weakened systems and giving them life and energy. The delicious flavour of Bourn-vita tempts the appetite, however poor. Each nourishing cupful contains four 'protective' foods—barley malt, full-cream milk, eggs and chocolate; each rich in vitamins and minerals that provide the vital 'protective' elements so necessary to assist you to withstand the strain of modern life.

A bed-time cup of Bourn-vita, taken regularly, will bring you sound, refreshing sleep and new life for to-morrow's work and recreation.

Your children, too . . .

can get the same help from Bourn-vita. Its 'protective' ingredients enable children to digest their other foods, thus ensuring undisturbed, restful sleep. Start them on Bourn-vita to-night and see what a wonderful difference it makes to their health and progress.

1/6 1lb.; 2/9 1lb.; 4/9 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD

THAT ENSURES SOUND, INVIGORATING SLEEP

77



"No wonder you're upset, Mrs. Fox, when a dog's been chasing your baby! I'll tie an empty Johnson's Baby Powder can to that hound's tail some day . . . you poor little chap—so hot! Watch me get you cooled off . . ."



"Wa-a-ah! How's that, pretty good, eh? That's the noise I make when I'm hot and cross. It always fetches my mother with the Johnson's Baby Powder. She's slow this time—I'll give her another blast. Wa-a-ah!"



"Here she comes! Look what you're going to get, Foxy—a soft, ticklesome sprinkle with that downy, cooling Johnson's. Got any rashes or chafes? Johnson's will soothe them away before you could say Tally-Ho!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is the comfort and joy of millions of babies because it soothes away all little skin irritations and makes baby happy. Use Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby—Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Medics, etc.

84-24

TABLE-TOP WITCHERY



MODERN, fascinating, is this glass-topped table with its crystal and frosted glass appointments—a feature of Gail Patrick's home. This lovely Paramount star is shown lighting the tall candles.

To Enchant the Eyes!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

EVERY woman who entertains, whether simply or elaborately, will feast her eyes upon the schemes for spring and summer tables presented on this page.

Those of you who possess richly-polished dining-tables will want to follow the simple but very attractive arrangement shown at top right.

Here you have Old World charm—tall, tapering candles and a matted bowl of colorful sweet peas.

If you're clever with the needle you could make a set of lace mats and matching centre-piece within the space of a few hours.

Remnants of lace suitable for the purpose can often be picked up in the shops at little cost.

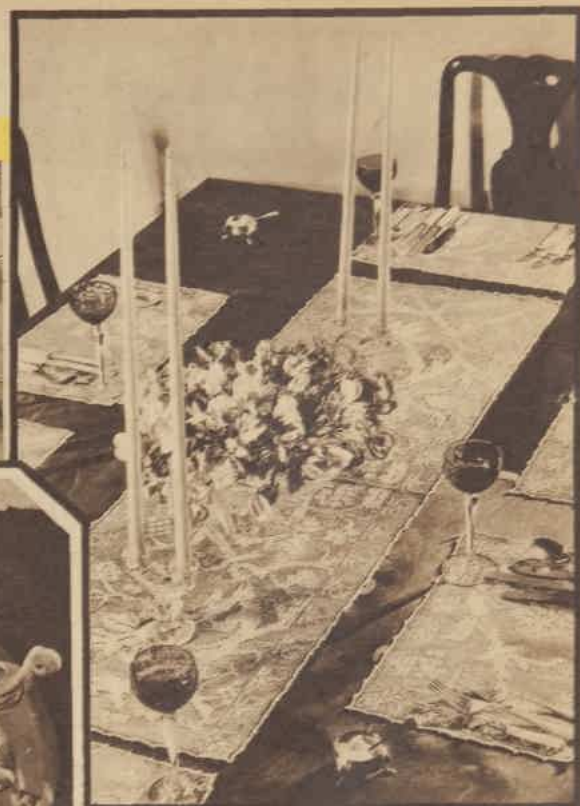
The smart little bride-to-be will yearn to possess a glass-topped table and accessories after seeing the one pictured above. It is indeed modern.

Whether, of course, glass tables and the like will ever come within reach of the average purse is doubtful. Any that I have seen cost much to buy.

Mirror-topped tables are also enjoying a vogue. The one featured at the top of this page, with its scintillating crystal, gleaming silver and fine china is certainly glamorous.



AN ENCHANTING centre arrangement for a table is shown above. Gardenias are set in galleys upon a circle of mirrored glass.



AN AIR OF fragile beauty has been achieved by the use of exquisite lace, scintillating glass, gleaming silver and delicately-hued flowers for this polished table. The tall, tapering candles add a note of festivity, too.

TOP LEFT: Here is a mirror-topped table made lovely with a flat centre arrangement of flowers and greenery, fine cut glass, candles and silver.

It's Not His Fault he's Nervous, Jumpy and Timid . . .

The Doctor Knows It's

Faulty Elimination

By rights he should be the brightest, happiest of lads, but faulty elimination has taken its toll.

Faulty elimination, unlike constipation, cannot be easily detected. Faulty elimination means that whilst the bowels may appear to be regular, they are only half functioning, allowing food waste to pour unsuspected poisons into the blood stream, thus overtaxing the liver and kidneys (the blood purifying organs). The child's health must suffer. Finicky, cranky moods and loss of appetite can only be expected.

Medical science knows one safe, gentle medicament that induces natural bowel movement, thus relieving the overworked liver and kidneys.

Laxettes contain this medicament. Laxettes are entirely free from purgative, often harmful, ingredients that scour the natural lubricant out of the bowels, and cause subsequent troubles.

Nothing else can be as safe as a course of Laxettes. Their absolute reliability makes them a necessity in your home. And their delicious chocolate flavour makes them every child's favourite.



Do YOU suffer with Headaches, Indigestion, Bilioussness, Dizziness, Tiredness, Loss of Appetite?

A course of Laxettes is your safest, surest remedy. 1/6 the large tin—Ed. sample tin. Only genuine it in the tin.



LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination



ABOVE you see a white and silver table arrangement which is pleasing even though it savours of austerity. Note the picturesque centre-piece of white lilies and the dead-white base of each glass.



By Mary
FORBES

*Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly.

STRAWBERRY Time AGAIN



Take Advantage of these Recipes—Delight the Family and Guests with Luscious Desserts, and stock shelves with Delicious Jam!

MORE and more of our home gardeners are cultivating strawberries.

Dry weather conditions may affect the yield in some areas, but despite this the majority will enjoy bounteous crops, and should make the most of them.

Those who never think of serving this luscious fruit other than with cream will find inspiration here. Note also the recipes for strawberry jam—they're excellent!

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE

Half pound plain flour, 1 good teaspoon baking powder, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 3oz. butter, pinch salt, little milk, strawberries, sugar, cream.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into a soft dough with milk. Cut into 3 or 4 pieces. Roll each piece into large round as thin as possible. Lay one piece in tin, spread with melted butter, sprinkle with flour. Cover with another piece and continue till

all is used. Bake in hot oven till firm, about 20 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. While hot, lift off top layer, place on plate and cover with strawberries and sugar. Repeat layer upon layer. Cover top thickly with strawberries and sugar. Serve at once with cream, whipped and sweetened to taste.

STRAWBERRY PUFF

Half pint strawberry pulp, whites of 2 eggs, 1oz. gelatine, 3 tablespoons water, sugar to taste.

Dissolve gelatine in the water, add the strawberry pulp and sugar. Leave till beginning to set, then add beaten whites. Place in custard glasses and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY LAYER CAKE

Sponge mixture, mock cream, strawberries, warm icing, whole strawberries.

Make sponge mixture. Bake in a round cake tin. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, cut cake through

Modern Cooking Aid

DIETETIC authorities are always telling us that the best part of the vegetable is poured down the sink—meaning to say that in ordinary cooking the healthful mineral salts are lost in the vegetable water.

To-day, however, you can buy at little cost a specially prepared parchment in which to cook vegetables and certain savory dishes.

This easy, convenient, and economical method of cooking captures natural flavor and juices. Full instructions, together with attractive recipes and other uses for this parchment, accompany every package.

Incidentally, this cooking parchment can be used over and over again.

twice. Add the chopped strawberries to the mock cream (or pure whipped cream if liked, sweetened to taste); spread on cake, place layer



STRAWBERRIES fresh from the garden are guaranteed to tempt the most languid appetite. The two luscious dishes shown at the top of the page are (left) strawberry and orange salad and (right) strawberry meringue chantilly. Recipes are given below.

on, then more cream. Place top on. Ice with warm icing and decorate with whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY MOULD

One pint milk, 1 pint strawberries, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. gelatine, cochineal.

Rub the strawberries through a sieve, warm the milk, pour on to the dissolved gelatine; add the sugar, strawberries and coloring. Pour into wetted, fancy mould and place on ice. When set, turn out and garnish with cream and whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

Three-quarter ounce gelatine (powdered), 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strawberries, 1 cup cream, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped nuts, white of one egg.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then stand over boiling water till dissolved. Add to the whipped cream, with milk, sugar, and lastly the well-beaten egg-white. When cold, add the whole strawberries and chopped nuts. Serve very cold in individual glasses.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

One quart strawberries, whites 3 eggs, sugar to taste.

Remove stalks from the strawberries. Place in the refrigerator or in freezer can with the sugar and beaten whites. Freeze, using 3 parts ice and 1 part salt. Serve in glasses, garnished with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CHANTILLY

Half-dozen small round meringues, round piece of sponge cake, strawberries, whipped cream, fruit syrup.

Place sponge cake on a dish and pour over it some fruit syrup. On

this pile ripe strawberries cut in halves (use a silver knife). When well covered with fruit, sprinkle with sugar and cover with plenty of whipped cream. Put the meringues on top, pressing them into the cream. Decorate between the meringues with whipped cream through a forcing pipe. The cream may be slightly colored. Any tinned fruit may be used when strawberries are not in season.

STRAWBERRY JAM No. 1

Four pounds strawberries, 3lb. sugar, juice 4 lemons.

Remove stalks and hulls. Put fruit into preserving pan with lemon juice and simmer till thoroughly cooked; add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil quickly for 15 minutes; test on a cold plate. When sufficiently cooked allow to cool, then bottle and cover.

STRAWBERRY JAM No. 2

Six pounds strawberries, 5lb. sugar, lemon juice or citric acid, little water.

Cut fruit in halves, cover with half the sugar and allow it to stand 1 hour; add a little water if necessary, and lemon juice. Bring to the boil. Add the remainder of sugar, stir carefully till it boils. Boil quickly about 1 hour or until the syrup falls quite thick from spoon, or test on cold saucer. Allow to cool before bottling. The down and store in cool, dark place.

STRAWBERRY AND ORANGE SALAD

Peel oranges, remove all pith, and cut into thin slices. Pour over a little mayonnaise. Stand for 1 hour. Arrange layers of oranges and crushed strawberries in salad bowl. Pour mayonnaise over. Garnish with lettuce and whole strawberries.



Famous Old English Inns

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The Bull Inn has for centuries been an adornment to picturesque Long Melford in Suffolk.

Built nearly 500 years ago by a wealthy wool weaver it was converted to an inn about 100 years later. It was remodelled during the Georgian period, and it was only during 1935 that a brick facade was removed to reveal the almost perfect preservation of its magnificent Tudor timbering.

My Worcestershire Sauce has for generations been the perfect appetiser. It is still brewed in the same old way and matured in vats until fragrant and appetising."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOK'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE



PRIZE Recipes

From Readers
Splendid entries
in this week's
cookery contest.

ENTERPRISING readers are
earning extra money for
themselves because of our best
recipe competition.

Good recipes are welcome in every
household, so lucky entrants also
win praise from their fellow-readers.

All you have to do in order to
enter this popular competition is
write clearly your recipe and send
it to us.

It is awarded to the best recipe
received each week. Consolation
prizes are also awarded.

TOFFEE

One cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons
baking soda, 1 tablespoon each butter,
water and golden syrup (or treacle).

Bol without stirring until a
thick dropped in cold water sets
quickly. Pour into buttered dish and
when nearly set, mark into squares.
Squares added are very nice, and kid-
dies love toffee sprinkled with "hun-
dreds and thousands." A teaspoon of
milk poured over peanuts or wal-
nuts placed on a buttered slide sets
quickly and looks attractive.

SNOWBALLS

Bol 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup water
for 10 minutes. Soak 1oz. powdered
gelatine in 1 cup cold water for 10
minutes. Bol both together 3
minutes. Pour into a basin and beat.
Add stiffly-beaten white of 1 egg.
When mixture seems to be stiffening
pour into a dish previously dipped in
cold water and let stand half hour.

Coating: 2oz. unsweetened choco-
late with hot water added until re-
quired consistency. Dip snowballs in
and roll in desiccated coconut. Snow-
ball mixture can be cut in 1-inch
cubes and rolled in browned co-
conut or, before it has set, it can
be poured on plain biscuits and
sprinkled with grated chocolate.

FONDANT

Beat 1 cup sweetened condensed
milk and gradually work in 2½ cups
of sifted icing sugar. Add ½ tea-

V E GETAR-
IAN PIE is deli-
cious and easily
made. Here is the way:
Well grease a dish and
place in it alternate layers of
sliced tomato, slices of hard-
boiled egg, and grated cheese, mak-
ing cheese the top layer.
Place small dabs of
butter on top and
tomato and egg.
Bake for 20
minutes in
hot oven.



spoon vanilla and you have the basis
of several sweets. Roll small por-
tions and place a nut on each. Use
as a stuffing for dates. Form small
balls and roll in coconut, grated
chocolate or chopped nuts. Add ½
cup coconut, divide into 3 portions,
and color one pink and one with
chocolate, place layers on top of one
another for a delicious coconut ice

JUBES

Soak 1oz. gelatine in ½ cup cold
water for 1 hour. Add to 1lb. sugar
and 1 pint boiling water and bol for
20 minutes. Add 1½ tbs. tartaric or
citric acid. Pour into flat dishes pre-
viously dipped in cold water and let
set for 12 hours. Then cut into
squares and roll in castor or icing

sugar. Any flavoring desired can
be added, or fruit syrup in place of
water is tasty.

Rainbow slices are made by pour-
ing mixture to depth of 1in into a
dish. Allow to set. Keep two equal
amounts of mixture from setting by
putting in a warm place. Color one
red and one green. As the first
layer sets pour another on to it and
allow it to set before the last is
poured on. When this sets, cut in
cubes and roll in icing sugar.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Wal-
lace, Flora Hill, Bendigo, Vic.

MARSHMALLOW APPLES
Allow one medium-sized apple to
each person; marshmallows.
Wash and dry apples, remove core

and slit the peel round the centre of
each apple. Place apples in butter-
ed dish and fill the holes with
marshmallows cut into small pieces.
One marshmallow should be suffi-
cient for each apple. Put into a
fairly hot oven and bake until
tender. Then top each apple with
half of a marshmallow and return
to oven until the marshmallow be-
gins to melt—or else place under
grill for a minute to brown. Serve
with hot chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE: 1 dessert-
spoon cocoa, 1½ dessertspoons sugar,
1pt. milk, 1oz. butter, 1½ level
dessertspoons cornflour, vanilla
essence.

Mix cocoa and cornflour together
and blend to a smooth paste with a
small quantity of milk. Heat re-
mainder of milk in saucepan with
butter and sugar, then stir the mix-
ture into the cornflour. Return all to
pan and bring mixture to the boil,
keeping it well stirred. Let it boil
gently for a few minutes. Add
essence to taste, and more sugar if
required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
A. W. Strangnell, State School, West
Pemberton, W.A.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

DUTCH CAKE

Half pound butter, 6oz. sugar, 1lb. flour,
1½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon
cinnamon (ground), 1 egg.
Beat butter to a cream, add sugar, cin-
namon and yolk of egg, and beat well.
Add flour, sifted, with baking powder, by
degrees. Mix into smooth paste, and
spread evenly in flat, shallow tin lined
with greased paper. Beat up white of egg
and brush over. Bake half hour in mod-

erate oven a golden brown color. Cut
into pieces while hot, but leave in tin
until cold. Before serving, split in two
and spread with butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. H.
McLeish, 315 River William Street, Ade-
laide.

CENTENARY FRUIT CAKE

Ten ounces flour, 6oz. butter, 4oz. castor
sugar, 3oz. currants, 3oz. sultanas, 3 eggs,
grated rind and juice of half a lemon, a
little milk, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon baking
powder, and a wineglass of rum.
Beat butter and sugar to cream, add
yolks of 2 eggs, and beat well together.
Gradually mix in flour, baking powder,
and other dry ingredients, also the lemon
juice and rum. Now add whites of eggs,
beaten to a stiff froth, and mix all well
together. Put at once into a pound cake
tin and bake 3 hours in a very moderate
oven. Take particular notice of that last
instruction. If you have the oven too hot
you will ruin the delectable delicacy of the
blend.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Z. M.
Frost, 38 Sand Street, Ivanhoe, N.E.1, Vic.

CHOCOLATE ARROWROOT CAKE

Cream well 1oz. butter and 4oz. anatto
sugar. Add 2 eggs (yolks and whites beaten
separately), 2 tablespoons milk, and essence
vanilla to flavor. Sift together 4oz. plain
flour, 2oz. arrowroot, 4oz. grated chocolate,
1 heaped teaspoon baking powder, salt to
taste. (Cocoa may be used instead of
chocolate). Add to other ingredients and
bake in square tin for preference, about 40
minutes in moderate oven. When cold,
decorate with chocolate icing and cream
froze with white icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ron
Wallace, Pratten Street, Warwick, Qld.

SAHARA CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1½lb. sugar, 1
teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 eggs, ½lb.
arrowroot, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda.
Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add
egg-yolks and beat well. Sift arrowroot,
carb. soda, and cream of tartar, and stir
in lightly. Fold in whites, whipped till dry.
Beat all together for ten minutes, and
bake in moderate oven for half an hour.
Ice with ginger frosting.

Ginger Frosting: 1 cup of icing sugar,
1 tablespoon molasses, 1 tablespoon butter,
¼ teaspoon ginger, boiling water. Soften
butter, but do not melt it. Sift ginger and
sugar together, and blend with butter. If
too stiff, add just enough boiling water
in make of a good spreading consistency,
and put on the cake immediately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Embury,
Fernside, Vinlers Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

RUM AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

Weight of 4 eggs in butter, sugar, and
flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 tea-
spoon carb. soda, 2 tablespoons milk.
Beat butter and sugar to cream, add
eggs, well beaten; then add milk with soda
dissolved in it. Mix cream of tartar in
flour and add. Divide and add to 1-lb. tin
mixture 1 tablespoon rum and some chopped
cherries. To the rest of mixture add 1
tablespoon cocoa mixed with a little milk
and vanilla essence. Bake in 3 sandwich
tins in a moderate oven. Join together
with cream or butter icing flavored with
rum and cover all over with chocolate
icing. Put the fruit cake in centre with a
chocolate one each side. This is a most
delicious cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. R.
Ries, 40 Bedford St., Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

Woman of 40 Happier than Woman of 20

Youth with all its excitement, with all
its discoveries, soon slips by. And
what then—bored lonely middle age
—or the joy of reaping the fruits of
those past years of experience? We all
have the choice, and yet how many
realise the happiness that can be theirs
in the mature "after-youth" of life?

For the healthy life begins at forty.
But what a different story for those
suffering day in and day out with
fangled nerves, irritable tempers and
weariness. Nervous irritability, depres-
sion, are due to "worn-out" tired sys-
tems. But that's no reason to feel that
life and fun are over. Winacrinia will
quickly prove this to you. Winacrinia—
the wine of life—the tonic wine that
has brought health, strength and hap-
piness to thousands and thousands of
weary people.

Winacrinia builds up the red corpuscles
in your blood—strengthens its flow,
restores your energy. Away go those
weary lines from your face and up goes
your vitality. Winacrinia, you see, is
made from rich matured wine full of
sunshine vitamins from sunny grape-
lands. With this health giving wine
are skillfully blended the finest beef
extract and vitamin malt. What a
recipe to health and happiness. You'll
taste the rich quality of Winacrinia—
you'll know immediately that here is
no watery, cheap substitute. Winacrinia
will bring you that priceless asset—
glowing health.

Father has Acid Stomach

For swift, sure relief
from Acid Stomach,
Heartburn and all
other digestive
troubles, you will
find DINNEFORD'S
MAGNESIA never fails. It is recommended by
doctors and nurses everywhere because it is
so safe, so reliable. DINNEFORD'S is also the
most natural of laxatives. Now obtainable
in Tablets, as well as the original Pure
Fluid you know so
well. Made only by
Dinneford & Co. Ltd.,
London, England.

Get the DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

D.N.2.28



F stands for FATHER
Who's terribly old:
But thanks to his Groats*
He avoids catching cold

* Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk provides a diet which is
highly nourishing and readily assimilated. As a gruel taken last
thing at night it is helpful in cases of insomnia. It is therefore
ideal for most invalids, and is especially indicated for elderly
people. Robinson's "Patent" Groats is quickly and easily prepared
in a variety of ways.

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT"
GROATS

FREE! "Recipe Book" containing a
collection of stimulating, nutri-
tive "Barley and Groats Recipes" will be
sent you post free if you write to
Colman-Keen (A/Asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box
2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W.

RG2/38



There's nothing
so good as Bisto
for making gravy

Bisto is a fine, dry powder which makes a rich, smooth,
appetising gravy in next to no time. Bisto gravy
makes the most of the roast and adds considerably
to the goodness and flavour of all meat dishes.

BISTO

for delicious gravy

Distributed by Carabos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney



Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

More Smart Spring Styles



YOUTHFUL!
WW2460.—A charming style for day wear. Tucking is introduced cleverly on bodice and smart new puff sleeves. Make it in a pastel shade. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GRACEFUL MODE
WW2461.—Unusual style with full contrast skirt and an attractive top. Material required: 2½ yards for skirt, 1½ yards for bodice. Belt is wide and fitting, laced in pleasant style. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BOLERO FROCK
WW2462.—Peter Pan collar and blouse of contrasting material are new notes in this charming bolero frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards for blouse, and 3½ yards for bolero and skirt, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEATED SKIRT
WW2463.—Trim, neat outfit for smart occasions. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards for the skirt, and 2½ yards for the coat, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART BLOUSE
WW2467.—Short puffed sleeves and full front are highlights of this smart jumper blouse. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



CHIC COAT
WW2464.—A smart spring coat with novelty pockets and buttoned front. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING GLAMOR
WW2465.—Delightful evening gown with flowing sash. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S MODE
WW2466.—Smart matrons will appreciate this very becoming style. Sizes, 38-inch to 46-inch bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



CHIC WEE MODELS

OUR three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for three gay little spring modes for little girls aged 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our Pattern Department. Material required, 36 inches wide:
No. 1.—1½ to 2½ yards.
No. 2.—1½ to 2½ yards.
No. 3.—1½ to 2½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it. WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," in any of the following addresses:
ADELAIDE—Box 322A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 81, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4200Y, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 112 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 125, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.
Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____
Size _____ Pattern Coupon, 13/8/38



PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

SWEETEST Garments for YOUR BABE

... in light, woollen fabric
or rich crepe-de-chine traced ready for
making and hand-embroidery. Paper pat-
tern and transfer also available.



THESE ador-
able little gar-
ments have been
specially de-
signed for babes
up to eighteen
months of age. You can buy
them traced ready for making
from our Needlework Dept.

VERY important little
people up to 18 months
of age can wear these ador-
able garments, embracing frock, pet-
ticoat, carrying-coat, bonnet, and
nightdress.

The illustrations at left will give
you some idea of their charm when
finished.

They may be had (with the pat-
tern already traced ready for mak-
ing up, and the embroidery design
as shown), in Ingola fabric, which
is a delightfully light woollen, or in
cream crepe-de-chine.

The Ingola fabric is
obtainable in cream,
blue, or pink—delicate
pastel shades.

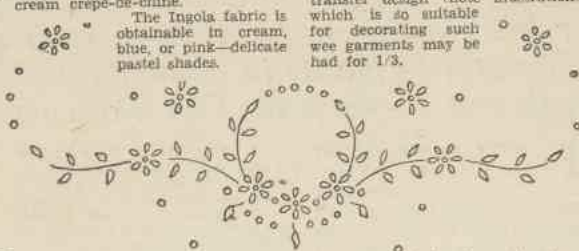
In cream Ingola the coat costs 8/6,
frock 6/6, bonnet 2/6, petticoat 4/6,
nightdress 8/6.

In pink or blue Ingola, the coat
costs 8/11, frock 6/11, bonnet 2/9,
petticoat 4/9, nightdress 8/11.

In cream crepe-de-chine the coat
costs 8/11, frock 6/11, bonnet 2/9,
petticoat 4/9, nightdress 8/11.

They're obtainable from our
Needlework Department.

Paper patterns to make these gar-
ments (to fit babes up to 18 months)
cost 10d. each. And the embroidery
transfer design (note illustration)
which is so suitable
for decorating such
garments may be
had for 1/3.



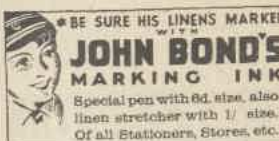
HERE is shown the transfer design which is used for the embroidery.

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

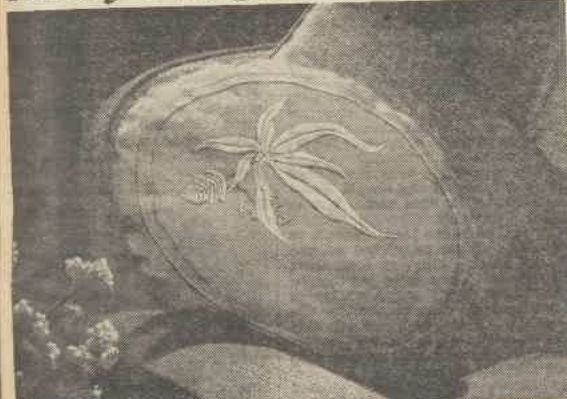
Create Sourness, Gas and Pain.
How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly
nine-tenths of the cases of stomach
trouble, indigestion, sourness, burn-
ing, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are
due to excess of hydrochloric acid in
the stomach. The delicate stomach
lining is irritated, digestion is delayed
and food sours, causing the disagree-
able symptoms which every stomach
sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed
in such cases and may do real harm.
Try laying aside all digestive aids and
instead get from your nearest chemist
or store some Salix Magnesia and
take a teaspoonful in water right
after eating. This sweetens the stom-
ach, prevents the formation of excess
acid and there is no sourness, gas or
pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or
tablet form) is harmless, inexpen-
sive, and is a fine remedy for acid
stomach. It is used by thousands of
people who enjoy their meals with no
fear of indigestion.



Richly-Designed Cushion...



THE STRIKING poinsettia design cushion when finished. Full
details are given below.

THIS is one of the most beautiful designs in cushion-
covers we have offered needleworkers.

It measures 18 x 18 inches, is obtainable in cream,
pink, blue, yellow or green linen, and with the poinsettia
design traced ready for working it costs only 3/6, post
free.

You may also obtain it in cream, blue or green
Corduroy for 3/6, post free.

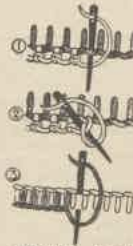
To embroider the design you require 6 skeins Anchor
stranded cotton, F.382 (poppy-red), 3 skeins F.731 (deep
emerald), 2 skeins F.777 (mid shamrock), 1 skein each
F.444 (mid buttercup), F.469 (dark geranium), F.599
(vernal), Anchor stranded cotton is used throughout,
and may be purchased from our Needlework Depart-
ment for 11d. per skein. Flowers, leaves and stems are
worked in 6 strands, remainder in 3 strands.

Flower, satin-stitch; leaves, satin-stitch veined in
stem-stitch. Work 5 large petals of flower in poppy-
red, remainder in dark geranium; centres, satin-stitch
in mid shamrock, outlined with mid buttercup in stem-
stitch.

Leaves, mid shamrock outlined in deep emerald.
Branch, satin-stitch in deep emerald. Stems, satin-
stitch in cardinal.

Inner double lines are double button-stitched, outer
edge poppy-red; inner deep emerald.

Single line is two rows of chain-stitch, outer row
deep emerald, inner mid shamrock.



ABOVE: Double
button-stitch
lines decorate this
cushion. See also
the way to make
knot-stitch. This
stitch is sug-
gested as a finish
to the outer lines
of button-stitch.



Goodness gracious, Mr. Jones!
I thought my towel was white
until I saw it against
your Persil-washed shirt!

At present you think your
washing's all right—but until you
use PERSIL it can't be white

"Real whiteness for the clothes at last!" So many women
with years of washing experience have said that, only to be
disappointed when they've seen it against Persil whiteness.
But it's not surprising that Persil makes things whiter, for
Persil's special oxygen-charged suds remove all the dirt and stains
completely. And it's because Persil gets things really clean that
it makes them really white. That is why Persil whiteness is the
only true standard of whiteness.

Use Persil alone for the whole family wash—no other soaps or
extras needed.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD



FOR ALL EMBROIDERY

use
CLARK'S fast color
ANCHOR EMBROIDERY THREADS
AVAILABLE IN A WIDE SELECTION OF SHADES

Choose your design from the large range
of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your
needlework shop.

ASC17





Lumbago Had Me Almost Crazy

"The pain in my back and the sudden 'stitches' had me bent double. Sometimes the pain would catch me so sharply I almost fainted. I was frantic trying one thing after another. You can imagine my surprise, my joy when old 'St. Jacobs Oil' brought me the relief I had sought for years."

"St. Jacobs Oil" gives almost instant relief from soreness, stiffness, lameness and pain! Its action is unique—soothing and penetrating in one. Goes direct to the affected part and draws out all the pain. It is the one remedy for Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc., that never disappoints. And it does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from any chemist and try it out.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Makes You Forget You Have

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. PASTEETH, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will hold them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums and mouth will not get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get PASTEETH from any good chemist (2 shillings). Refuse any substitute.



Sow NOW for SUMMER GLORY

If you build seed frames or hot beds as suggested here, you'll grow sturdy plants in abundance at little cost — Says the Old Gardener

TO many people summer seems to be a long way off, but with gardeners such is not the case, for we have to think and prepare several months ahead to keep our gardens in that glorious flowering condition.

So comes the most interesting part of the garden, and that is raising our own plants from seed.

In order to have plants ready to take the place of the spring display, it will be necessary to sow seeds in frames or, better still, hot beds.

Either of these can very easily be constructed by any amateur.

When making the frame, take into consideration the size of your garden and the number of plants required, and make your frame accordingly.

This is the way to make it: Put in four posts; the back ones to be, say, 2ft. 6in. high, the front ones about 18 inches in height. Tack battens around the top and bottom and onto these battens tack bagging oressian. See that it is pulled very tightly when tacking.

The covering for the top is tacked along the back and made large enough to cover the whole frame.

Onto this covering sew a piece of water pipe, broom handle, or anything round that can be used to roll the covering up and down as required.

When the whole thing has been completed it is a good idea to give the bagging a good coating of linseed oil; this preserves it and helps to keep out heavy rain. Moreover, the seed frame will last very much longer.

If it is so desired, this seed frame can be turned into a hot bed. Dig out the soil about two feet deep and

pack it with stable manure, or, in fact, any animal manure. This manure should be partially green in nature; that is to say, it should not be thoroughly decayed, for in this green state it heats very rapidly.

After having tramped it down it should be left for two or three days, and then given a thorough turn-over with a fork, and tramped down again.

Two inches of finely sieved soil is placed over the manure, and there you have your hot bed.

Just mark it out into little beds large enough to hold a sixpenny packet of seed and then all your different varieties of summer flowering annuals can be sown.

The covering is kept down until the plants are up, and then it should be rolled up a little each night to harden them off.

When they are large enough to handle, they can be pricked out into boxes, spacing them an inch apart each way. These boxes can then be placed in a cold frame similar in structure to the one already described. This cold frame will keep them protected, especially in the colder climates, from the possibility of the late frosts.

Another very good type of seed frame is built about waist high and to any length desired.

The posts are put in and the frame made with a board bottom, leaving about half an inch of space between the boards. The bottom is then covered with cinders to act as drainage.

Over the cinders dead leaves or grass should be placed to prevent the soil mixing with the cinders.

The frame is then filled with soil and marked off into beds.

The structure for the covering is made in the form of a gable, and the covering can be either glass oressian. Ifessian is used, tack along the back, and follow the directions given for covering the small frame.

Glass Covering

IF glass, the frames holding the glass should be made so that they will slide easily from side to side. This is a very efficient kind of seed frame, because it is akin to a glass house.

As the plants are growing in this frame another one can be built on the same lines for pricking-out purposes. This does away with the need for boxes. If, before they are transplanted into their permanent positions in the garden, the plants are given a thorough watering an hour beforehand, sufficient soil can be taken with them. If carefully done you need not fear checking after transplanting.

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

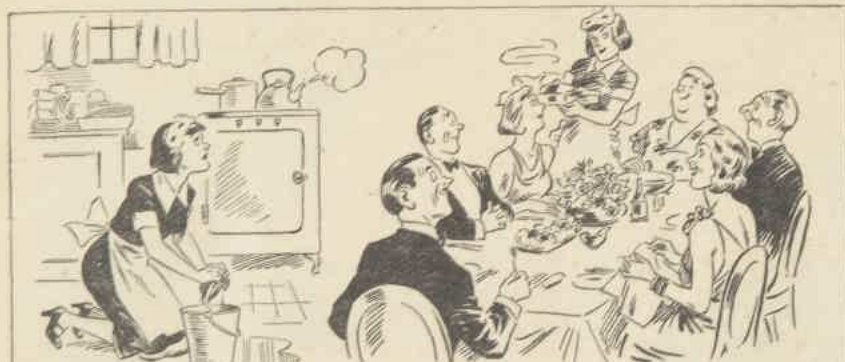
"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C., in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a huge weight my skin made my face look fat and ugly. I was wearing the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be. I was determined to try it myself, and it is all the change for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me." Endorse by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime. No salty salts, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & E.C.O. MENDE

Full 8 weeks' 20/- 18-22 5/6

YOUTH O FORM

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



SHE WAS A WILLING WORKER
SHE TOILED FROM MORN TILL EVE

HER COOKING WAS SO LUSCIOUS
THE GUESTS WOULD NEVER LEAVE



BUT EVERY JEWEL HAS A FLAW
AND HERS WAS WORSE THAN MOST

SHE BOUGHT A SOLVOL SUBSTITUTE
AND HAD TO LEAVE HER POST

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!
SUBSTITUTES ARE NEVER 'AS GOOD'. NOTHING BUT SOLVOL GETS HANDS AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE WITHOUT SCRUBBING. SOLVOL'S PENETRATING LATHER DISSOLVES GREASE AND GRIME... MAKES HOUSEWORK STAINS DISAPPEAR IN 30 SECONDS! YET SOLVOL IS AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



SHIRLEY ROSS
Paramount Player

Women Praise "cocoanut-foam" Beauty-Wash

WHATEVER its natural color . . . and particularly if your hair is "difficult" . . . wash it with coconut-foam, and see a beautiful new look.

Everyone's talking about this "new way to wash hair."

See the magic new beauty . . . the new silky-sheen, appearance of your hair. Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling . . . easy to dress!

BLONDES . . . Coloured coconut oil Shampoo preserves true gold tint.

BRUNETTES: Find new highlights. Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash." 2/6 bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists, Grocers or Hairdressers.

COLINATED
SHAMPOO



YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime. No salty salts, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & E.C.O. MENDE



HERE YOU SEE a close-up of the stitches used in the making of the dress.

ADORABLE Hand-Knit DRESS . . .

*Created by a Viennese
stylist in children's clothes, it's one of
the loveliest woollies we've released!*

THIS garment is exceptionally easy to knit. Therefore, little girls 4 and 5 years of age should not be deprived of its charms.

The bonny little curly-head wearing the original garment, pictured above, is five years old.

This picture will give you a fair idea of how sweet your own little girl would look in this Viennese model.

Palest daffodil-yellow 2-ply wool was chosen for the garment; the bands on bodice and box pleats, cleverly introduced into the wee skirt, are in blue and red 2-ply wool.

Narrow cuffs above the elbows give

a pretty puff effect to the abbreviated sleeves.

The skirt, you will notice, is gathered to the bodice.

Here follow the simplified instructions for making

Materials Required: 5oz. 2-ply fingering wool, pale yellow; 2oz. 2-ply fingering wool, red; 2oz. 2-ply fingering wool, blue; 1 pr. needles, No. 10; 1 medium crochet hook; 2 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; chest, 24 inches; length of sleeve seam, 5 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease; tog, together; garter-st, (k every row).



A SWEET LITTLE MAID poses in this adorable woolly for you. This dress fashioned of palest yellow wool with blue and red horizontal stripes has been specially designed for four and five-year-olds.

Tension: 8 sts. and 15 rows, or 7 ridges to 1 inch.

Note: The skirt consists of 4 parts, each one of which is worked separately—back, front, and two side insets.

THE SKIRT

Back: Commence at lower edge. Using No. 10 needles and yellow wool, cast on 216 sts. which should measure 28½ inches, and work in garter-st. for 204 rows, cast off.

Front: Using No. 10 needles and yellow wool cast on 99 sts. and work in garter-st. for 204 rows.

Insets: Commence at the lower edge. Using blue wool, cast on 48 sts. and work as follows:

1st Row: With blue wool, p.
2nd Row: With blue wool, k.
3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.
4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
5th Row: Repeat 1st row.
6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.
7th Row: With yellow wool, k.
8th Row: With yellow wool, p.
9th Row: Repeat 7th row.
10th Row: Repeat 8th row.
11th Row: Repeat 7th row.
12th Row: Repeat 8th row.
13th Row: With red wool, p.
14th Row: With red wool, k.
15th Row: Repeat 13th row.
16th Row: Repeat 14th row.
17th Row: Repeat 13th row.
18th Row: Repeat 14th row.
19th Row: With yellow wool, k.
K. 21 rows with yellow wool. Commencing with the 26th row dec. 1 st. each end of every 8th row. Then repeat from the 1st to the 18th rows (inclusive) decreasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row.

Commencing with the 59th row, k. with yellow wool, decreasing as above until all sts. are worked off. Work another piece in same manner.

THE BODICE FRONT

USING blue wool and No. 10 needles cast on 90 sts. and work in same pattern and color arrangement as for insets of skirt.

When work measures 2 inches shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows, and work even for 26 rows, then shape for neck as follows: Work 35 sts., leave on spare needle, cast off 8 sts., work to end of row.

Working on last 35 sts. only, k. 2 tog. at neck edge of next 10 rows, work 10 rows even; shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of every row 5 times.

Join wool at sts. left on spare needle and work other shoulder to correspond.

Back: It is worked exactly the same as the front until the armhole shaping is completed, then work 31 rows even; divide sts. into 2 equal parts and work each one separately.

Working on last 39 sts. only, work even until armhole measures 4½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off

A Knitting Hint

CONFUSION is often caused with "make 1" or "m. 1," and "increase 1."

"Make 1" means that the wool is put round the needle before the next stitch is knitted, and makes a hole—this is nearly always preceded by "k. 2 tog."

To "increase 1" without making a hole: One way is to knit twice into one stitch, first into the front, then into the back.

5 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 5 times, cast off remaining sts. Join wool at centre edge of remaining sts. and work other shoulder to correspond.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 10 needles and yellow wool cast on 96 sts. and work in garter-st. until sleeve measures 5 inches, k. 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS with a warm iron and damp cloth, join the side insets into front and back of skirt, each inset thus forms a box-pleat on each side of skirt as shown in illustration.

Join side seams of bodice, gather the upper part of the skirt to fit the bodice and stitch together.

Join shoulder seams, gather the lower edge of the sleeve to fit the arm and crochet a narrow cuff, working 10 rows in double crochet with yellow wool.

Work 1 row of double crochet around the neck and back opening sew on 2 buttons, sew in sleeves, crochet 2 small loops to act as buttonholes.

NUGGETING NATURE: (11) THE KOOKABURRA

GREAT SNAKES AND
LADDERS! WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE TO MAKE YOU
LOOK SO SMART!

OH
JUST A TOUCH OF
NUGGET
HERE AND
THERE
MY DEAR!

Marvellous what a difference a touch of Nugget makes! There's nothing quite so good as Nugget, for smartness' sake, and to make the shoes last longer too! And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.



NUGGET SHOE POLISH

It's the NATURAL Choice

"I'm a ONE Brand
woman now —

I know now that for real economy Kayser MIR-O-KLEER stockings stand alone. They're cunningly shaped to slim your ankles, and they're made of the finest, sheerest silk, clear as crystal—RINGLESS . . . SHADOWLESS. Service-weights — Sheers — or Super Sheers, priced from only 4/11 to 7/11.



PURE SILK HOSIERY . LINGERIE . GLOVES

The Secret of its Flavor!



Only the young
TEA BUD leaf
is used
Slow curing helps
to retain the true
FLAVOR

Bushells — *the Tea of Flavor*



Level Crossing

... By ...

Phyllis
Bottome

A Complete
Book-length
Novel



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

LEVEL CROSSING

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME



CYRUS P. LANE was conscious of a great many things and he was more conscious of them than usual.

The weather was an automatic blue and gold; no fog; no wind. The light was hard, but not too violent for pleasure. The town sprawled out to the desert's rim; mountains

hung blue and faintly lilac against the cloudless rim of the sky. The Pacific was invisible but potent.

There was just room for Cyrus' knees below the corner seat on the front row of the grandstand; nor had his secretary forgotten a leather cushion. There was another thing he was agreeably conscious of, and that was the absence of his wife.

If she had been in the seat next to him, he would have had to put her feelings before the race. What Mrs. Lane felt and thought about anything was always more important than the event itself. Even if Jim killed himself beating, or trying to beat, the world's record, that wouldn't matter compared to a mother's heart.

Cyrus respected a mother's heart enormously but he always felt a queer sense of relief when it was somewhere else.

Beside Cyrus, taking up no room, because of her exaggerated slenderness, sat his only daughter, Rosemary. Cyrus loved to be aware of that clipped mop of yellow, close to his shoulder.

For twenty years he made a point of knowing whatever could be known about what went on under those curls.

He had stood by her side at the altar and given her to a man he knew to be worthless. What could he do about it? Nothing! However, he had tied up her fortune so that the fellow couldn't touch it. He could hurt her in every possible way except about money.

There was his only son, a few yards away, on the glaring race track, hunched up like a goggled caterpillar, in a thing as thin as an egg-shell, full of hot oil that might blow him sky high in the next few minutes.

Cyrus looked at his watch. Of course, the thing had stopped; or had it? It must surely be more than three minutes since he'd looked at it last? What a hollow fake time was! Making suspense stretch to Eternity, and yet the thing you waited for, happened too soon whenever it happened.

"Oh, heavens—the race is on!"

His eyes clung to the yellow and black wasp that held his son's life.

Jim was off. The car didn't move; it hung on time, quivering like a tear on an eye-lash. Rosemary's fingers gripped Cyrus'

hand. Her solitary ring bit deep into his thumb. It comforted Cyrus, if by being hurt, he could take the edge off her fear.

The tiny black and yellow dot shot along the broad ribbon of the road, crazily mopping up space. It clung to the edge of scooped corners, shot back into the straight, tearing ahead of its own shrieks.

The race seemed to go on for ever. Was that lean, lanky youth, disguised and lost in distance, the child Cyrus had once wallowed, and never been able to face the sensation a second time; or to forget his son of nine years old, saying: Father, you oughtn't to have done that!

Surely there should have been some better way of getting into that small creature's stubborn mind instead of the crass irrelevance of a blow? And after all, hadn't Cyrus found it? Hadn't he been luckier than almost any father he knew, because he'd kept his children as his friends?

Cyrus was not fifty, but he'd lived both his children's lives as well as his own; and if anything happened to either of them, he would die their deaths.

White figures danced up in front of him on a black board. There was cold sweat on Cyrus' forehead and his hands were shaking. Rosemary hung herself upon him.

"Daddy! Daddy! He's done it! He's beaten England! He's safe!"

The boy was alive then, after all. Cyrus had been left off this time. He must brace himself to be proud now, on the hoarse roar of cheering that filled the air, when all he wanted was the stiffest Scotch procurable, and to know that he hadn't to go through another operation like this again without an anaesthetic.

Cyrus rose slowly—wonderful that he could move at all—and drew a long, quiet breath.

Rosemary was off like a flash of lightning, to mix with the crowd that was breaking over Jim's car in waves.

The police would see to everything; there was no need to hurry now. Cyrus found a telephone booth and rang up New York. The English butler, Higgins, answered. Mrs. Lane was prostrate; but she wanted the news.

She couldn't come to the phone, as a matter of fact her masseuse was with her. Higgins would tell Marie; and Marie would give the report to her mistress.

"He's broken the record by one minute and thirty-eight seconds," Mr. Lane said; he wouldn't say "He's beaten England," for fear of hurting the chap's feelings, but the pride he had not believed he could feel, crept into Cyrus' voice.

"Tightly satisfactory, if I may say so, sir," Higgins remarked with equal pride and satisfaction.

"You might tell Miss Ransom," Cyrus

added, laying down the receiver. His secretary, too, would think of it with pride, and share her employer's relief.

"Curious," Cyrus thought to himself, before the crowd swallowed him, the two people, beside himself and Rosemary, who cared most for what Jim had accomplished, and for the relief in Cyrus' own heart—were two servants.

There was an honor lunch at which Jim sat where his father could see him, looking as glum as usual.

Rosemary and her husband went on to some celebration afterwards, but Jim was supposed to rest; and his father found him lying on his stomach under the wasp in the garage.

He told his father that he'd counted on several seconds less; he was fingering the wasp, to find out why she'd failed him. He ran through a string of technicalities and brooded bitterly over them, while his father sat contentedly on an upturned bucket, watching him poking and prying.

When Jim had satisfied himself as far as he could, he crawled out from under the wasp, and squatted on his haunches opposite his father. His eyes had sunk into pits.

THEY were extravagantly blue between rows of thick black lashes. He had a chin that his father knew didn't bear arguing with; high cheek bones, and lantern jaws. His hair lay black and flat on his small, athletic head.

"Well," Cyrus said, turning the phrase over in his mind first to see that it wouldn't shock Jim's relentless stoicism, "you seem to have brought it off this time. I wondered what it felt like—hitting the air that way?"

Jim's smile faded, but he wasn't annoyed. He had wanted to explain to his father what it felt like.

"It was a pity she didn't give me those few extra seconds," he said slowly, "you always feel it's chance beating a record like this, if it isn't a big beat. Any fellow can do what's marginal. I might have turned her a notch higher, but you've got to be careful of her boiling up. It was funny how everything went black in that strong light! I felt like a chased cat in a tunnel."

"I was guided by what ran up to me—but once I'd snapped into my speed everything got swallowed up, I had to act quicker than I could see. I didn't feel anything—not even the finish when I'd stopped. I slowed down, of course, when I'd passed the signal, but I didn't know I had. I was still going along hours afterwards—munching jerking, and the outside of my body stiff as a bit of cardboard! It's queer, feeling like a machine when you aren't one! But I just

don't see why I didn't work off that eight seconds—that would have been a win! I must talk it over with Dunn and Martin."

In his agitation Jim once more slid under the body of the wasp. His father knew that he wouldn't get any more out of him. He walked out of the garage into the lively mild California air; contented and at peace. Cyrus respected concentration.

What he grudged his son—if he grudged him anything—was that his own sedentary life had hung flesh upon him, till he was conscious that he couldn't get the whole of himself into his drive. Perhaps his youngster had more self to put in. Cyrus thought back to his youth.

He was glad that time was over—black with effort—shot with dreams! Twinges of it shook him still. There was the root question always nagging at him from twenty to twenty-seven—would he win Pauline? Would she wait for him? Could he make good? He had had luck; he had made good at twenty-seven. He had married Pauline.

WHEN Miss Ransom gave Cyrus his wife's telephone message: "Please ask Mr. Lane to come up to my room before he goes to his office," their eyes met with the automatic suspicion of hunted animals.

Miss Ransom's eyes showed a shade less dismay than Cyrus', because too much dismay at the request of an employer's wife is not very respectful in a secretary.

In the fifteen years that they had worked together neither of them had made the remotest comment upon Mrs. Lane's requests.

They had accepted her demands, however unreasonable, as people in rainy climates accept getting wet; but they never had to deal with Mrs. Lane's wishes before eleven o'clock in the morning.

Cyrus had meetings and contacts of urgent importance in the city and he knew that his wife might keep him an hour; still it never occurred to him to refuse what Pauline had asked, nor would it have occurred to Pauline that he could refuse.

When Pauline's high-pitched, cheerful voice called: "Come in!" Cyrus' feet refused to cross the threshold. He had to drag himself through the open door as if he were facing a bombardment.

Cyrus was not afraid of his wife, nor was he expecting anything very painful to take place; but there had been pain in the room, a pain so intense that he supposed in some odd physical way the room and its contents were still steeped in it.

How well Cyrus knew each symbol. He had bought every beautiful expensive thing the room contained, to serve as a background, for Pauline.

She had been the most enchanting creature he had ever seen; but she had never, even for a moment, been enchanted!

Pleased—yes—pleased with anything that looked romantic and was expensive, but to add to it herself, to give their love the deeper value of her participation—pushing back the symbol to join the thing symbolised—this had never happened!

The waves of Cyrus' invading love had broken against the rock of Pauline's beauty, time after time, in vain.

How singularly unchanged, he thought, Pauline had managed to keep—everything that didn't matter! The frail shapes of the lovely French furniture were as adamant; the color of the room as fresh and flawless as in those first weeks after their honeymoon.

Pauline herself lay at ease against the pillows, dressed in a cobwebby gown that showed her still shapely form. A ruff of

pale pink swansdown on a diaphanous jacket set off her silvery-gold hair.

Pauline no longer had the freshness or the softness of youth, but every line had been extracted, every hollow patted back into shape, only the promise of things to come was missing from her beauty.

She was now the past; and she had been the future; she couldn't get over that; and Cyrus, looking at her down the long vista of the years, felt vaguely sorry for her. Pauline would have liked to get over age, but even Pauline couldn't get over everything.

Cyrus stood by her side and smiled down at her with the slow irony that always annoyed her.

"Hullo, Pauline," he said, "what's up—where are the early worms that you've caught for me to share? I don't see them round anywhere?"

Pauline's finely painted eyebrows rose ominously, but she patted the bed, as an invitation for Cyrus to sit on the edge of it.

"Well," she said consideringly, "there are things, Cyrus, that I just felt we had to talk over. After all, we're the children's parents aren't we?"

She was a woman with something on her mind and she abruptly began to express her thoughts.

"Have you thought about what this stunt of Jim's means to us? He is very much in the public eye now; and something must be done about it. After all, he's twenty-three, and with our fortune it's ridiculous that he shouldn't get married! Don't begin all that stuff about his making his own way. It's too silly to think of things like that when you need 'em! His way is made!"



"YOU'VE only got to settle a proper amount on his wife and children—if he's such a perfect fool as to refuse to take it himself. This Socialist nonsense of his is most humiliating to us all; but there is no need for you to pander to it! It's not as if you agreed to it—because you know you didn't."

"Well," said Cyrus, floundering about in his mind over the sudden rush of heterogeneous objects the conversation of his wife called up. But I like the boy's attitude.

"He's earned his living for two years without a penny from me. He wouldn't go to college because he thought it a waste of his inventive powers. He certainly has them; and he's using them. I'd rather he wasn't a speed racer; but his work has led him on to it; and you can't check a man's development. Marriage might be a good thing, and keep him off the track—but I've never seen him look at a girl—what are you going to do about it?"

"That's just it," said his wife, and as she spoke her lips took on a line of decision that ruffled the beauty of her face, "you can help me," she said, "if you like—it's your duty to, as a father—but of course, you've never done your duty—all you have done—and I've not been, since my marriage, physically strong enough to fight against it—is to take my children's love from me."

Cyrus had given all his spare time and self that he had tried to keep Rosemary and Jim beyond the fangs of their mother's

selfishness. She had wanted to spoil them intermittently, while remaining the centre of their attention and his own; but she hadn't succeeded. The trouble was you couldn't hide anything fundamental from children. They scented out insincerity and lack of love as a dog distinguishes a bone from a stick.

Rosemary and Jim had known better than to go to Pauline for what they really wanted.

Cyrus had given all his spare time, and his heart with it, in response to his children's claims.

"YOU can't very well force him into marriage," Cyrus objected, coming up through the softened waters of memory, into the dryness of Pauline's cold expectancy. "He'll have to take his own way, and his own time over it."

"Not at all," Pauline told Cyrus. "He'll be rushed off his feet by every marriageable girl in New York. It's begun already—the telephone is never quiet. I've had to put an extra footman on, to answer Jim's calls alone—and naturally, most of them are from girls who are running after him."

"It doesn't matter—in fact, it's a great deal more natural, and suitable. They don't believe it when they're told he isn't here—and in hiding—for that's what it amounts to—in one of his low haunts. You must get him out of that garage, Cyrus—at once!"

"I am giving a ball on the 28th, and I don't mind telling you it's for Sylvia Karr," Pauline continued. "Her father's going to be made Ambassador to France—and her future, I suppose even you would consider safe."

"Heaven knows I've never been in the least worldly, but Sylvia's a dear girl, with a really lovely nature and a natural complexion, almost a waste when one can be made up so perfectly without—still, a clear skin is essential and shows health. You've nothing against her, have you?"

"Why no," Cyrus admitted. "Karr's all right—I've known him for donkey's years, and I suppose his girl's all right too! There isn't anything wrong in your idea about Jim's marriage, Pauline—or right either—till he feels it in his blood. How can I get him out of his garage if he wants to stay there? I never have interfered with the children, and I'm not going to begin now. I've seen Rosemary get married in a hurry—that was enough."

"Well, you don't blame me for that, I hope?" Pauline asked sharply. She had not a very good conscience about her daughter's marriage.

She had schemed for it with the utmost care and hurried it forward with a passionate intensity, but she didn't know, of course, that Henry drank more than most young people—he was a good match, and Pauline had wanted Rosemary to get married.

Cyrus rose to his feet, and looked down at Pauline, with eyes that he tried to keep tolerant and kind. "Children have got to please themselves," he said slowly, "and we've got to be pleased with what pleases them. There isn't any other way for parents, Pauline. I'd let this idea of yours go wide, if I were you!"

He bent over her soothingly and patted her white, inert fingers. He remembered that she didn't like to have her hand held, but did like to have it patted.

"But, Cyrus," Pauline cried, with the long agonised wail of a spoiled child, "Cyrus, I want to have my boy here—and you've

got to make him come! I've promised—" He ran away from the compulsion of her voice.

"She can't grow up," he told himself bitterly as he made for the stairs. "She wants to play with people as if they were toys. She wants husbands to obey her like sons—and sons to adore her like lovers!"

Miss Ransom stood sedately in the hall with the notes for his city interviews in her hands. Their eyes moved towards the clock together.

There was an hour missing.

"You might order some flowers for Mrs. Lane," Cyrus told her, snatching the papers out of her hand, and plunging towards the car. "She likes orchids." But he needn't have reminded Miss Ransom of the orchids. She knew perfectly well that Mrs. Lane liked orchids; and that she generally got them when Mr. Lane had been unable to do something else she had liked better than orchids.

JIM disliked going to see his father in his office.

He could never get over the fact that his father was the president of a great corporation that controlled one of the prime necessities of his country.

He ruled over his kingdom, forty floors up, in a room the size of a football field, while between Cyrus and the outside world, guarding him like so many lions, were a solemn hive of workers carrying out his faintest hints, as if their lives depended (as to a large extent they did) upon his will.

The gigantic shaft of his father's building pricked into the sky above him.

Jim tried not to let its mere size daunt him; it was only the shell of his father's invisible spirit; but it was a disconcerting lump for a man to own as he owned his pocket-handkerchief.

Facing him, as he passed into the stone arcade, were a row of elevators behind steel doors, each one of which led to parts of his father's office.

Jim shot up, in one of them, in sedate smoothness, his heart hot with rebellion. A colored porter standing at a wicket gate told Jim that Miss Curtis, his father's secretary, would see him.

Miss Curtis sat in a large sunny room, flanked by two fluted-headed neophytes, beating out at terrific speed the intricate secrets of Cyrus Lane's wishes, upon their spick and span machines. She looked like an unruffled queen deciding the fate of Armadas.

"Do you think I could possibly have a talk with my father?" Jim demanded anxiously, "or is he terribly busy?"

Miss Curtis ignored the futility of Jim's second question; although beneath the friendliness of her smile lurked a faint irony.

"I am sure he will see you," she told Jim graciously. "He's just finished his mail and the appointments won't start for another ten minutes. You can go right in." Her hand hovered towards the receiver. "The office," she said, "was very pleased and excited about your race, Mr. Jim. It came through the radio to us—straight off the track. Your father arranged for us to hear it."

The two blonde furies slowed their frantic clicking for a second, as if to listen to Jim's abashed murmur.

One of the secretaries, smiling as she passed him, opened a door that led straight into his father's suite of rooms. Across a

wide sunny space of thick beige carpet, in a large bay formed by a string of shining plate-glass windows, sat his father in front of an empty-looking desk.

Mr. Lane looked as if nothing was going on at all, but, of course, Jim reminded himself, everything was, only it was going on behind the broad smooth forehead his son bent over and kissed.

"Look here, Father," he said, bursting at once into his subject, "I'm not going to that party of Mother's to-night; and I want to leave home for good, anyway!" He'd said it now—nothing had been able to stop him—not the intimidating kindness of Miss Curtis or the silent sunshiny peace of his father's room.

The old man tipped his chair back onto its hind legs, and turned eyes, out of which the element of surprise had long ago been drained, upon his son's face. He pushed a box of cigarettes towards Jim; and offered him a drink.

"It's over there," Cyrus Lane said, with a wave of his hand. "You press a button under those books, and it turns into a cupboard. You'll find anything alcoholic there you happen to want."

Jim shook his head; he wanted nothing, except the reaction he hadn't got, from his father.

He flung himself into a vast leather armchair, that stood at right angles to his father's desk, a chair in which many men had had to face an altered future.

"Well, Jim," his father said at last, "your mother sets a good deal of store by this party! I suppose you know that what is called 'the whole of New York' is coming to it? And I suppose you know why they're coming?"

"Yes," Jim agreed, mutely beating still more strongly in his heart, and making him thrust forward with determination, his already sufficiently determined chin, "that's the merry hell of it! They're coming to stare at me! And I won't be stared at! Goggle-eyed goldfish, butting in on a crumb, gliding round and round a glass bowl!"

"That's society to me, father! I've had to wait till I made good, before I could get out of the bowl. But I'm out of it now! I'm free! I shall live in two rooms over my own garage. Dunn's wife is a decent cook, and she'll do for me fine. You can come down and see me whenever you feel like it."

"I'll have an extra bunk put up in my room. No one in the whole of our gang not ever Rosemary—and certainly not mother—shall know where I hang out! I've found just the place I want—near the water—not far from Greenwich. In the summer we can bathe and boat. Dunn and Martin will run the works with me. I'm not wholly satisfied with my Wasp. I ought to have got that extra eight seconds out of her."

"There must be some way of doing it! But that doesn't matter now. I know you're busy, and anyhow, I can show you what I mean, better than I can explain it. What I came to ask you now is, to help me out with mother."

Jim became conscious that his father, who hadn't moved since he came in, or changed his expression from that of receptive tolerance, was feeling some sort of emotion.

Perhaps his father minded his leaving home? Home had never seemed to belong to his father, still his father did sleep there; and ate breakfast every morning in a small sunny room off the hall; and generally at the same time as Jim ate his breakfast.

Jim watched his father anxiously. The front legs of the old man's chair slid forward, and sank into the depths of the carpet. It rested now, as a chair should,

that bears the whole of a solid weight, on all four legs.

His father had always refused to use a swivel chair because he said he did not care for turning too easily in different directions.

"Well," Mr. Lane murmured, "this idea of living away from home, and living simply, is quite attractive and natural, Jim. It's the first step towards setting up a home of your own. I don't say that it wouldn't sound more natural and a lot more attractive to me if you were setting up a home of your own; but I don't suppose you have that in mind, have you?"

Jim flushed uneasily, how could he have expected his father to start up that particular hare?

"No," Jim said unhappily, "I haven't—not settling down—except by myself! There's another thing, father, against living at home—the sort of girls I meet there aren't the kind you could settle down with!"

"I don't say anything against Rosemary's set—still there it is—those girls want a lot of money to get started, more than I ever want to have to make—and once started they'd go off my line and try to drag me onto theirs! Of course, I know you'd plunk down a fortune for me any time, but I'd hate to take it."

"When I do want to marry, I want a girl that means business. I want her for keeps; and I want children. I don't mind her having a job, as well as her home, if she wants one—but I'd like her to want a home, and help me to make a real one."

"You know as well as I do that the girls buzzing around our house morning, noon and night, aren't home-makers; but gosh, some of them know how to look good! I'll get stung by one of them sooner or later—Dad, surely I'll get stung! After all, I'm human!"

"I'm glad of that, Jim," said his father, with a disconcerting twinkle. "Nothing better than being human, if you loosen up and know how to be! But to come back to your problem."

WHAT I like about problems is to make them easy—easy for everyone, I mean. It's wonderful what you can get people to agree upon, if there's no song and dance about it.

"The way I see it is—why not go to this party of your mother's? Being looked at for once can't do you any definite harm. Cats can look at kings—for just that reason, kings survive it."

"Start off with your mother being pleased about the party and you'll make the next stage a darned sight easier! Why not take a little trip abroad, for instance? I know you want to get back to your engine, but you've been training pretty hard these last few months, and that race must have put a strain on you!"

"What you do for the next few weeks will be news. You are in the public eye and can't get out of it if you stay round New York. Why not stand off for a bit till the Eye gets on someone instead of you?"

"By the time you get back, summer'll be ahead of you, and we'll find a good reason for your not being at home! After a time, the reasons going on being good enough, your mother won't know whether you've left home or not!"

Jim frowned—this was, he knew, the old man's way, like slanting the neck of a bottle and not blocking it, with a headlong rush. There was something to be said for it; but not so much—if you happened to be a headlong rusher.

Jim had crossed the ocean twice already, and thought very little of the other side,

He was an American and he felt that his own country was large enough for his needs.

"Do you remember Conry Castle," his father asked him suddenly. "The place in the Highlands of Scotland we took for two summers before you left school, where we had that good fishing and stalking?"

Jim nodded his head and his father continued.

"The Conrys had to sell it the other day—too hard hit to carry on; but they're still got a smaller, more out-of-the-way place called Lonach—a stubborn, stiff little castle, thick short towers with top-heavy gables—half French—half Scottish cropping out of a grouse moor with heather hills—the sort they call mountains—standing all around it."

"The Conrys live there, but they might be glad to let it for a couple of months, at a good price—they're poor as the daisies! How'd it be for you to run over and see if we couldn't get it, and hire enough servants to keep us comfortable for August and September?"

"I don't know what your mother's plans are. She might like something different, and in that case she can have it; but you and I, and Rosemary and her husband, could get a lot of pleasure out of a place like that—back of beyond and good sport with it."

"You haven't had a good holiday for quite a while!"

"I don't want a holiday!" Jim said impatiently. The telephone on his father's desk gave a gentle click. His father raised the receiver to his ear, and put it down again without comment. This was the first of a string of important appointments; but he was not going to hurry his uneasy son.

Jim rose to his feet and wandered off to the windows. The racket and roar of a great city rose through the thick glass in a gentle hum—like the murmur of summer insects.

"I'm not going to that dance of ours!" Jim said fiercely, spinning round to meet the old man's questioning eyes.

His father regarded him with polite attention, but he looked neither disappointed nor surprised.

"I don't care," Jim added after a moment's pause in which he found that his mind was fully made up. "If I do go to the Conrys for you, if you really want it! I suppose I might just as well do that as anything else!"

"Seems that way to me, too, Son," observed his father, with a curious air of sympathy, although Jim told himself defiantly, his father knew of nothing to be sympathetic about.

IN some strange way Scotland itself appeared to Jim to be alive.

Whenever the Conrys' car slowed down to negotiate an awkward turn, or to pass through small stone villages, Jim was aware of a quantity of light sounds; the chatter of streams; calls of birds, or the deep murmur of wind in fir trees.

Lonach Castle stood in front of Lonach like a thumb extended from a giant's hand. A small stone village grew at the foot of a glen, and climbed out of it towards the park gates. Above the trees, the round towers sprang from the earth like growing things, untroubled by time, and thick with old survivals.

Conry Castle was a splendid, towered and turreted, landmark, large and comfortable inside and out; but this squat, stubborn fortress of Lonach, harsh as an oath, gripped the heart. Jim understood the Conrys letting their namesake go, rather

than lose Lonach. The clenched dreams of their race had sunk into its stones.

"How many of you are there?" Jim asked young Conry anxiously; he felt as if he wanted to be reassured that the race wouldn't die out. Ronnie laughed ruefully.

"There's Deldre," he said, "my sister, and me—as far as my father is concerned—although he infinitely prefers my sister—there's only me! I am Conry."

He said it without conceit—even with a curious bitterness, but however bitter he might be about it, it hadn't occurred to Ronnie that he could be anything else. Ronnie had driven through the gates and halfway up the long drive, when he stopped at the head of a grass avenue, almost rooted in by tall and stately beeches.

Two people were waiting up it. A black-haired gigantically tall ghilly carrying fishing-rod and a step or two in front of him, a small creature in kilts with a fish basket slung over her shoulder. The ghilly seemed chained to her shadow; she was a girl, Jim supposed, though she walked with the effortless springy tread of a boy, her short flaxen hair tossed by the wind.

"That's my sister," Ronnie said.



SHE must have seen them, but she came towards them as if the landscape were empty. Her hair was so pale a flaxen that it looked almost white, her eyes were not large, but a piercing blue; her lips unpainted. Her nose had a little beak to it, which gave her an air of great decision.

She was very small and finely made, though not slender with any exaggerated slenderness. Her sturdy body was merely fitted down by the peristent activities of the outdoor world, in which she spent her days.

Deldre was not pretty; never in his life Jim thought, had he seen a more determined and formidable being; nor had he ever felt before so touched by the dignity and frailty of a girl. She was, as a matter of fact, as tough as a mountain ash—but a mountain ash can look very easy to break.

Ronnie said: "This is Jim Lane, Deldre."

She looked at Jim gravely, straight through him it seemed to Jim, and out the other side; then, still without smiling, she held out a small, firm hand.

Something important had happened. Deldre had looked at him; touched him; changed him. Jim knew that nothing on earth could be the same again.

"My father," she said in a voice as light and full of secret lives as the sweet-scented air, "will be pleased that you have come, and that I have caught a fish."

"What kind of a fish?" Jim stammered.

"We call salmon a fish," Deldre explained, and smiled. It was a heavenly smile; her piercing eyes softened into sunshine, her short upper lip drew back, showing a row of small and even teeth, prettily white. The whole creature shone out at Jim for a blinding moment, as if she were flashing a jewel before his dazzled eyes.

"We call 'salmon' a fish," Deldre explained. "The other fish have their separate names. It is as if we said: 'The king,' when we talk of a salmon. He needs no other name."

Jim had not thought Deldre pretty; but

when she smiled, he knew that prettiness was an empty thing.

WHEN Jim woke next morning his first sensation was content. Joy began at the very centre of his being and passed through all his limbs and nerves.

He looked at his watch, and sprang out of bed. He gazed through the slit windows, into the guileless light of an April morning. The sky was a lucid, cloudless blue. A mulberry-colored haze walked the more distant hills.

Jim dressed quickly and found his breakfast waiting for him, in a round wainscoted room at the lower foot. Silver dishes were not above invisible flames; brown eggs, fresh from the nest, were sheltering in a deep-wool-covered basket.

No one was visible; no member of the family looked in; no servants waited on him.

He found a slip of paper addressed to him in the hall, which informed that Ronnie was motoring his father to a distant link, but would be back in time for lunch; and suggested a fishing rod in a room on the right of the hall.

The front door stood open, and an elk hound, his tail sprucely curled, his eyes bright with expectation, looked in to offer himself as a companion for a walk.

Jim did not want a fishing rod yet; he wanted what the Conrys had given him—the free range of Lonach on an April morning.

Beyond the park, the moor stretched miry and uneven, pitted with silvery bog pools. A line of firs cut the sunshine and swarmed up the slopes of the small shaggy mountains.

The steady peacefulness of the inattentive hills sank deep into Jim's heart.

He walked from the park into the village; and no one stared at him. He stopped to buy forgotten matches at a village shop; and was asked no questions.

He found a path that led him on to the slopes of Lonach; and in a hollow, under an old oak tree, he came upon a patch of belated snowdrops. Jim would have thought the flowers only a wreath of snow, if it had not been for their quick, separate trembling.

He sat down on a mossy stump above the little hollow, drew out his pipe and lit it. Was he in love? or was he just happy because it was a fine day; and the thing he wanted done?

The elk-hound beside him stiffened suddenly into acute attention.

Up to this moment he had been an agreeable and considerate companion, only slightly linked by courtesy to a Conry guest; but now he was aroused by a central passion. His ears cocked rigidly, his tail stiffened, he tasted the air for a familiar odor, and catching it, was off like the wind.

Jim could only follow his passage through the landscape by the sudden quivering of underbrush and bracken.

The end of his quest was Deldre, crossing the moor below them, with a large basket over her arm.

It took Jim some time to work his way through the wiry wet heather to her side.

She looked less formidable in the morning light, hatless and killed and accompanied by the other elk, but if anything she looked graver.

Had Jim slept properly? Had he found his breakfast hot? Had Ronnie remembered about the fishing rod? If he liked, as soon as Deldre had taken the butter home, she would show him some likely pools?

She was fond of dairy work, she told Jim, and her father had been particularly kind in allowing her to run the home farm. People seemed to like home-made, home-grown things, and it saved a little money.

Then she turned the conversation to Ronnie.

Jim had already noticed that the Conrys had a double-edged social gift. They could be friendly without being personal, and they could be unfriendly without being personal.

They could make the transition between the two by the turn of an eyelid, or by the withdrawal of emphasis from their voices, so economical were their methods and so immense the emotions which lay behind them.

They were like icebergs, not because they were cold, but because so much more of them lay beneath the surface.

"Ronnie's tastes are more mechanical than mine," Deidre explained. "Even when he leaves Oxford he won't care to take up farming. He wants very much to fly, but my father would rather that he did not."

"Unfortunately we have to consider money, and I doubt if Ronnie's flying would be financially helpful to us as a family. Our land is being driven empty."

"We can only hold on to it now, by what we make ourselves. I think it is a funny world, don't you? It used to matter being a person, but now persons hardly matter at all. They can't compete, however hard or faithfully they work, with mass production. Industry seems to have become a form of extravagance!"

"Our farm people are giving up their farms one by one," she continued, "though what they produce was better than what is flooding the markets. Our farms stand empty and our land runs wild. We ourselves help to spoil it by cutting timber to pay death duties."

"We were lucky to sell Conry Castle—doesn't that sound funny?—for you, who have lived in it, and by doing so helped to stave off its sale—must realise that it was not easy to have let it go!"

"But by selling it we can manage to keep Lonach and the glen, for a generation or two more, and for that we are lucky!"

"Then you won't back Ronnie about flying?" Jim asked her. "You believe in freedom of possession, rather than in freedom of life?"

Deidre looked puzzled, but not antagonistic, as if she thought abstract questions both difficult to answer offhand, and rather irrelevant.

"I'm sorry for Ronnie," she explained, after a pause, "but I am afraid I do think he should give up the flying idea, and devote himself to learning some new scientific way of helping our farmers, and running the estate. I believe it could be done, but I have not had any chemical education, and unfortunately Ronnie does not seem to be interested either in land or in chemistry."

"It'll be his land, not yours," Jim said considerably.

"Yes," Deidre agreed, "not that I see that makes any difference. The blood is the same. I am a girl, and two years younger than Ronnie, but I am a Conry."

"If your father died, and Ronnie married you'd have to turn out, wouldn't you?" Jim persisted. "The work you've put in wouldn't count, nor your caring so much for your place than he does? It must be tough luck being a girl in this country!"

There was a faint note of withdrawal in Deidre's voice when she answered him.

"There is a nice dower house and a little farm attached to it which might fall empty. It is about twenty miles away close to the sea, and considered rather a dear little place. I would be happy there," she said.

A deep inexplicable anger burned in Jim's heart. He seemed to see Deidre working herself to the bone to save her brother's property; growing harder and more weather-beaten as the years passed. The lovely faint rose color of her cheeks whipped into harsh-veined coarseness and the gracious dreams of her youth stiffening into dullness and pride.

He managed after a pause to control his voice, and speak as casually as if he had nothing at stake. "Land seems like something personal to you over here," he murmured.

"It is personal," Deidre agreed quickly. "In a way it's more than personal, for what is personal is only for a short time. This land has been ours for hundreds of years. What we owe to it is more than what we owe ourselves; and if we give all that we have to the land, it will last longer, and be more worth-while than any personal gain."



JIM sheltered his pipe from the dancing April air, lit it in silence, and then flinging the match away said with decision, "I can't believe that—about owing land anything, I mean—it seems to me you don't trust life enough—or whatever it is that is behind things."

"Surely land ought not to come before a person's instincts. Instincts for children, for instance; or for some other kind of job incompatible with living up here in these hills? To my mind, if Ronnie wants to fly, he should fly; and if you want to marry, you should marry! Let the land look after itself."

"One would have to want such a thing very much," Deidre said quietly, "to like it better than our life here. You see, it is work, looking after land and animals, standing by our peasants who trust us, and need our advice, and often our help, and it is at the same time something more than work."

"There is a life that we are responsible for—in the villages on our estate, and in lonely farms on the moors and in the hills. Ownership is a religion, too."

She paused and their eyes met. It was the first time that Jim had looked at a girl with his heart in his eyes. He would not have done it now if he could have helped it, but anger had shaken the bars of his control. He could neither keep his love out of his eyes, nor turn away his head to hide it from her.

"I should like to make you want marriage very much," he said in a low voice. "Because I intend to marry you—there can be a sort of religion about that, too."

Astonishment and anger fought in Deidre's eyes. Jim saw that he had startled and shocked her to the core of her being.

Something in Deidre that had never yet been approached, felt itself directly menaced. "What an incredible thing to say to a stranger!" Deidre cried, springing to her feet. "Perhaps it is only a joke—if it is, it

is a joke in the worst possible taste—but even that would be better than talking such nonsense in earnest! Why, we've only just met!"

Jim rose slowly. He was over six feet tall, so that he had to look a long way down to meet Deidre's fearless eyes. They were bright and hard with anger—the eyes of a fighter—incapable of confusion or retreat.

"No," Jim said firmly, "it's no joke, and it's not incredible. I've waited a long time to say it—all the time there was. I knew it, when I saw you coming up that beech avenue, and what's more, I believe you knew then that I was interested in you."

Deidre's glance did not falter, but a flood of color swept over her neck and up to her forehead, then slowly drained away, leaving her as pale as the inflexible small flowers to which his heart had compared her.

She did not deny his assertion. "It would have been impossible," she said severely, "even if it had to come about more reasonably, after a long time!"

"You do not know anything about me, and I do not know more of you, than that you have strength and endurance. I wish to remember these things, for I can admire them."

"What you have said displeases me very much. It is foolish and impertinent to try to force an intimacy. One must learn to trust a person deeply before one can feel even friendship! I will try to forget that you have spoken of such a thing!"

"You try to forget what I've said," Jim told her with a twist of his strong, sardonic mouth, "you try forgetting it! I won't bother you with it, but you'll know it's there—and you won't be able to get rid of it!"

"I've had to hurry you some, because I'll soon have to be back at my job; but I haven't hurried myself. It might be impertinent to speak so soon if I didn't mean it, or meant it easily, but what I mean isn't easy, and there's all there is of me behind it!"

"As to trust—any fellow that knows danger knows whom to trust. If you don't trust me yet—why you can start learning! What I've said needn't stop you!"

Deidre turned away without answering. Jim could see that she was still disturbed. Her thick, fair eyebrows were drawn taut and her lips were pinched.

When she spoke again, however, it was with her usual courteous friendliness, and without resentment. She had dropped the subject more completely than Jim had ever felt a subject dropped before. Her whole consciousness shied away from it.

"Whether I marry or not," Jim told himself, "I've seen the only girl I shall ever want to marry!"

FOR a week Jim tried to catch Deidre alone, and failed; and then he found himself going off for a day's fishing with her, nothing further having been said about it than it was good fishing weather.

When Jim asked where Ronnie was, Deidre's eyes grew pleasantly vague, and she said, "I expect he's off somewhere or other." But about fishing-rods she was extremely definite, and urged upon Jim a ten-foot-six rod with a 2 x 1 cast.

It was a quiet sunless day, rain blew softly against their faces and as softly ceased. The hills were dun-colored and the moor a toneless purple.

"I think we might follow the river across the moor and up to Glen Almond," Deidre suggested. "There should be a good spate coming down after last night's rain."

"Wherever we go, will suit me," Jim told

her in a voice that showed Deidre why it would suit him.

When Deidre spoke again, although her voice sounded perfectly friendly, it was simply to ask him if he didn't think a Butcher as a dropper, and a number four Peter Ross as a tail fly, mightn't be best?

"I think they seem to suit the Ismay's rather fast stream," she told him. "They let us fish there this season, because our fishing is let. Plenty of sea trout come up, and sometimes a salmon can be found in one of the pools, but not often."

"The sea trout lie at the far side of the stream in the slack water, and one has to wade well in and hold one's rod high, for the current is so quick that the fly is apt to get dragged across it. The spate has come down you see. Look at the broken water down there. This will do very well for a start!"

Deidre took longer than Jim saw she needed putting up her rod. She was watching Jim without seeming to watch him.

Jim waded across the river at a shallow, and made his start at the head of the fine rough stream running through a gravel bed.

Before he'd made many casts his reel sang out, and he was into his first sea-trout. The trout was a lively fellow and played well in the strong water. It took Jim almost to the bottom of the pool before he could bring his net into action and scoop out a good two-pounder.

He wanted to call out his luck, but he was afraid of disturbing Deidre, so he killed his fish and laid it gleaming, brightly spotted body in his wet-leaved basket.

Again Jim took up his rod with the reverence of a good fisherman, and made a steady, beautiful cast. The fly played lightly over the roughened surface.

Suddenly the reel shrilled and he was conscious of a great weight at the end of his line, pulling him half-way into the stream. He knew by the weight that this must be a "fish."

He moved back warily through the rushing water, until he reached the bank where once more on a firm footing, he put on every ounce of power of which the rod was capable; but the salmon, hurrying itself this way and that, in the fast broken water, put up a terrific fight.

He yanked under a stone, leaving the line slack above him, then made a sudden plunge downstream till the rod shivered under his weight. Jim found it no joke changing his feet on the steep and slippery bank. After twenty minutes' rapid fighting, the salmon began to tire.

Jim sang out for Deidre to bring the net. He could not turn his eyes to see what she did, but he heard a rapid rush of footsteps, and then her voice behind him: "The bank's too high to strike! Hold on—I'll be there."

Something scrambled and shot past him, into the swirling stream. He saw a glimpse of Deidre steadying herself in the rough water, and felt in his own heart the pause that came before the quick precision of her stroke.

She had the fish, but he clutched her only just in time; for the current, working away the shingle under her feet, had risen to her waist.

He thought he had never seen a girl look at once so wet and so happy.

Her eyes glistened, her cheeks were a bright pink, in her excitement she clung to him, even after they had reached the bank.

"You've caught the biggest fish I've ever

seen in this water!" Deidre cried. "He's twenty pounds if he's an ounce, and with this rod—! Oh, Jim, it's a fine catch—and you're a pretty fisherman to have caught him!"

She seemed to care terrifically about Jim's triumph—more than if she had caught the salmon herself.

They sat in the wet heather, side by side, the lunch basket between them and Deidre handed Jim out food which seemed celestial, from carefully packed tins.

"What's your country like?" she asked him suddenly.

Jim knew then how he could make love to her; to speak of his country would be making love.

He spoke rather stumbingly at first.

"You mightn't like it," he began, "it's the exact opposite of this. Still, I'd like you to see it. I love your country just because it's so different, and you might like mine, for the same reason."

"This country is full of everybody's secrets. It's held hundreds of years living and dying, fighting and love-making. You've had old religions here as hard and solid as the rocks. In my country Glencoe would be just a funny little cut in the hills—but it isn't here."

"You feel the massacre. America is vaster than you can have any idea of, but its oldness has been by itself. Our history isn't only human."

"We're new on our land and it's new what we're doing with it, but the land's not new; it has a secret history. Perhaps a Russian would feel at home in it. Everything's bigger than it could be over here—accidents, trees, opportunities, rivers, dangers, and skyscrapers! When things are bad with us they're very bad."

"Deidre, I want you to see America! I don't want you to take the half-baked notion of travellers. People shouldn't only travel in foreign countries, they should live in them and make friends! They should meet—the way you and I are meeting now—for we are really meeting, aren't we?"

He looked at her anxiously. She did not look less happy; the color came and went on her wet cheeks; her eyes shone deeper, although she had stopped smiling.

She said in a low voice: "Yes, I think that we have really met." Then she sprang to her feet: "Do you know what time it is?" she asked Jim.

"But it doesn't matter," she continued before he could reply. "We often fish all night, and we're always supposed to get our own supper whenever we like when we're fishing. Still if we're going home over Lonach, we must hurry, so as not to get caught on the hills by the dark; and I think it would be nice to go back over Lonach!"

Jim helped her gather all the scraps from the lunch and fling them into the rapids. While they were taking down their rods she said:

"I should like very much to go to America."

He told her more and more of America while they crossed the glen and went out over the moor towards the hills. The day seemed as full of telling her things as it was of the fugitive light sunshine.

LORD CONRY had a book on his knees, but his eyes were fixed upon a page which he had not turned for a quarter of an hour.

The elks twitched, sang, and hunted in their dreams. The fire roared up the big open chimney in a straight, unbroken flame, like a pillar of sacrifice.

Deidre sat on a stool at her father's feet. She was wondering if he guessed that she felt hollow as a shell; as hard of surface, as salted with pain; and as empty.

She knew he was not reading. As a rule she could guess what her father thought, when they were alone together. They shared the same interests, and the same occupations, so that it was easy to fathom each other's silences.

It was a silent night. There was no wind, and the mists were down from the mountains and hung heavily about the castle walls.

Deidre thought that it was the night for a ghost to walk, and not a living man, who paced her heart without ceasing and would not leave her.

Jim had gone to London, and had not said good-bye to Deidre.

SHE knew it was her own fault. She needn't have gone to the Home Farm before breakfast, and never come back.

She had done it on purpose, so as not to have to say good-bye to Jim, before the others. She had thought he would have guessed her purpose and followed her to the farm, but he had not guessed it, or else he did not wish to say good-bye to her at all.

She had made little duties for herself at the farm. She had boiled cream; hunted for eggs; stamped butter pats; and washed a dog in the yard; but always where she could be in full sight of the road from Lonach.

As soon as she knew that he had started, she had run across the moor, and climbed Ben Almond. From its slopes she could see the car, like a struggling beetle on the road, a thousand feet below.

Deidre had stood and watched it out of sight, and then climbed higher, so that she could see the smoke of the train that was taking Jim south.

It had been a sunny day with air as clear as glass.

Deidre had watched the smoke trail and sink down the glen, and when there was not so much as a wisp of it left, she had sat for a long time upon a clump of heather, with her face buried in her hands.

She thought, defensively, of their last words together. She had told Jim that she would never love anyone else; that she should have showed him; but that she belonged to Lonach.

You cannot dislodge what is a part of a landscape, she had argued. But all Jim had said was: "Rot, you're a girl, not a stone! You can do plenty of useful things anywhere, and I have a heart as well as your father." She had not mentioned her father, but Jim had guessed that what held her was her father's heart.

Lord Conry had been silent for so long that Deidre thought he really had begun to read at last. But he hadn't, he spoke as if his mind had merely been holding its breath.

"I thought that fellow liked you," Lord Conry said.

Deidre gave a sigh, into which her whole being seemed to flow. There would be no harm in sounding regretful for the uselessness of such a love as Jim's.

Her father would even expect her to show a little decent sorrow for a good man's disappointment. He would not, she thought, guess her secret, if she only sighed.

"I don't know," Deidre murmured, "how real his feeling was; perhaps it was just

the strangeness. "He thought he liked me, but we must remember he came here after a great achievement and a great danger—it was not a little thing Jim did—matching himself against time and space, together."

"It must have seemed as peaceful and quiet here, as if it had been heaven. I think he enjoyed the peace; and it is spring. He told me he had not seen, in his own country, quite so wild nor sweet a spring."

"But in America, I think, Jim would not have noticed me very much. I hear the girls there are such handsome, spectacular creatures—you know that lovely one who stayed with Aunt Caroline, she was able to speak so rapidly about everything, and she dressed like a queen. I don't think out there I should even exist. After all, I'm a part of Lonach, and a part of you!"

Her father said slowly, between cautious puffs of his pipe: "Lane is a Scottish name. There's a family of them near Perth."

"It could be that Jim has a little Scots blood in him," Deidre agreed eagerly. "I have thought sometimes that he handles his rod like one of us."

"That being born in America hasn't done him any particular harm," her father asserted. "I've heard many things against Americans, and rich ones at that, but they aren't true of Lane."

"You'd never think he had a penny but what he earns out of his job. He's a modest man, and speaks straight out of his thoughts."

"I've watched him catch a fish. Whenever he was born, he is a sportsman with good blood in him," Deidre felt her heart lighten. Direct praise was rare from her father, and she liked to hear Jim praised, even indirectly.

"He has the makings of a powerful fisherman. There are no salmon rivers near where he lives in America. It is a pity."

"Ay," her father admitted cautiously. "And I happened myself to be talking to MacCulloch about one thing and another, over at Conry the other day, and he told me that when the Lanes were there a while back for the summer, Jim could follow a hart all day over the hills, and not lose him."

"It was a wet summer and the beasts took some following, but even with the light turned against him, MacCulloch said young Lane was not so bad a shot."

Deidre said nothing, but her heart beat hard and fast with pride, and by its beating she knew that she was alive again, and not an empty shell.

"The Conrys are slow lovers," her father observed after a pause. "I knew your mother ten years before I spoke of marriage to her, and then one day on a shoot, as we were crossing a bit of heather, I said to her: 'Jean, I'll not marry if you die an old maid.'"

"She saw through me at once, and said: 'Then I'll not die one.' So we knew each other's minds, and the thing was done. The night she died I was sorry for it—that was the only time."

Deidre saw that her father's face had set like granite, and his pipe had gone out.

"I shall never marry," she breathed between half-closed, colorless lips.

"And why not?" Lord Conry asked her harshly. "Are you looking for a better man than that record-breaker of yours, who had no conceit of it, in him, once his race was won?"

"I'll marry no one but him!" Deidre answered in a voice as harsh as her father's, "and you know well, I like none better!"

"Then why go to your grave an old maid, and waste the two of you?" her father de-

manded. "Is it to please me you're starving yourself of love? It will neither please me, nor help Lonach. The master will marry, and his children will rule here after me."

"You'll not be wanted when I'm gone, though you've been more than a son to me, but think to yourself, Deidre, wouldn't I have more joy in a free daughter leading a healthy life in a foreign land than one here under my eyes with her heart on a chain, living empty?"

Deidre's breath came fast, she felt as if she were fighting for her life against her father, her words slipped out quickly one on top of the other.



BUT over there," she cried, "where it's so strange, and I should seem wrong to them all, and my children born in a country that's not mine, with you and my own country and all that I am, and have ever known—not wanted and looked up inside me—how should I bear that—or you, either? Jim would feel ashamed of a wife that was neither of his blood nor his manners!"

"Jim's manners are no different from ours—not in the main," her father reminded her. Deidre forced back the tears from her eyes and swallowed the hard lump she felt rise in her throat. She saw Jim's eyes, pleading, as he had never in words pleaded, for what she had denied him.

"He's young and he can get what he likes," she urged desperately. "and what would you do here, alone, in the long winter evenings?"

"The master is never here for long, only for a month or two in the summer, to fish, and later for the shooting. There's a long time from the autumn of the year till the swallows come, and you without any young thing of your own!"

"I do not need any company more than my own," Lord Conry quietly answered her.

Deidre was alive now from crown to toe, alert and tinglingly alive. She was angry, too, and felt as if the tables had been turned on her by an adversary.

If her father didn't want her, if her country would be as much hers across the sea as under her feet, what could she do but call her lover back again, and tell him so?

She looked at her father's long bony hands and had a queer physical sensation, as if she were a part of them. She could not even remember what Jim's hands looked like; they were the hands of a stranger.

"How do I know that Jim would want to come back—even if I sent for him?" she demanded. "He left me without saying good-bye."

"Angry or not, he'll come back," her father said with a grim smile. "He'll come back to be angry, and to make you pay for having made him angry! and you'll be ready to outface him with your senseless pride! Where you got it from I can't think!"

Deidre jumped to her feet. It wasn't too late to send a telegram, for Jim was to spend two nights in London before he sailed, but she wouldn't do it yet, not until her father had gone to bed and couldn't hear her eating her words over the telephone.

DEIDRE bent over Jim, but he was sleeping, and with such deep content that she had not the heart

to wake him, even to share the dawn. She dressed quickly and ran up on deck. She found a niche against one of the lifeboats on the top deck, where she was in no one's way, and could see, when the light came, the country which was to be her home.

They had been married seven weeks, and this was the first time she had been alone.

Leaning against the ship's rail, with eyes that searched the thinning dark, she was glad that Jim still slept.

A strip of pale daffodil, sharp as a razor blade, prised open the lid of the sky. Deidre saw with a thrill of excitement, close to terror, that she was looking at more than the sea. Above the dark mass of water rose a succession of round hills.

Deidre gazed at their vague shape of darkness, firmer than air, with growing astonishment, the hills were so large and so empty that they hardly seemed real.

There was no craft upon the smooth floor of the turquoise sea.

"It's not alive!" she found herself saying over and over under her breath. "It's not alive!"

Suddenly the ocean drew its great spaces closer together. Behind one of the nearer hills a tower leaped out, not a tower of the kind that Deidre was used to, thick with exposure and defence, but a lean, long, delicate shaft; and then another and another leapt after it, until a high uneven line of shafts pricked their way into the enduring blue.

Deidre turned and ran along the deck, crying into the porthole:

"Jim! Jim! It's come! It's there!"

She hoped her voice did not sound as if a tiger were about to spring on her. In a moment Jim shot up from his berth, flung a dressing-gown round himself, and was by her side. He tried to say "San Francisco!" as if he were not proud of it.

Deidre called up all her strength and all her love:

"Jim," she said, clutching at his hand, "it's marvellous! terribly marvellous! It's like the New Jerusalem!" and felt that she had done well enough. She tried to think of something else to say which would keep those first words "It's not alive" so far beneath the surface of her thoughts that Jim would never guess them.

The city, clear and stark without a shadow, drove steadily upon them. Boats came out upon the water. A crowd of nest-bright houses streamed downhill, into a deep cleft, and up another hill, but the city took very little room.

The groups of empty mountains were undisturbed by it, as the Pacific was uninterrupted by the intrusion of the little boats upon the endless rhythm of its blue.

Jim laughed with excitement and delight, a wisp of his black hair, usually so smooth, hung over his exultant eyes.

"Eighty years ago," he said, "Indians hunted these hills. Can't you imagine them sweeping over great spaces, on galloping horses, in feathers and deerskins; and now—this city! It's all that thought and courage crowded into time that gets you! That's America!"

Jim caught her in his arms and kissed her as if he were kissing America.

Deidre told her swiftly beating heart. "It's all right! It's all right! I'll die to make it all right!"

He let her go and pretended to laugh. "It comes on you rather all of a heap," he explained. "I've never been as long away from America before. Out of the dawn—like that—and with you to show it to! I suppose I like it all the better that it's still unfinished! There's room in it all round for growth, and perhaps for getting

hold of the whole business of life, better and clearer than Europe has ever done, tied like a dog to the centuries behind it!

WHEN dawn broke, the sun slid over everything in the desert, like a sheet of light. The air was so clear that when their camp fire was lit, the smoke rose in a blue column; so solid that Deldre felt she could have leaned against it.

There was a great deal of scenery on so large a scale that she sometimes lost heart about it. Fruit orchards stretched into infinity with the regularity of drilled armies.

Near the coast, fog was a fierce and terrible thing; it moved in like a wall from the Pacific, blotting out everything and chilling to the bone all that it touched. A few miles inland the desert burned on without a drop of moisture.

There was no intimacy about the untamed earth; even when they were riding, they had to be on the look-out for rattlesnakes. Nevertheless the first two months were wonderfully easy to Deldre, for she was alone with Jim, two Indians and eight horses.

What there was to do, the packing and unpacking of animals, making and breaking up of camps, building fires, cooking and hunting, were all activities which suited her.

To ride all day long over mountain trails, to shoot game by water-courses at dusk or dawn, asked from Deldre no strange qualities.

Her confidence in Jim deepened every day, and she saw that it was as deeply returned. He did not flatter her, but he said once: "I never knew that being with a woman could go one better than being with a man. I thought you had to pay extra for what there was, but you don't seem to have to."

At the end of their two months, bronze and tawny, light of feet and steady of eye, they returned to civilisation, not without dread. Deldre thought: "Nothing can ever be as easy as what we have had!" and Jim said to himself: "Well, now we're for it! All this strong right arm stuff is simple, it's the mixing with minds, that is the acid test! How will she face up to it?" but neither said anything to the other of their fears.

THEY crossed the continent, stopping from time to time to stay with Jim's friends. Deldre thought each time, "They won't like me! I shall find them difficult!" but each time she found them wholly easy, and exactly the kind of people she would have chosen for her own friends.

These friends of Jim's were seldom rich people, but they had houses which Deldre thought astoundingly comfortable and beautifully organised; and however clever they were they seemed to want to be kind.

Deldre showed no trace of home-sickness. She admired whole-heartedly whatever was shown her, and asked for nothing that she was not offered. Still Jim thought it wise to warn her that New York might present more difficult problems.

"After all," he said, "this is the open door. New York is where we stop."

Deldre understood that, but she reassured Jim by saying:

"I think it will only get nicer, if that were possible, because I always like stopping. You can do more with what there is when you can stay longer with it! All these visits

have had only one fault, they seemed to me too short!"

When they reached New York it was already dark.

They drove straight to an hotel, and Deldre saw nothing but jewelled lights, until she woke in the morning wondering what the noise was.

Jim was already in the bathroom, so she went to the window, and looked out.

Their room was on the fifteenth floor, and the broad avenue that ran beneath the window did not seem like a street, but like a great river at flood, crammed with flying debris.

A wonderful breakfast was sent up to them, on a table covered with silver dishes. The linen and the silver were so immaculate that Deldre could hardly believe they were staying in an hotel.

It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps the clothes she had bought in the West would hardly be suitable for New York, though she had thought them suitable for anything; but Jim reassured her when he came out of the bathroom; he said they could easily get some more if his mother thought it necessary.

With their breakfast a whole sheaf of wonderful flowers appeared; and a note from Mrs. Lane arranging exactly what they were to do. Nothing else, Deldre gathered, must happen until she had seen them.

An enormous car stood at one of the hotel entrances awaiting them; inside it was like a drawing-room, full of crimson roses and silver knick-knacks.

"It's mother's car," Jim said with a slight air of depression. "It's a great honor to you, her sending it for us! Personally I loathe big cars; if you want to wallow, I believe in wallowing at home. This one has got an engine, I suppose, but most of it is cushions."

They drove almost in silence to the door of the Lane mansion.

Deldre had prepared herself for splendor, but as the bronze doors swung back, she saw that what she hadn't been prepared for was homelessness.

The Lane house was splendid, and it was a splendor combined with taste; there were no mistakes in the picked value of history, Greek statues, Chinese sculpture, Flemish tapestries, were all of the right period, and they were given the right background; the only thing missing was intimacy.

The butler startled Deldre by his low English voice: "Mrs. Lane," he told them. "Is in the garden-room." His voice didn't make Deldre feel exactly homesick, but it made her feel as if home were very far away.

Deldre slipped her arm in Jim's, and whispered: "It's marvellous!" a little questioningly.

"It is what money can buy," he answered her with an unsmiling grimace that told her she needn't be too enthusiastic.

They walked on and on, over an egg-shell colored carpet, as thick as heather, until they came to a flight of steps which led down into a warmed and perfumed garden-room.

Giant ferns and brilliant cinerarias surrounded a turquoise swimming pool.

Camellia trees stood on either side of the pool, and there were banks of poinsettias and azaleas shading from dawn-pink to darkest crimson.

Beyond the pool and the poinsettias, with hands outstretched in welcome, stood Jim's mother.

It took Deldre a long time to reach Mrs. Lane and all the while she moved up the long flowering corridor, Deldre was conscious of her mother-in-law's voice. It was neither hard nor piercing; it was what is called a carrying voice.

In Deldre's speech, so much living had to go into so few words, that it was startling to hear this stream of words flow on and on, into which so little living had ever penetrated.

Mrs. Lane seemed to take for granted that she could continue to speak, without having even to think of what she said, since her social sense would automatically produce whatever was suitable. But if the sense of what her mother-in-law said was strange to Deldre, the sight of her was wholly satisfactory. It was not necessary to understand it, you had only to admire.

Mrs. Lane carried fifty years with an impressive mastery; if she had not killed time she had at least skillfully disposed of a good deal of it. It was her spiritual entity which overpowered her daughter-in-law.

DEIDRE felt that she was in the presence of a force that controlled others more habitually than it controlled itself.

Holding her firmly by both arms, Mrs. Lane gently disengaged her daughter-in-law, and propelled her to the edge of a large soft chair. "So this is Deldre!" she repeated several times, hiding, or imagining that she had hidden, from its object the shock she felt at the extraordinary unimpressiveness of her new daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Lane tried to make up for the complete lack of drama Deldre's speechless insignificance had forced upon her, by the fervor with which she exclaimed: "My son!"

It would not have surprised Deldre had photographers sprung from behind bushes, to commemorate this final act of welcome, but nothing could have been less effective than Mr. Lane emerging from the pointsettias as soon as he thought it safely over; even then he joined the group with a hushed guiltiness, as if he had arrived late at church, and must on no account interrupt the service.

"Have you seen Rosemary?" he demanded in a low voice. Well, she's here somewhere. He brought this out as if it were a fact in which they might both take shelter.

Rosemary appeared from the opposite side of the pool, and with a mere wave of her hand, she seemed to make everything easier. She was even more dazzling and beautiful than Deldre had expected, but it didn't really matter, Deldre decided, how beautiful Rosemary was, for with it she managed to look both simple and kind.

She had, too, a power which neither Jim nor his father possessed, of successfully puncturing her mother's remarks. Rosemary had a hat on, and looked as if she didn't belong to the house. She said: "Well, that's all right, you've got here at last," and kissed Deldre as if she meant it, and didn't really mind having a sister-in-law, who only came up to her shoulder.

"It's just too wonderful to have her here, isn't it?" Mrs. Lane broke through her own incoherencies to drop: "How Jim could have kept her away all these months in that rough childish California, while we were all pining to show you our dear, sophisticated New York—I can't imagine—but now, dear child, you have it all before you, and winter, too, which is our best time for social life."

Deldre saw Jim's mouth turn into a hard straight line, a line she had never seen it take before, and thought unbecomingly.

Instantly Deldre realised that something had penetrated the luxuriant jungle of irrelevant topics, which masked the main water-way of her mother-in-law's mind.

Mrs. Lane was skirting a determined plan, and it was a plan that she already knew her son didn't like.

Mrs. Lane, however, got no further with her plan for the moment as Rosemary cut across her mother's speech with skilled insistence: "I want to take Deidre right out," she announced, "to lunch with me, and then look round a little. I daresay she'd like to buy a few clothes, and she'll have to know something about the younger set. Father can take Jim to lunch at his club, and then, Mother, you'll have your decks good and clear, and can go ahead with all the plans you've got."

Mrs. Lane's eyebrows rose, or rather the space they were painted on shifted a trifle higher, still she did not dispute her daughter's generalship. Perhaps she even wanted to involve Rosemary by letting her take a hand.

She merely said in a faint tone of expostulation: "I haven't a plan in my head, darling, except for you all to be perfectly free and happy." For a moment her eyes rested upon Deidre with a speculative blankness, which became suddenly transfixed into an expression of horror.

Mrs. Lane moved resolutely forward, slipping an arm in Deidre's and drawing her beyond earshot of the rest of the family.

"My dear child," she murmured in a tone of reproachful gravity, "I hope I am quite wrong in supposing that there is any prospect of a—of a little one—so incredibly soon?"

She had guessed then, Deidre thought, with a pang of guilt, though she was quite at a loss to know why.

"Yes," she admitted, "but not for ages—not till spring!" Spring seemed suddenly to stand away from her—as a time of unimaginable distance. Her heart sank still further, for her mother-in-law's face had changed from anxiety to consternation.

"But, my child, what a dreadful pity!" Mrs. Lane exclaimed. "Immediately—before you've had any social life."

Deidre stood still, her figure became rigid. She looked at the pool at her feet and thought how clear and clean the water was. Budget-glasses floated over her head; the great poinsettias flared between her and escape. Silence, solid and cold as a stone wall, rose between her and her mother-in-law.

"We don't think it wrong," Deidre heard herself say at last, in a silly, stiff little voice. "We want it awfully."

Mrs. Lane withdrew her arm. She seemed, in withdrawing it, to withdraw everything; her welcome, her support, the keystone of Deidre's new family life.

Deidre thought: "This is Jim's mother—and now she will never care for me!"

"I am going to carry you off," she heard Rosemary's cheerful voice close to her proclaim, and turning with a gasp of relief, Deidre clutched Rosemary's arm as if to steady herself. Wouldn't this other girl who was newly married, too, somehow or other understand?

But later on when they were sitting together in comfortable friendliness over a wonderful lunch, Deidre found that her news evoked an almost more trying response. "Isn't it an awful nuisance?" Rosemary sympathetically inquired.

"I can see you and Jim are all right, but Deidre, you'll have to do something about Jim. Generally I'm terribly up against mother for bossing us all around—and I'm entirely on Daddy's side about everything—so is Jim—only I can't help admiring

mother. You can't make a mistake about what she knows socially—she knows it all!

"In a sense she is New York, and what she says, goes! After all, what is life, if it isn't social and you haven't the right friends? Jim's idea is never to have anything to do with people—except as work companions. He lives in a shack on the flying ground, and won't poke his head out of it!"

"Of course I know you're going to build a house in the country—and that won't matter for later on, when people once know you! But just this winter, Deidre, you'll stay with us, won't you—and help us about Jim? It's so infinitely simpler to get started with the right background. You know yourself what it did for Jim in Scotland—living at your home?"

"But—but—" Deidre said miserably, crumbling a light French roll, "you don't mean in your mother's house, do you? Not actually under her roof?"

Rosemary gave a shriek of laughter. "How you hate her already!" she gasped, as if hating one's mother-in-law didn't matter. "After all, it is rather a wonderful house."



"YOU mustn't think I hate her," Deidre expostulated. "I don't! I'm inexperienced, and I want to understand New York; but I feel that I could always understand better alone with Jim; and with you to explain—than if I were in somebody else's house. Besides, Jim likes things simple. We couldn't be very simple there, could we?"

"I don't see why Jim should have everything the way he likes," his sister said a little sharply.

Later on in the afternoon there were the marvelous shops; they would have completely bewildered Deidre if she had had to face them alone, but Rosemary was an expert shopper, inflexible and discreet, and yet always cheerful and polite, giving no more trouble than she needed, and listening with sympathetic attention to whatever the skilled saleswomen said.

They spent a lot of money, but they came away with nothing that they didn't want.

After the first ten minutes, Deidre felt perfectly at home with Rosemary. She was a little startled to find that her sister-in-law had no reserves; but in spite of her drastic frankness Rosemary was quite extraordinarily nice.

Still she was shocking. She simply didn't think Deidre's standards existed. She thought they were terribly funny, and she thought Deidre terribly sweet.

She swept her about in a model sports car and showed her a beautiful, seven-roomed flat, as sleek and span as an Olympic home a hundred years hence. This was where Rosemary lived and she was an excellent housekeeper, but when it came to her husband Ted, there seemed to be quite extraordinarily little of him.

He worked however—when he worked at all—in Mr. Lane's office, and they had all the money they wanted.

It was Christmas morning. There weren't any bells, or perhaps they lived too far away from any church, to hear them; but Deidre heard them in her mind. They began far up the glen,

and weaved themselves on and on from village to village, a web of clear sound against the roof of silence.

All churches, Deidre thought to herself, in any country must be open now. If she went to early service, she would disturb nobody's plans and it was her one chance to get away from parties and presents.

She decided not to wake Jim, who had been up late the night before, and who cared for churches only slightly more than he did for parties; but before she went down stairs, she went back to look at him.

He was sleeping very peacefully, one arm thrown over the space where she had lain, as if to hold her still.

She stooped noiselessly over him to put her lips against his dark hair. She did not feel homesick, for out of her heart she had built herself a new home.

The great house lay empty and noiseless all about her. There was just enough light for her to see her way downstairs.

The night-watchman slept in his corner by the door, and Deidre hadn't the heart to wake him up at this early hour. He was a good watchman and probably had not fallen asleep until he knew that the day was near.

Fortunately Deidre knew how to open a side door without disturbing the intricate system of burglar alarms.

As she stepped out into the street the cold struck her like a blow across the mouth.

She battled cheerfully against it, safe and warm in her squirrel coat, feeling the double life in her, not as a weight, but as a balanced strength.

The cold was intense, pervasive, brutal. The giant flakes whipped her cheeks, and blinded her eyes. She had never been out in so active a snowstorm before. At home the wind came first, and the snow followed, but here they came both together, and you had to put all your strength into fighting them.

Deidre was glad when she saw the steps of the Cathedral.

As she pushed back the heavy curtain of the door a wave of music broke over her.

The air was thick with incense; but beyond the lights rose in a great circle, higher and higher, into a mist of stars.

In front of the altar the seven lamps burned red.

There was a great crowd of people, but it was not a solid crowd, they moved a little, coming and going, and by and by Deidre found standing-room near the creche. In the dim light the life-sized figures of shepherds and magi might have been a living part of the crowd. The angels and the animals, Deidre thought, looked very natural, as they circled round the kneeling mother and the new-born child.

Deidre's heart rose high in her with the thought of her own motherhood. "It couldn't be any other way than this," she said to herself. "God or a child, it is the way Love should always come." The words sang themselves over in her quiet mind. "Unto us a child is born! Unto us a son is given."

Suddenly Deidre felt a vague sense of discomfort. She looked up to see a man, half hidden by a pillar, leaning forward, with his eyes fixed on her. The hard, intense watchfulness of his gaze was like that of a beast, measuring the distance between itself and its prey.

Deidre had seen the eyes of a ferret reddened and set in the same way, at the sight of a rabbit; but Deidre was no rabbit.

She got straight up from her knees and walked towards the pillar, but when she reached it the man had melted into the crowd.

The congregation was all about her, sweeping her along, out of the main doorway onto the steps.

A ray of sun broke through the heavy clouds, and for a moment Deidre saw the city hang like a vision, sparkling pure and bright, against a gulf of blue.

There were only three blocks to walk, with bent head, against the wind's fierceness.

To her surprise, when Deidre reached the house, she saw a group of men standing in the open doorway. Jim, his father, the night-watchman, and a policeman.

The stricken look in Jim's eyes made her cry out: "Jim! Jim! What's the matter?" He turned quickly away from her, and walked back into the house as if he could not trust himself to speak.

Mr. Lane said "Deidre!" in a stern voice that she had never heard him use before: there was no welcome in his eyes. "Where have you been?" he asked her with terrible quietness.

"WHY—Mr. Lane—"

Deidre cried nervously, "I've only been to church."

Mr. Lane gave a sound that was half a laugh and half a howl. "Well," he said, "I hope you got something better out of your religion than we did! We got the fright of our lives. No one knew where you were, you see."

"But where would I be?" Deidre protested incredulously. "It's Christmas morning! I didn't like to wake anyone up. I wanted to go to church. I didn't talk about it last night—there was that great party, and I was so sleepy after that. I forgot. But this Christmas morning—it was Christmas! though there were no bells!"

The policeman and the night watchman disappeared. Deidre stood alone in the hall, facing her father-in-law with anxious eyes. Apparently she had done something very terrible, but she could not feel that it was terrible to go to an early service.

Why should she announce it to them? You didn't tell people when you were going to say your prayers. Her father-in-law spoke more gently. "I guess it's all right since you are, Deidre," he said. "Run along in to your breakfast, only another time don't go off at odd hours alone, without saying where you are going to! Of course you didn't understand, and no harm's done, thank Heaven! Your mother-in-law doesn't know anything about it. Only Jim and I knew you were missing."

Deidre drew her brows together in a pained frown.

It might be all right now; but to have frightened Jim and her father-in-law on Christmas morning, to have frightened them so badly that Jim wouldn't speak to her, and Mr. Lane had treated her like a naughty child, was quite bad enough. They had affronted both her dignity and her common-sense; and yet Deidre had far too much trust in them not to feel that they must have had some mysterious cause for their behaviour.

She could not understand this being treated like a child or fool. Her father-in-law, however, was now beginning to twinkle again, and she knew by experience that when he resumed his usual role of spartan jocularity he would dodge successfully all seriousness. She said under her breath: "I must find Jim," and left him.

She guessed where she would find Jim, in a funny little room at the back of the big hall, where guns and fishing tackle were kept.

It was called Jim's study, and it was the only room in the house that he ever

treated as his own. She found him there, staring out of the window, and still looking rigid and queer, as if he were holding on to himself. She flung her arms round him. "Jim!" she murmured. "Jim—I'll never—I'll never—" but even while she promised she was wondering what it was that she must never do.

Jim turned at the touch of her arms, his hands fastened round her as if they would never let her go. He held her against his heart as if he wanted to draw her into it, and close the door of his being in defence about her and their child.

"It's all right, Deidre! It's all right!" Jim stammered in a queer choked voice, and then he laughed a little shamefacedly. "Come along in and have some coffee," he suggested, "your hands are like ice, and the snow hasn't melted out of your hair!"

"You look like one of those snowdrops again. I wish we were in the glen to-day. Didn't you take it that there was a blizzard on? It's as far below zero as my heart was, when I woke up and found you'd vanished! I ought to have thought of church—it just jolted the sense out of me. Another time you might tip a feller the wink—as to what you're up to! I'd have gone with you like a shot!"

Deidre said gently: "You were with me . . . I only didn't want to wake you up. I went to Cathedral because it was nearest, and there was the crèche."

Jim looked deep into her eyes. The intensity of what each of them felt ran instantly from heart to heart.

Because Deidre had cared so greatly for the image of all Motherhood, Jim saw the image and cared greatly, too; and Deidre felt Jim's fear, and knew that she must not ask him why he had been afraid.

CURLED up in the

corner of the garage, where through the bare boughs of the trees Deidre could watch the building of their house, she decided to write a letter.

"Dearest Ronnie," she wrote, "I am sending something for father's lumbago which they find very good over here, and a diet list for his rheumatism. Please see that Mrs. MacCulloch understands, and does not cook the fruit with sugar. People over here know much more about hygiene and gymnastics than we do. It is rare to see badly-made people, or an ill-cooked or undid meal. Everything in the Lanes' house is run so well that it is like living in a clockwork fairy tale."

"I think you will find the best receipt for red mange on page 134 of 'The Dog Book,' on the third shelf in the nursery. Tell John Ames to use it, night and morning, for Gandhi, wherever the hair seems thin, especially round ears and tail, and as much powdered sulphur as will go on the tip of a knife, should be mixed in with his meal."

"You ask me to describe what I now feel about my life here—after this long time. Dearest Ronnie, it is very difficult, because I have not yet got quite a life."

Deidre laid down her pen and looked out through the curtain of rain. Her eyes grew very large and rather misty as she looked; nor was she paying her usual attention to the workmen.

"The decision to stay the winter with the elder Lanes was altogether my doing and I am not sure now that I did not make a mistake about it. Jim knew his home better than I did, and he did not want us to stay. I thought in so large a house that we should be quite free and private, and I deeply feared beginning my life by disappointing his family. Mr. Lane is wonderfully kind to me. He takes us

both away for week-ends to his country clubs, where we enjoy ourselves enormously and have plenty of golf and meet the nicest people; but the rest of the week is a little difficult."

Jim and I found a beautiful piece of land not too far from his motor works, and our house is nearly finished now. I drive from New York to oversee the workmen almost every day. They are mostly Italian, and it is a help to be able to talk to them in their own language."

The men in Jim's works are splendid fellows, and I spent three days and nights there, while Jim showed me everything, and I got to know them. The two chief men are real friends of Jim's, and most kind to me. It is a little funny, their way of being kind. In our new house there is already central heating in the garage, where I am writing to you and a lovely little kitchen where I can cook what I want when I stay here all day, or both of us for week-ends. It is great fun being able to do this, especially when Jim has time to join me."

"This little hill, where we have bought our home is like the prow of a ship. It runs out above a rise, with a wooded cliff falling in terraces to the water-side."

Jim has given me a dear little puppy, which we call Saul, because he thinks he is wise. He is at a trainer's in the country all the week, but we pick him up on Saturdays, when we spend the week-end here or near the motor works, and he digs up everything that we have planted, and tries to bite the wheels of the cars; but he is learning to be obedient and is very companionable."

"Our roofs and walls are that French type of silver shingle, and although it will not be a large house, it has plenty of room in it, and windows that slip back like a screen and let in walls of sunshine. There is almost always sunshine."

Deidre paused again; this time she got up to remove something that Saul was quietly worrying in a corner. She had not noticed where she had put her felt hat, and now there was only a little leather band with a ribbon attached to it.

After Deidre had climbed back on to her window-seat again she wrote: "There is plenty of very interesting society in New York; but perhaps we do not see all that we can of it at my mother-in-law's. She gives such large parties and makes so many plans that it is quite bewildering. It would not matter if her plans did not involve us; but when she wants a thing very much she supposes that it is certain to happen."

"Several times when we have quite definitely refused an invitation, she has arranged for us to go just the same, and when I have reminded her that we have already refused she seemed to expect me to give way."

"It has been painful to upset her plans!"

"Listening is a thing she never does, nor can she seem to hear what disagrees with her."

"I spend all the time I can with my father-in-law, who is an even wiser man than we thought, and full of fun. I always ask him anything I do not understand; and even about Jim I ask him things. But not about Mrs. Lane, of course."

"This younger set of Rosemary's drinks a great deal and they careen each other in public as if they had to."

"I see a great deal of Rosemary, and always shall. I am very fond of her, and

I wish that she and her husband understood each other better.

"It seems to me that marriage and murder are alike in some ways—there are no onlookers who can describe what really happens—and the parties involved cannot take an objective view of each other. I find that one does no great harm by changing many of one's ways, and I am not sure that I have changed some of mine sufficiently."

"Father asks if I am well; indeed I was never better," Deidre wrote. "The air here makes one feel all the time as if one were rising to the top of a wave, with the buoyancy of salt beneath one!"

"It is an extreme climate in New York and often there are very bitter and unpleasant winds, with great leaps of temperature, and when it rains it is as if a whole hillside turned into a waterfall. But there is always more sunshine than we ever have, and a hill in the air as gay as a good tune."

"Tell father our lives are as safe as they are in Scotland. Perhaps a speed driver's life is never very safe. A great deal is expected of Jim, and I must not speak to him about fear. I have asked him, whenever he can, to share his experiments and trial runs with me; and he has promised after the baby is born to do this; but he is always too good a driver to take any unnecessary risks."

"Jim does not like me to be alone in the country when our workmen have gone, and I seldom go out by myself after dark, but I have the feeling of always being perfectly safe, and enjoy driving my little car now that I understand the traffic laws."

"This is the longest letter that I have ever written, but you asked to know exactly what I thought, and how I lived now that the strangeness has worn off. I think that certain strangeness cannot quite wear off; but there is nothing terrible about strangeness when one is no longer a stranger oneself."

"Love to you always, and to all the dogs—especially Gandhi because of the mange.—Yours, DEIDRE."

"P.S.—Tell John Ames to go on writing to me, and that I have not forgotten the Gaelic; indeed, I think that I have not forgotten anything."

The rain had stopped, so that the two large drops on Deidre's hand could not have come from the open window. Saul stood at her knees and licked them off, as a reminder that it was drying up outside.

Deidre saw that it was later than it should have been. She promptly slipped on her waterproof and took Saul out into the harsh air.

The Italian workmen looked pleased to see her. She was strict with them and always made them undo any faulty work they had done and do it afresh under her watchful eyes, but her praise was quick, and before they went home she brought them out a bottle of red wine and gave them each a glass.

MRS. LANE liked to have her own background for encounters, so that when Deidre was summoned to her mother-in-law's apartment, she expected trouble; and when she saw that Mrs. Lane looked bland, Deidre realised that the encounter was to be serious, for placidity, except as a weapon, was not one of Mrs. Lane's attributes.

"Sit down, dearest child," she cooed with caressing firmness, "on that little sofa,

where you can put your feet up—so useful at such a time! Let me see, we are very near the great day, are we not? It is such an event for us all, it reminds me of my own early motherhood. Ah! I was all mother!"

Had she not expected a compliment upon her spirit of universal motherhood, Mrs. Lane would hardly have paused so soon, but Deidre could not think of anything appreciative to say—she did not feel sure that she cared for women to be "all mother"—however, Deidre obeyed Mrs. Lane's suggestion out of good manners. She put her feet up. Mrs. Lane rose majestically and slipped a cushion behind Deidre's erect spine.

"There, darling," she said tenderly, "lean back and feel perfectly at your ease."

A fresh pause supervened. Deidre knew that she had not been summoned merely to receive cushions and feel at ease; and Mrs. Lane saw that she would have to expose the rock she had intended to glide over.



"SHE wants to make me do something that I don't want to do," Deidre thought. She straightened her fair eyebrows and looked at her mother-in-law with grave, attentive eyes.

Her mother-in-law's restless eyes wandered over Deidre; over the cushion which had slid from Deidre's straight back to the floor; over a bank of heavily-scented freesias rising behind the sofa, as if they were all part of something that she would have to put straight, if not at once, later on.

"Sir Eric Arbuthnot rang up this morning," she said at last. "Yesterday he was a little uncertain whether he could accept my dinner invitation for to-night. There was something about Washington which might have prevented; but I am glad to say that he is able to come, and although the notice has been so short, I have managed to arrange over the telephone a very pleasant and important little group to meet him."

Deidre felt her eyebrows twitch nearer together, but she tried not to frown. Her god-father was sixty and famous; he had ceased to care for important people, and he had never cared for groups. He had wanted very much to spend this last evening with Deidre. Still the dinner party was neither terrible nor unexpected.

Deidre had already warned Sir Eric in advance of its probability and had begged him to accept. When he had said: "If I've got to, I will, but I'd rather take you and Jim out somewhere," she had said: "I'm afraid you've got to," and he had said: "All right, little brute, I'll come." She had done all that her mother-in-law could have expected of her, and had hidden the fact that she had had to do it. It could not be anything about Sir Eric which had gone wrong.

"It will be very pleasant to see him again," Deidre murmured. Pleasant was an innocuous word and might prevent gush.

"Yes, indeed," her mother-in-law flowed on towards her hidden goal, "such a pleasure for us all; and how well one understands, dear child, the beautiful relation there must be between you. I remember my own god-father with such tenderness and admiration! A diplomat, too!"

"We all had godfathers in my set when I was young. There was so much religious feeling! But there is a little arrangement that I want to talk over with you, dear child, and that I know you will understand and

consent to. I always tell my friends how fortunate I am in having such a truly sympathetic and considerate little daughter-in-law!"

"You are so near your time, my precious child, that we must be most careful of you, quite apart from the look of the thing, which I know you and dear Jim a little underestimate; so that it will be best for you not to come downstairs to-night."

"Sir Eric can see you in your lovely little boudoir upstairs, and you can have a nice quiet talk together about old times and Lomach, and all your dear mutual friends. I will send up cocktails."

Deidre looked blankly across a wide expanse of azure carpet into the fellow azure of the distant sky. She thought irritably that the carpet and the sky might have been made of the same piece of material cut out by the same expert upholsterer. If Deidre were not to be present at the dinner party that evening, her mother-in-law would of course be the centre of the occasion; but was it only that she wanted? It could not be without significance that the long line of defeats Deidre had suffered all winter long seemed to point in the same direction.

What her mother-in-law wanted was to make Deidre give way, and for a reason that would cause her discredit, not with herself, but with Jim.

Watching her mother-in-law with searching eyes Deidre asked herself, in a sudden flash of insight, whether these defeats were not part of a punishment which had Jim for its aim. Jim never surrendered to his mother, and he always resented Deidre's surrenders. He resented them more than Deidre had thought quite natural, for to give way to older people unless it infringed upon a definite right, always seemed natural to Deidre.

Deidre knew that her mother-in-law was not a happy woman, she had lost, in the real sense of the word, both her son and her husband. She had asked too much of them, until she had used up the love they had for her. Mr. Lane still paid her every reasonable attention, but he had taken away his heart.

Mrs. Lane had asked much of Rosemary, but not quite so much. Her daughter still loved her, still fought her, still unconsciously carried out her will by imitating her methods. Rosemary had more courage, more honesty and more generosity than her mother, but Rosemary used her will as her mother had used hers, to drive love out of her husband.

Mrs. Lane was "all mother," Deidre thought to herself with grim amusement; she was never going to let her children go, even when her power to control them had gone, she would try to control them through others. She was controlling them now. She was controlling Rosemary through Ted; and she was controlling Jim through Deidre.

The anger that rose up like flames through her whole being warned Deidre how much she had already helped her mother-in-law. She, too, had threatened Jim's central wishes.

She lowered her eyes so that her anger might, if possible, remain unseen.

"I think," she said quietly, "that as I am not ill, I should prefer to come downstairs to dinner."

Mrs. Lane accepted this assertion as a deliberate challenge. She always held herself erect, so that when she drew herself up she gave the impression of a creature rearing—a silkworm, for instance, or under great provocation, a cobra and—as she augmented in emotion, she condensed in space.

"Do you not think, that as a guest in my

house all such decisions should be left to your hostess," she practically hissed, "even if she did not happen to stand in such a sacred relationship to you as a mother-in-law?"

Deidre answered with surprising promptitude: "No, I think not. This seems to me a question of personal freedom. If Sir Eric, whom you have not yet met, was your friend, you might well be the best judge of his entertainment; but he is my friend, and I must consider what I know to be his wishes."

"He will see nothing at all disgraceful in my appearing at a dinner in his honor; indeed I doubt if I could make him understand that anything but illness would prevent my being present. We are both looking forward very much to this evening. You see, he will meet Jim for the first time."

Mrs. Lane's face set in startling lines, which momentarily effaced its opaque smoothness and turned it into the face of an old woman. It was Deidre's pride in Jim that her mother-in-law could not forgive her.

THIS moment of tension was terrible to Deidre; it was as if she saw for the first time how great her own danger had been. Then her mother-in-law's face became bland again, and as smooth as a young girl's.

"It will all fit in most beautifully," she said with a gracious smile. "Dinner is not until eight. Your little private talk, even Jim's presentation to Sir Eric—I know young brides like to keep such new formalities in their own hands—can take place in your own apartment. No explanation will be necessary as your condition is obvious. But you will not come downstairs."

Mrs. Lane said these last few words as if they were as solid as stones. They sounded—and they were intended to be final—She even got up, picked the cushion from the floor, and thoughtfully placed the freestair further away from her daughter-in-law.

"Sir Eric," Deidre murmured breathlessly, "does not like functions very much. This is his only free evening before he sails. I must at least share it. It shall be, I promise you, the last of my social functions."

Her voice shook a little. Mrs. Lane's eyes fixed speculatively upon her daughter-in-law, as a good dressmaker speculates where to cut into the material before her. She knew the exact shape that she intended to produce, and she thought the material sufficient for her purpose.

"Dear child," she said with increasing tenderness, "at a moment like this it is quite terrible to me to present any obstacles, however reasonable, to your wishes!"

"I understand the nervous strain under which you are now living as if it were my own! No wonder that you feel irritable and not unlike your dear considerate self, and that your natural courtesy and clear judgment are momentarily warped! We cannot help these physical mischances, nor do I blame you for one moment!"

"But what I am urging is for Jim's sake as well as your own! You have done so well this winter, in spite of your unfortunate condition, and made quite a little place for yourself in the best society New York has to offer; and I need not tell you that this is very good indeed, for you have seemed fully to appreciate it!"

"Your attitude gives an appearance of arrogance and insensibility, which I regret very much, and which I feel sure you do not wish to produce among our old friends," Deidre's mother-in-law said.

The Conny anger was a compact and fierce emotion, and it rose in Deidre like a well-stoked fire. She had stood months of petty tyranny from her mother-in-law, had overlooked lies which covered wrongs, flatteries used as a mask for malice, and emotional appeals which she had considered cruelly unfair, but none of these had outraged her deepest instincts as she felt them outraged now.

"Forgive me," she said, speaking quickly, "if I appear to thwart your wishes. Either I shall come downstairs to-night as usual, or, if you are determined otherwise, I shall leave this house immediately. I am sorry to leave you in this way, but I cannot accept such interference with my personal habits!"

"Deidre," exclaimed Mrs. Lane in shocked horror, "how can you lose your temper like this? And I am astounded at your lack of gratitude!"

"For what am I to be grateful?" Deidre asked, between flying breaths. "Jim did not wish us to stay here, but you are his mother—I accepted your version of his world, and I was blind to do it! This is not America!"

"It is the drawing-room of a spoiled and merciless woman! That first night I came here you begged me as a personal favor to remain. It is for that I am to be grateful? Did it not occur to you as young married people we should both prefer to be by ourselves? This is a large house, and I expected privacy and freedom."

"I have had neither, and I have not been able to give either to Jim! One must often accept favors in order to give them! I accepted the favor of your hospitality in order to carry out your wishes, and I have tried to carry them out. I made a great mistake, for they were not Jim's wishes. I have paid many times for my mistake, and so has he! And though I am deeply grateful to your husband for kindness and for wisdom, I do not feel that I owe you anything!"

Deidre saw Mrs. Lane, through the little red cloud before her eyes, dancing up and down like some capricious puppet—always with those surprised plucked eyebrows and carefully held in lips; but she heard no answer to her outburst of anger, only the door closing softly behind her and the sound of her own breathing like a creature that has been run to the verge of death.

She stood for a long time holding on to a solid standard lamp and wondering if she were going to be silly enough to faint; but nothing happened, her breath came slowly back again, and as soon as she could manage it she went into her father-in-law's study.

He had already gone to the city, but she left a note for him with Miss Ransom.

"I am very sorry. I have quarrelled with your wife. I cannot stay here any more. I am going at once to our new home, it is nearly ready. Please forgive me and come soon to see us. You have been terribly good to me, Deidre."

She telephoned for her car, and carrying a small suitcase with her night things, went down, in the silver and raspberry lift, for the last time.

She found her car waiting and sent the driver back to the garage. She felt that driving alone through the New York traffic would brace her nerves.

The harsh bright March day blew and blazed about her. The little car fled on its way, as responsive as a leaf to the wind.

Deidre was not angry any more. She felt relieved and glad. Being dutiful and considerate all winter long to a tyrant had been very exhausting and had kept her from the peacefulness of common sense. She would not be dutiful any more, she told herself—

not even to Jim; fortunately he was not very fond of dutifulness.

She stopped at Saul's trainer's, and drove on more ecstatically still, sharing Saul's wider joy.

The world raced by—smokestacks and towering chimneys; tomato cans and rusty iron debris; squat wooden houses.

The air grew fresher and less harsh, hillsides and pleasant houses standing alone in cultivated gardens, rose round them. The traffic grew slowly less.

For a moment there seemed to be nothing on the road but wind and light; and then, another car shot past her so near that hardly a hair's breadth divided them; and its driver gazed for a flying second, into her face.

Saul's hair rose in a high stiff ridge along his spine, and he gave a deep howl, the first and most complete that he had yet accomplished. Deidre accelerated and the car flicked off into the broad distance. But the driver of the car was not a strange man! Where had she seen that face before? The curious, lightless eyes, raw and empty, like the crude color on a painted can.

For a moment her mind beat in vain against blankness, then with a sudden pang of fear, Deidre remembered the young man leaning against the pillar, who had stared at her as she prayed before the crèche, in the Cathedral.

Deidre gave a sigh of satisfaction as she slipped out of the car at her destination.

The workmen had finished and the house was empty. The firm, clear lines of it filled her with pride. This was the work of their hearts; Jim and she had planned together the building's every comfort and felicity; submitted to its laws, and surmounted its obstacles.

Deidre could think without self-reproach of the harmony of their strong wills, adjusting to each other, in order to make their home. She had carried out all Jim's ideas with the same loyalty and success with which she had carried out her own. When they differed she had never tried to prove, by making a thing go wrong, that she was in the right—that easiest form of self-assertion.

TOMORROW the furniture was to be put in; but to-night they could sleep in the garage as usual; and she had stores enough to make them a good supper.

She went all over the house, opening up room after room and filling in turn with sunshine and fresh air.

There was no sound but a little wind in the trees and the patter of Saul's footsteps patrolling the house beside her.

Deidre knelt by an open window for a long time, looking through the trees, across the valley, to the further hills.

Deidre stumbled to her feet and ran down through the echoing house, full of the sound of its own emptiness. She tried to steady her heart to listen while she gave the number of Jim's motor works.

It was wonderful to hear Brandon's voice over the wire.

"Jim," he told her, "has just run in and everything is O.K. Miss Lane."

Deidre even forgave Brandon for calling Jim by his Christian name. She had to lay the receiver down for a moment, her hand was shaking so; then she heard Jim's voice and could hardly remember that she had ever felt afraid. She asked: "Was it a good run?" and when he had told her, she said none of the beautiful things she had

meant to say to him, only "Jim, I'm at the cottage. I've quarrelled dreadfully with your mother!"

Then she paused, trying to make out from his silence if he was on her side or not. Though she had not even told him what the quarrel was about. Evidently he was for he replied quite soothingly: "Oh, well—we all of us have done that sooner or later! You've been polite too long—that's all, I expect!"

She explained then about Sir Eric. She had telephoned to him before she left New York, and he would lunch with them tomorrow, his boat didn't sail till five—only perhaps, Deidre said, Jim ought to be at the dinner, and could come down to the cottage afterwards.

Jim said that he was darned if he'd go to any dinner, he was coming straight to her.

Deidre was delighted, but she felt that it was all wrong, because of poor Sir Eric. Surely he must have one of them? No, Jim said, he mustn't. Sir Eric had his father and mother, Rosemary and Ted—not to mention the picked New Yorkers that his mother had sorted out.

The party would have to do for Sir Eric. Jim took no notice of her pleading, he cut her short by asking in rather a hard voice if the Swedish gardener and his wife were with her.

Deidre told him they couldn't come till tomorrow, and he said: "Who is with you then?" more harshly still, and did not laugh when she said: "Oh, Saul, and about fifty squirrels!" Jim said sternly: "I thought I told you not to go to the house alone, unless the workmen were there!"

Deidre remembered that Jim had told her this, but she had thought it great nonsense, and she still thought it so, but she murmured ingratiatingly: "I won't be long alone, Jim, if you're really coming now."

Jim said he was, and rang off as if he were in rather a hurry; but however much of a hurry he was in, he couldn't arrive for at least three-quarters of an hour. There was just time to make the beds in the garage; lay the table; cook potatoes; open tins; and cool beer.

Everything went beautifully, and Deidre heard the car draw up in less than three-quarters of an hour.

Saul flung himself down the staircase like a waterfall, using the special bark he had for stairs and other uneven surfaces; and Deidre followed with surprising swiftness, whipping off her kitchen apron before she opened the door.

Two strange men stood there instead of Jim. They were very strange indeed, for they had rather dirty little white masks over the two of their faces.

Saul stopped barking, he flew through the air at the throat of the nearest man, the hair along his back rigid as a rake.

There was a queer thumping sound, and Saul hung in the air like a slow-motion dog in a film, his fierce leap turning into a limp scattering fall.

Deidre stared down incredulously at "his huddled body with the blood coming rather fast out of it. She forgot the men; she sank on her knees beside Saul, calling his name, and she thought that his eyes before they glazed over and ceased to see anything, saw her.

Then something flapped over her face and she felt the stinging suffocation of chloroform. She said to herself before the blackness drowned her, "I must breathe slowly and not be frightened." The suffocating feeling stopped at once then

and she became a part of the blackness quite easily.

When she woke up Deidre thought that she was on the sea again and tried to put out her hand to find Jim's fingers, but she could not move it from her side. It was quite dark, and it was not the sea, but the floor of a motor car, on which she lay. A man's boots touched the side of her body and something tight and sticky fastened her eyes shut.

She had been kidnapped. It was not nonsense Jim's telling her not to go to the house alone.

She tried to speak, but found that her mouth was locked. She moved from side to side, and a voice close to her face said: "I'll let you loose, but if you make a sound I'll kill you like your dog!"

Deidre lay quite still. Behind her lids, as if it were painted on them, she saw the face of the young driver on the road, with the raw blue eyes. The car rocked violently. She thought: "They're human, I must give them time to get used to me."

After a time the man bent over her, loosened her bonds and took a silk gag out of her mouth. Then he dragged her on to the seat beside him, where she could be almost comfortable.

Deidre thanked the man for making her comfortable, and said: "I will make no noise. You will not do me any harm, will you? I am to have a child very soon. Can you take this stuff off my eyes?"



HE cursed her with extraordinary ferocity, as if Deidre were having a child on purpose to annoy him. She gathered that the kidnappers had made a mistake and had wanted Rosemary.

"Couldn't you let me go, then?" Deidre urged softly. "You have only to stop the car and put me out on the road. No harm could come to you, for I have not seen your faces, nor could I describe your car! I would wait as long as you needed before trying to find my way home. My husband and my father-in-law are very determined people. They will not stop searching for me until they find me. You will never be safe again if any harm comes of this."

The man on the driver's seat had not yet spoken, but he had listened while Deidre made her appeal, though he had gone on driving at seventy miles an hour. She wondered which of them had shot Saul.

At last he slowed up a little and said to the man beside her: "I guess you can peel her eyes off, if she wants it. We're on a side road now."

The other man spoke again, after he had dragged—not too gently—the adhesive tape off her eyes. "We'll be filling up soon," he told her, "and if you bat an eyelid or make a sound, you're on the spot! That's all there is to it!"

Deidre thought: "This man is so frightened that he is quite unsafe! What a mistake to think gangsters are brave; they are like vicious animals; their eyes can stare, but their tails droop, and they attack always from fright."

"This poor man's voice is shattered with fear, if they do not tie my hands I can get a shoe off—no one ever here makes brogues just like the ones Sandy made me

—and perhaps while they talk to the feller I can drop it out of the car!"

The car checked and stopped. It was pitch dark. Both men got out, and one of them half-dragged, half-lifted Deidre on to the road, cursing at her weight. He pushed her into some bushes at the side of the road. She heard his heavy breathing close beside her, while the other man drove off to get gasoline. Somehow she felt that this man was more inimical to her than the other man. She dared not move or speak, until she heard the car drive back.

But even when they were on lighted roads it was no use screaming, since they could probably kill her quite easily, and no one be any the wiser. The best thing was to keep as quiet and to give as little trouble as possible, then perhaps sooner or later they would unleash their attention, and she could throw the brogue out of the window.

Deidre moved her wrist stealthily and saw by the luminous dial of her watch that she had been in the car four hours. She tried not to remember what Jim would feel like when he saw Saul's body lying on the doorstep.

The car started up and rushed on into the darkness. One of the men dragged her on to the seat again, and Deidre slept at last.

The man beside her slept. The man in front was using all his wits to keep the flying car on the road. A crack at the top of the window farthest from Deidre was open; she moved slowly and gingerly forward, and then with an expert turn of her wrist, shot the shoe out on to the road. Softly and cautiously she slipped back into her corner again. The car was whirling its way noisily up a steep hill so that the shoe made no sound falling. Neither of the men stirred. The car rushed on into the darkness.

She wondered if she would have time to seize the gun from the pocket of the man beside her and shoot, before he woke. But then there would be the driver to deal with. He could stop the car in its stride. He too, had a gun. Deidre came to the conclusion that there would not be quite time enough, and that the risk was too great.

A faint light crept into the car. By and by she could see the man beside her. His wooden, sharp-jawed face was the face of the man in the cathedral. She thought it more stupid than any peasant's face that she could remember. He woke suddenly, stared at her, and seemed surprised at the steady way she met his eyes. He muttered:

"Aren't you scared of me?"

Deidre said with a faint smile: "I think you have more reason to be afraid than I."

The gangster stared hard at her with his brutal, senseless eyes and then leaned forward and struck her across the mouth. It was not a hard blow; it surprised rather than hurt Deidre, but she could not keep the contempt out of her eyes, and it was a satisfaction to see him turn away his head, as if he could not face them.

"Didn't I tell you to leave her alone?" the driver suddenly shouted. He pulled up the car and turned round. He had a lean, long face and eyes which he had taught to harden. He would not have been a bad-looking fellow if he had not lived under a tension so great that every feature seemed taut with it.

Both men scrambled out of the car, snarling and shouting at each other like

fighting dogs; but they did not forget to lock Deidre in the car before they left it.

The two men walked a few paces out of earshot to settle their quarrel, and when they came back to the car the other man got in beside Deidre and the man who had struck her took the driver's seat.

After they had driven on an hour, the man beside her took out a rucksack and offered Deidre bread and meat and a drink of flat beer. When she handed back the glass, she saw that his hand shook in taking it. He said in a low voice, so that the other man could not hear:

"You'll be all right, lady, if you do what you're told!"

Deidre smiled at the kidnapper and after a moment's pause she said:

"It was the other man who shot my dog, wasn't it?"

He frowned and muttered: "I'd have done it just the same!—or you either—if I had to! We're not in this game for manners! Don't make any error! Nobody is going to do what you want. You can't bribe or force 'em so! That soft life is over. You just have to do what we want, for a change—see?"

Deidre looked at him steadily. She thought that he was pretending to be more unkind than he was; but she did not think that he was acting a part wholly to deceive her. She thought that it was a chronic acting carried on to deceive himself.

Deidre leaned back and did not speak for a long time. It was full daylight before she asked:

"Did you know that I was a stranger in this country? I came from Scotland."

"Yes," the man said under his breath, "I knew it; but it makes no difference to me where you come from. We have no country."

She thought with a pang of hope: "I believe he has Scots blood in him—or he could not have denied the difference! It is because he knows that there is all the difference that he has denied it!" But when she looked again at the man's thin lips and shifty eyes, she sighed, for she saw that he had no inner security, and lived only from moment to moment—precipitously as a wild beast lives—preying and being preyed upon.

Two or three times in the course of twenty-four hours they stopped the car and found a hiding place. One man stayed to guard her while the other took the car to a filling station. She noticed that every six or seven hours they changed the number on the car.

Light and darkness had less effect upon Deidre than the identity of her captors. When she had her enemy beside her, she kept awake and alert for any evil, and when the man without enmity took his place, the wild alertness of her senses died down into a kind of peace.

They gave her food and drink while they took it themselves.

In the daytime the air was like a furnace, though the nights were cool; while they moved it was not so terrible, but whenever they stopped Deidre could hardly breathe.

The earth was cracked and dry, and looked like a broken biscuit. Here and there in the distance Deidre saw scarecrow houses, pathetically trying to adapt their human inmates to a baked earth.

Beside each one stood a high iron tower, which the less civil man, she now knew as "Jake," told her provided the water on

which their lives depended; there was no water visible on the surface of the parched and aching ground.

ON the morning of the third day they drew the car off the road altogether. Some little way from them, breaking the immensity and listless solitude, stood a group of eucalyptus.

"There's a river there," Jake told Deidre, pointing towards the trees. "We're going to give you a rest while we change cars."

There was nothing in sight but the trees, the ribbon of the road they had jerked themselves out of fifty yards away, and the quivering yellow line of lifeless land. Fear came over Deidre, so intense a fear that it held her senses in a kind of cramp.

For a moment she could neither have moved nor spoken. She felt that under those trees they were going to blot out her life and all her hopes. She looked at their faces, and both seemed to her to have closed down into an automatic rigidity, as if they had shut all humanity away from them. She thought to herself: "People who get torn to pieces in factories by machines must feel as I do now!"

She was reassured when the two men started quarrelling. Jake insisted on taking the cushions out of the car, and she felt there would be no need of cushions if they had meant to kill her immediately. Jake had his way and carried the cushions across the dusty expanse of desert between them and the trees.

Rather than stay with her enemy "Bert," Deidre went with Jake.

She expected to see water when they reached the trees, but there was only a deep slit in the unbaked earth full of stones. Jake took her hand and helped her down into the pit of stones.

She said: "Are you both going away?"

"Not on your life!" Jake answered with a wry smile.

"Then I hope you will be the one to stay," Deidre said.

Jake did not answer her directly, but he made her lie on the cushions under the trees, while he walked off to have what looked like another quarrel with Bert. When it was finished, Bert drove away in a cloud of dust and Jake came back to her.

"It is a very big country," Deidre ventured to say when he had reached her side. "to be so dead."

"It's alive all right," Jake told her grimly, "but we're not wanting that part of it at present. It's taken some knowledge to keep going and yet dodge the torus. We'll have to go through one before long, though—there's no other road—so that's why we're changing cars."

He sank into a silence that was without enmity. Deidre had ceased to be only a creature they had caught and must handle securely; she had created for herself an identity which they both respected. Bert could not have struck her now without a cause, and Deidre knew that Jake, however reluctantly, liked her.

It was a great physical relief to lie stretched under the enormous grey-green trees, with their glistening clean white trunks. A tiny spring of hope began to rise in Deidre's heart again; she relaxed slowly and completely and fell fast asleep.

When she woke the shade under the eucalyptus trees had grown deeper; the scent of the eucalyptus flowers was keen and strong, and a tender golden light clung over the desert.

Jake still sat, a little to one side of her, with his gun across his knees, looking into the blue distance with unseeing eyes.

"Well, you can wash right soon," he told

her. "To-morrow you'll be in a house, and there'll be girls there. You won't be treated rough."

She looked at him and said gently: "You have not been rough to me, Jake. I think that you have pity, and I hope that you will show it to me—for I shall need it before long."

"That's where you're dead wrong," he told her with emphatic bitterness. "I haven't any pity. It's been used up. Stealing and knocking people about is my living. It's not pretty, but it's not pretty to live. I'll do for you what doesn't interfere with my own safety—neither more nor less."

Deidre sighed a little, then she asked:

"What used up your pity—for all people have it—all young people, I mean; unless they are cowards, and have it only for themselves; and you are not like that!"

"Well," he said with a curt laugh, "we seem to have time before us. Bert should have been back an hour ago, but I guess he's been liquoring up. He'll have to go out of business sooner or later, if he don't show more sense."

"I don't mind telling you my story, since you've guessed there is one. I was educated for anything but living on this earth the way it is now. I had what is called a good education. I was meant to go to college, but I escaped that."

"My father was a cashier in a bank, mother was a school teacher, and I should think a fine one, since what she learned me took quite a while to get rid of! I was their only kid—and they did themselves proud over me and my education. I had a good life when I was young—if there hadn't been more to follow—people to pick me up when I fell; ice-cream on birthdays; and what I said thought important."

"I was about fifteen when things started to weaken all round us. The bank my father was in bust up; the director he'd thought the world of went to prison. The wonder was my father didn't get sent there himself. They could easily have tricked him in. But they only took his job away from him and all his savings."

THEY were proud people, my father and mother, and lonely—the way most proud people are. My mother had a married sister, and my father, who was considerably older than my mother, had some relations in the old country. I don't know much about them, but he came from Scotland all right.

"I guess they would have died, or thought they would, before they started appealing to their relations; but it's tougher dying than most people think. Anyhow, my mother had her job, and I started selling newspapers and odd-jobbing after school hours."

"The old man helped me with the house and we carried him. Then times got worse. My mother was told married teachers had got to quit first. Kinda funny idea, when you've got more, rather than less, dependent on you—just part of civilised life, of course."

"Anyhow, she lost her job and people got too poor to buy newspapers and started doing their own odd jobs. We lived where the cyclone struck the Middle West. My old man got pneumonia from under-nourishment. We didn't want him taken away to hospital. He was a kinda nice old man."

"So we sold things, to get him food and a doctor. He died rather on the up-grade, believing things were going to get better and that he wasn't going to be a burden to us. I was glad we kept the furniture in his room to the last—it paid for a fine funeral. I told him I was holding on to my job."

"As a matter of fact I'd stole the whole of a roast chicken the day he died; he'd seen it on the table, and though he didn't eat any, it had bucked him up no end to think we could buy a chicken. My mother guessed I'd stolen it, and though she was pretty hungry by then, she wouldn't touch it."

"After the old man's funeral the house was clean empty. My mother said to me: 'Jake, I am going to my married sister's to work. She's got to have help, with another coming, and she'll give me the job; but I'm not going to ask her to help a thief.' It was the first time we'd talked of my stealing."

"That's my story—all the part you'd care to hear. Once on a time you got along with being good in this world; but it never paid; now you don't even get along with it. The bluff's been called."

"Don't you go thinking mine is a rare case; there's a whole population that's had luck and are of my way of thinking; a whole population under 30, who mean to live and don't care much how. It's quite a problem, isn't it?"

"What is your way of thinking?" Deidre asked him after a pause.

Jake touched the gun on his knee. "This speaks," he said quietly. "It's the only thing that can get me what belongs to me—life! There's my partner with a treh car. I guess we'll leave the cushions to the rattlesnakes—I'll just cover them up with a few stones, so as not to advertise them. Step lively, you've had four good hours' sleep, anyhow!"

Deidre looked at the swaying figure in the distance.

"Is he drunk?" she asked apprehensively. "I know it's silly, but it's rather horrible having him in the back seat with me if he's drunk."

"He'll not be too drunk to drive when I've finished with him," Jake told her, with the first real smile she had seen on his face. "Telling me his story," Deidre thought, "has made him a great deal more human. It's a great relief to know that he couldn't help being bad."

"Jim's right—money isn't a right thing any more—whether you've got it or whether you haven't, it seems just as cruel."

The drunken gangster swaying across the dead gold sand seemed as harmless as a child. Nor did she really mind, though she was startled, when Jake knocked him down, let him pick himself up, and knocked him down again.

Bert cursed a great deal and his nose bled, but the second time he got up he had stopped swaying, and he drove through the gathering dusk, with as much steadiness as usual.

Jake did not speak to her again, and halfway through the night he changed places with Bert, who was by that time completely sober.

THE next day was hotter than ever; and except for physical pain, Deidre spent it in seeing a succession of images. All her short married life kept raising up before her, cut out into strange vivid scenes.

She was surprised at what she hadn't learned about Jim. The meanings of his harsh simplicity; his hatred of all privileges; and his even more bitter hatred of the benevolence which dispensed narcotic blessings, stung her into a new consciousness of life.

Through the hot airless hours Deidre kept comparing Jim with Jake, and wondering how Jim would have faced Jake's luck, or Jake Jim's. It was easier to think

of Jake's life just now than to think of Jim's and her own; but these comparisons would arise, and a sense of having missed the touch of something vital to them both possessed and harrowed her.

At nightfall they reached their journey's end. Jake lifted her out, for Deidre was too stiff to move, or even stand, without his steady arm.

A hot velvety darkness covered the sky, pierced by stars which were so large and bright that it seemed strange not to be able to see everything by them. There was no moon. Bert shouted out:

"Hi, you—Nelly!—Flossie!"

The door of a dishevelled wooden house swung open and a stream of light ran towards them. A girl with a pained, expressionless face stood in the doorway, and behind her stood another girl, with a crop of red hair, high and stiff like an apache, and a thin line of scarlet, like a gash, across the faded whiteness of her face.



DEIDRE thought the second girl's eyes, under her plucked eyebrows, had a slightly less inhuman stare. The first shouted, though they all stood quite near each other. "What have you brought to the party?"

"She'll have to do," Bert said, grinning.

"The other one was always watched, this one was all we could get!"

Above the women's thick harsh voices Deidre heard the metallic invocation of the "St. Louis Blues" followed by "Jack o' Diamonds." The house was filled with metallic sound, which had rushed towards them, with the light.

Deidre could hardly put one foot after the other, but Nelly dragged her up a short flight of stairs, and into a room where there was a bed to lie on. The shutters of this room were fastened by steel bars.

"You'll be O.K. here," Nelly assured Deidre, clicked out the over-bearing light; and left her lying on the bed in the dark.

For a long while there was a more or less steady rumbling of voices below her, punctuated by an occasional screaming laugh; but Deidre hardly cared what noises they made; if they had used bombs as playthings, they could not have kept her long from the silence into which she sank.

When Deidre finally woke, she was conscious of daylight shining in on her from a bathroom door. The window was high up, and they had left it open and unshuttered, so that she might have air.

Two high-pitched, simultaneous and interminable voices kept on and on beneath her. They were girls' voices. Sometimes words floated into her mind, but they were not words to which Deidre was accustomed, so that they did not make sense. The feeling behind the words was easier to understand. One girl was angry and the other wasn't.

Deidre's eyes slowly took in her surroundings. It was not an uncomfortable room. The two windows were heavily shuttered and the atmosphere was hot and airless, but it was clean, and the bathroom which led out from it was well furnished with a good supply of soap and towels.

Hot water ran into the bath as soon as Deidre had turned the tap. It surprised her to find crime and comfort together.

After she had taken a bath she found that her door was not locked on the out-

side, and decided to go downstairs. She knocked at what she took to be a sitting-room door. Both voices stopped instantly.

Nobody said "Come in," so after a sufficient pause Deidre opened the door and went in.

Flossie was leaning back in an easy chair, against gaily-colored cushions. She was looking at something which lay on her lap. She took no pains to hide it, and Deidre recognised that it was her own gold wrist watch. Flossie also wore the square cut emerald ring which had been on Deidre's finger the night before.

When Deidre saw the ring on Flossie's finger, she felt that she was already dead. If they had been going to let her live, would they not have tried to prevent her seeing it?

"Want your breakfast?" Nelly asked, pausing in the business of manicuring her finger-nails.

Deidre said: "Good morning, I should like it very much."

She hesitated about including Flossie in her greeting, because she did not know what to say to a girl who was wearing her engagement ring and contemplating her wrist watch.

"Well, then, prance off and pick it up!" Flossie ferociously snapped at her. "We're not wheeled table-trays to push it at you!"

Nelly said with less acrimony: "The seats are in the kitchen, through that door. You'll find butter and cream in the Fridge. Leave the door open after you, so we can see what you're about!"

They were silent while Deidre made her coffee and waited on herself.

When she came back into the living room she found that one of the girls had laid a corner of the table for her. While Deidre ate her breakfast they continued to stare at her, though after a time, they went on talking to each other as if she were not there.

Deidre ate her breakfast with appetite, put the perturbed food back in the Fridge, and washed up. She gathered from the girls' conversation that both men had gone off by car, and would not return before evening, when they would bring a "shyster" with them.

They left her free all day, and after what Nelly called a "tray luncheon," she suggested showing Deidre the house.

"You may as well see where you've got to stay," Nelly explained, "and know how to get there when you're in a hurry. In our life mistakes aren't the things to make, because you don't learn anything from 'em, except how to be dead quick."

The house consisted of six rooms. The living room and the kitchen downstairs; each had a separate door leading to the outside world, as well as one connecting with each other. On the second floor were two bedrooms, each with a bathroom out of it.

Deidre saw from the first that even if she had wanted to run away, there was nowhere to run to. On all sides of the house stretched the desert; a little out-de-sac, from an invisible main road, led to the door.

Deidre had no idea how far away the road was, nor to what town it led. The girls spoke of a town to which the men had driven, but without naming it. When Deidre said: "I haven't the least idea where I am, or even in what State," Nelly said sharply: "And we're not likely to let you in on it are we?"

Neither of them, however, was intentionally unkind to her. Deidre offered to help them cook the dinner and showed them how to make Scotch scones, and as the long day waned they became definitely friendly.

Their conversation was limited to dress,

make-up, and the love affairs of debutantes or film stars. Deidre gathered that they looked upon these two professions as wish-dreams, towards the accomplishing of which they might be magically led.

Their present lives were anonymous. They never mentioned names, plans or places, and they seemed to have no past. When the phonograph ran down and they grew tired of choosing fresh records, they turned on the radio.

They talked, however, more or less continuously, without listening, either to each other or the radio. However, they did turn it off very suddenly when they heard a voice beginning: "The latest development in the Lane case." The words shuddered off into silence.

In Flossie's presence Nelly was always harsher to Deidre than when they were alone together, and when Deidre was left in Flossie's company, she had a feeling that Flossie was, beneath her hostility, secretly afraid of her.

The two girls spent the greater part of their time in making up. Their eyelashes were stiff with gum, their lips, fingernails and toenails a brightly lacquered scarlet. Cigarettes hung perpetually from the corners of their stiffened lips.

There were a few novels and magazines lying about. But Deidre gathered that literature was only resorted to when complete boredom set in.

At four o'clock they let Deidre take what fiction she wanted and retire to her own room. She heard them dressing after this, screaming agitatedly to each other, their shrill voices rising like tropical birds.

She thought to herself: "It's funny, they've brought me here, but they don't feel responsible for anything they do! They can feel just as annoyed with me for being here—as if I'd asked to come!"

At eight o'clock a car drove up, and Deidre recognised the voices of the two men, accompanied by a high piping falsetto, which she supposed must be the "styler's."

No one turned off the radio, but above its persuasive jangle she heard herself being enquired for and dismissed. Either they must have thought her deaf, or not cared that she understood of their mental processes; or else perhaps because they cared for nobody except themselves, they were incapable of taking proper precautions even against the adverse wills of their victims.

Apparently Deidre had made a good impression upon the two girls, because she heard herself being described as a "good sport."

The excitement of the dinner party, the greater part of which Deidre had prepared, made them forget the needs of their prisoner. It was not until much later, when the lawyer inquired, no doubt for practical reasons, how Deidre "took her hay," that Nelly gave a loud shriek of remorse:

"My heavens! I'd forgotten her!" she cried; and dashed upstairs with some lukewarm scraps on a tray.

It hardly mattered, omitting her dinner, Deidre thought, since the presence of the lawyer had taken away her appetite, but it cast a strange and menacing light upon her future.

Later Nelly came to the door and opened it without knocking; none of them ever knocked.

"They want you downstairs," she told Deidre; then she hesitated for a moment and added in a quick undertone: "They won't bump you off this time—it's only the once over!"

Nelly meant this to be reassuring, but the matter-of-fact way in which she al-

luded to Deidre's possible destruction, reminded her victim how easily at any time it could become a part of their immediate programme.

The living-room was blue with smoke and looked crowded. Deidre's lithe and active body felt too heavy for her control; she put out her hand uncertainly for a chair, which no one offered her. She was conscious of feeling dizzy, as if the room were a boat rocking in a storm.

Nelly sat down on the edge of a divan, already occupied by Flossie in peach-colored satin. Nobody moved. Jake leaned against a table, on which he had been mixing cocktails. Bert lounged in an easy chair, and the lawyer sat at the table and pretended to make himself busy with writing paper and a fountain pen. Deidre saw that they were all covertly watching her.

It was an interminable business, finding a chair, and drawing it forward so that she confronted them with her back to the door, but the mere fact that none of them helped her steadied Deidre's nerves.

"They are so driven by panic selfishness," she thought, "that no other person's need can reach them; they cannot afford a kindness."

Her eyes rested on each of them in turn. She saw that the lawyer was a small, shifty sort of man, with oily black hair, a big uncertain mouth that barely covered his sharp pointed teeth, and eyes that never kept still.

In the comparative security of her room upstairs Deidre had decided to make an appeal to their sympathies. She had thought that each of them must possess some kind of mercy, and might be persuaded at least to let her have a doctor when her hour came; but now that she saw them all before her, she altered this intention, for she saw that, collectively, they had no mercy.

Deidre guessed that an appeal to their pity would only increase their sense of power over her and harden their evil intentions; she must treat them as she would have treated a savage animal. Confront a wild beast with an unknown situation, and he hesitates to attack.



DEIDRE saw that she must give them something that they had not expected; her chance—if she had a chance—was to surprise them.

She sat perfectly still; her eyes quiet; and her lips closed. The girls played with their cigarettes and shuffled their feet. Bert poured himself out another drink.

Jake's hand that rested on the table twitched. The little lawyer moved to and fro in his chair, and at last cleared his throat and said ingratiatingly: "Well, now, Mrs. Lane, you haven't been 'harned' any by this little excursion of yours, have you? You don't feel you owe any of these ladies and gentlemen a grudge, do you? We all have our livings to make, you know, and some of us can't be too particular as to how we do it. You don't want to feel this detention of yours is at all personal!"

Deidre took her time over answering this appeal. She saw that her calculated silence had already made them uneasy, and that their reaction to it was to let the lawyer give them a lead.

Deidre spoke at last. "If you will give me proper care and medical attention when my child is born, so that he lives and I can take him back in safety to his father, I will not hold a grudge against any of you. But I warn you that if you endanger me, you endanger yourselves."

"A man like my husband, with all the resources of civilisation under his control, is a terrible enemy. He will hunt you by every means in his power. He will never forget any harm that happens to me or his child. I think that if you fail to send us back safely, you have not one chance in life, any of you! Even now, I am your only chance. I know you, and if I am sent back unharmed, I will speak for you."

When she had finished speaking there was a long uneasy pause. At last Jake said: "Mrs. Lane, don't misunderstand us. I don't think any one of us wants you to die, but we're desperate human beings; that's why you're here. We want the money we've asked for, and as stealing you was our only way of getting it, we stole you."

"NOW whether we try to get you back or not depends on how safe you make it for us. The money has to come first; when we've got that we'll consider if your safety is the best card we can play. If it is we'll play it, and if it isn't, nothing you can say or do will make us play it."

"We know we've got powerful enemies against us, but knowing that doesn't necessarily set the way you think it does! We take our own precautions. You can't teach us what they are. We know best what we can afford to do and what we can't. Our lives are at stake as well as yours! We go to the chair if we make a mistake."

The lawyer cleared his throat and said quickly:

"I hold with Mr. Jake's view; and I'm sure the ladies agree with us! We want to do all we can for Mrs. Lane, and I'm certain if we do, we can count on her to help us later on, when she gets back again to her husband."

Jake nodded his head. "This lawyer is in direct touch with your people now, and he thinks a letter from you might help matters. It might be we could get you back in time, if you let us have the letter to-night. But, of course, it's got to be just what we want."

The lawyer bustled forward, the two women shook and served cocktails. A certain tension seemed to have been removed from the room.

"Now, Mrs. Lane," the lawyer told Deidre, "we'd like you to sit right here—up to this table—and we'll dictate what we want you to say. Do you agree?"

"She's got to agree," Bert growled, "or be put on the spot! Go to it, lady!" Deidre hesitated. If she wrote this letter they would have all the evidence they needed in order to get the ransom money.

"What will happen," she asked Jake suddenly, "if I refuse to write any letter?"

The tension returned to the room. The lawyer threw up his hands in horror.

"You mustn't think of such a thing, Mrs. Lane," he assured her hurriedly; "it's our only chance."

Deidre kept her eyes fixed on Jake's face. He moistened his lips and looked away from her.

"Don't refuse, Mrs. Lane!" he said at last.

Bert laughed. "Shall I tell her what we'll do if she refuses?" he asked.

Jake shook his head.

"Shall not refuse," he said, "and you can keep your mouth shut till she does!"

Deidre made up her mind, if she had

a friend among them it was Jake. If she had no friend, she must die. She must therefore do nothing to his hands or make it harder for him to help her.

"I will write the letter," she said gravely, "but if I write it in my own words, not at your dictation it will seem more natural to my husband. What is it that you want me to say?" She saw the relief flash into Jake's eyes and she knew that she had acted rightly. He still might not be able to save her, but she had not made it impossible.

"COPY this, Mrs. Lane," the lawyer told her. "It's just the directions for payment, and the precautions your husband will have to take; and then these gentlemen will tell you what next to say."

"Look here," Jake said, sternly, thrusting forward his chin and eyeing Deidre with fierce defiance, as if he were already regretting the relief her consent had been to him. "You've let off a lot of hot air about what your husband's going to feel about us, do you suppose he'll keep his word as to these instructions—if he does promise?"

Deidre looked at Jake: "How little confidence you must have in yourself," she said quietly, "to ask me such a question! If my husband gives his word, he will keep it."

Jake's eyes fell. He had given up the world of confidence. It was a world that the others had never known. If they had heard of honor, it was as a joke; but Jake had once possessed it. It made him vulnerable to Deidre when the others were not.

"Use your own words, then," he said suddenly; "tell him you're all right and kindly treated, but that he must hurry up and pay—and follow out our instructions exactly."

All the others nodded with satisfaction, as if they had got to the gist of things at last.

Deidre drew her chair up to the table, and resting her elbows on it, she looked across at the two girls on the divan, and at the three men, who all stood together by the side of the table.

"I will do what you ask," she said slowly, "and you will get the ransom money. You are human beings, all of you; perhaps there is more excuse for what you have done than I have ever realised could be possible until I knew you! I believe that you play fairly by each other—will you not play fairly by me? If you get the money—and I know that you will get it—according to your instructions, will you let me go back safely with my child, or do you intend to kill me, whether you get the ransom money or not?"

There was a long strained silence.

The lawyer wiped his forehead with his pocket handkerchief and then took refuge in a drink, but his hands trembled. Bert stared hard at Deidre with his glazed cocktail eyes.

"Get on with your piece!" he shouted fiercely, shaking his fist in her face.

Jake made no answer, but meeting his eyes, Deidre thought that she read in them a faint reassurance.

She bent over the table and wrote. "I am well. No one is unkind to me; but my time is very near now, and if we are to be safe, the baby and I, you must, they tell me, follow these directions." She copied out the lawyer's carefully-worded orders as to the payment of the ransom money, and signed her name in full.

Each of them read what Deidre had

written. The lawyer and Bert grumbled over its brevity, and the girls were shocked at Deidre's lack of tenderness.

"Don't sound like a young wife's letter to me," Flossie said suspiciously. "Why not try a little of the love note on him? A 'darling' or two would make it read more human! This wouldn't fetch a cucumber out of its frame. It's laid on ice from the start!"

Jake intervened. "It's natural to her to write this way," he explained; "she isn't like what you'd think."

Deidre leaned back in her chair. "I have written what is neither more or less than the truth," she said wearily. "There is nothing else my husband would expect me to say. Nor shall I write anything else."

"You'll write what you're told, or you'll get smashed for it!" Bert snarled.

Deidre looked up at him scornfully, and Jake dragged him back before he had time to strike her.

"Don't talk like that at her," begged the little lawyer nervously. "She's done what she's told to do. I assure you the instructions are all that matter—that and her handwriting, and her not blaming anybody. That's very important, gentlemen—it is really! You never know—there might come a day when we'd all be thankful for her good word! Honest to goodness—you gotta be careful, for all our sakes! Just for a time, anyhow—be careful!"

Bert swayed back to his easy chair with a queer, half-strangled chuckle.

"Send the letter along then," he agreed, "and cut the cackle."

Jake took the letter from Deidre's hand and gave it to the lawyer.

It was a strange feeling to Deidre that Jim would read her very words. He would know that they were her words, and that she had been alive when she wrote them. Thus once more her voice would reach him.

She felt a touch on her shoulder and looked round. It was Nelly offering her a cocktail. She smiled and put it to her lips; and then set it down without drinking it.

"Go back to your room now," Jake told her. As Deidre passed him to reach the door, he said in a voice so low, that none of the others heard it:

"I've put a key on the inside of your door. Lock it."

After Deidre went upstairs, she heard their voices for a long time, but they never raised them.

When Deidre woke in the grey dawn, her heart was filled to the brim with a gay and vehement joy. She felt that Jim was close to her. She could see his face quite plainly, feature by feature: the clear blue eyes, set between dark lashes; the firm, reposeful lips, that had a queer, trick of narrowing when he smiled, one corner lifting higher than the other.

The hard gold light crept into the room and spread over the cheap painted furniture and the fixture washstand. She was not one creature, she was two; and she had the strength of two. Every hour brought Jim nearer to her. She had his courage to depend on, as he had hers.

They had all been kinder to her since the letter had gone; but there had been something ominous in their kindness.

They were waiting for the ransom money to be paid.

The sense of ease left her body and she knew that the first stage of her emergency was upon her.

Deidre got up and walked steadily up

and down her room for a long time. The first hours slipped by quite easily.

She unlocked her door and went downstairs into the living-room. It was still dark, for the shutters were closed. When she switched on the light she saw that the room was covered with cigarette ash and the untouched mess of an overnight revel. The men's hats and coats were gone from the hall. They must have driven off in the night while she slept.

Deidre set to work at once and tidied up the room.

When she had finished her work she hurried to the foot of the stairs and called: "Nelly! Nelly!"

For a long time there was no answer, but at last a door opened, and a sleepy voice shouted: "What's wrong?"

"Nelly! Nelly!" Deidre called again.

Her voice held something in it which brought Nelly to the top of the stairs.

Deidre stood at the foot looking up at her with a white twisted face; she could not speak for the fury of the pangs that shook her.

Nelly ran down the stairs to Deidre's side.

Deidre's eyes fixed themselves on Nelly's little painted face imploringly, and watched it grow less hard.

"Oh, Nelly!" Deidre begged, clinging pitifully to the arm which was now supporting her, "Nelly, can't we really get a doctor? I knew they said we couldn't—but they've gone! Doctors aren't like other people. I could pretend I was you—one of their wives! I wouldn't let him know who I was. And he could promise not to tell he'd been here at all. He would—if he just thought us—ordinary thieves!"

Nelly withdrew her supporting arm abruptly.

"No, sir-ee!" she said harpily. "We aren't thieves, we're gangsters! No one comes into—or goes out of this house—but us! I've got the men's lives to think of as well as yours. Flossie and I might get off cheap, but they wouldn't! It's the chair in this State, and don't you forget it!"

INSTANTLY Deidre controlled herself, she even nodded cheerfully: "Of course you are right—you must not risk their lives! I am sorry, I won't ask you that again. We'll manage without a doctor."

"I'll sure help you all I can," Nelly said kindly.

"For the land's sake if you haven't made the parlor look like a prayer meeting; you certainly were brought up to be the good little girl of the family!" said Nelly as she opened the steel shutters and the pure desert air, dry as a bone, ran through the house, filling it with the clean scent of sage.

Nelly made strong coffee, she hadn't any tea, and cut bread and butter. The two girls drank and ate together.

Deidre felt excited, and as happy as a good fighter.

In the middle of the morning Flossie came downstairs.

"Where you off to, all dolled up?" Nelly asked her critically.

Deidre could see through the open door Flossie's staring little face, stiff with cosmetics.

"I'm not going to stay round here," Flossie said defiantly. "It doesn't agree with me, and never has! I'm going to a movie, if you want to know—with Bert!"

"And I shan't come back till this racket's over. I'll telephone from the 'Merry

Peaches' to-night. So now you know just where you get off."

"I don't want to see any of you," Nelly said briefly, "till this racket's over."

"No fear!" Flossie answered composedly. She grimaced not unkindly at Deidre, and saying "So long!" to her mate, tripped lightly down the stairs.

They heard the door slam, and then the rattle of the starting car rose and sank into stillness.

"We'd be all the better," Nelly said reassuringly, "for a little music. I declare I forgot to turn on the radio this morning! I'll steady my nerves like nothing else, and cheer us both up!"

Deidre smiled her consent. It was upon Nelly's nerves that her child's life depended.

She was glad they were alone in the house. There was no enmity in reach of either of them any more.

Nelly's face had flowered into friendliness; the bored, resentful expression which she wore like a mask, had dropped off, and in its place there was an alert and concentrated kindness.

Deidre asked suddenly: "Nelly, if we get through this together, will you help me to escape with my baby before they get back, for I think they mean to kill us both."

"Why, whatever makes you think that?" Nelly stammered. "You haven't heard them say anything, have you?"

"It will be so difficult to get us safely back without anything to lead to their capture," Deidre explained. "And then you've let me see your faces—I guess that was because they always meant to kill me. I haven't heard anything, but I want you to tell me now what you know—it will make it easier."

"Curse everything!" Nelly said with a reckless bang of her fist on the hard wooden floor. "This sure is a tough life! I'll tell you all I know, but I don't see that it can help you any—and it isn't much. The men get their orders from Scarparelli; he's the head of our gang, but Jake's sort of in charge down here. What he says goes—except if we're all against him. He has the wit."

"The way I figure it out is, that they'll let you die this way—if you do die! That's what they're staying away for. Bert wanted to bump you off the night after you wrote the letter; but Jake and the lawyer were both against it. They thought you'd die anyway with what was coming to you. They won't come back till it's over. They're waiting for that and the ransom money before they settle what to do, if you don't die."

"As to helping you make a get-away! How can I? If I give them away I'm a squealer and I'll get put on the spot for it into the bargain."

"We'll think out something together that won't give you away," Deidre said firmly. "If I get away safely with my baby, I'll give you time to get off yourselves. I won't give information about any of you till twenty-four hours after I'm safe."

"If you were to be gone when they got back," Nelly said consideringly, "they'd shoot me at sight—they certainly would! And besides, you aren't going to get off anywhere alone—not after this!"

There was no further time for plans or speech. There was only urgency and blind effort. Decisions had to be left to Nelly, but in the brief lit pauses of her consciousness, Deidre took courage from Nelly's watchful face.

After this Deidre felt stronger. She

fought on with a greater steadiness, and her brain cleared.

An hour later her baby was born. It was a boy and alive. Nelly with pride lay him against Deidre's shoulders. She said with sparkling eyes:

"I'm hanged if I don't help you get away with him!"

Slowly Deidre's mind felt tranquil and serene, and only troubled on the surface because she forced it, against her lazy peacefulness, to think.

The room was pitch dark. She could tell by the sound of her breathing that Nelly slept exhausted on a mattress by her side.

Deidre could not see the child that lay within her arm, but she could feel its warmth and the stirring of its life.

The great task which had been given her was accomplished. She had brought her child safe into the world; she had now only to keep him safe. Flossie and the men had not yet returned.

Nelly had brought their two mattresses downstairs into the living-room, for convenience, and this, Deidre told herself, would make it easier to get away, for there were no stairs. She roused Nelly with difficulty.

"Can you get me something to eat and drink?" she asked gently. "Anything will do."



NELLY switched on the lights and stared at Deidre with bewildered eyes.

"I'll get you the food right away; you should've waked me sooner."

She came back with milk, iced coffee, cheese and bread and butter; and while they ate it seemed to Deidre as if the relationship between them deepened.

"Nelly," Deidre said when they had finished eating, "we must make our plans now. When they get back I know they will want to kill me, and if you have helped me to escape they will shoot you. Why not come with me? I will not let any of my people hurt you. They will not want to, when they know that you have saved both the baby and me. I can help you live a happier life than this—and a much safer one. I will stand by you always, as you have stood by me."

Nelly stared at Deidre for a long time without answering.

"No," she said at last, "no. I couldn't do that. This is a tough life, but it's mine. I'm used to it. I don't want any other. You couldn't make me quit now—or be a lady. You couldn't give me anything that I want. I never have hated you the way Flossie has. It's your voice gets Flossie rattled; she says it stands out like a sore thumb; and then of course she has it against you for Jake."

"Jake—he's gone loco on you; but he won't weaken. He's a killer first and last, the same as Bert; and what I am is—a killer's girl. And—you don't know what the police are like! They'd knock a give-away out of me before I knew what had sunk me! I guess I gotta stand by Bert. He ain't much, but he's my man—the same as your baby is your baby. I'll help you all I can, but I can't get away with you, an'—when you come right down to it, I don't see any ways I can help you!"

Nelly's voice broke and the tears streamed down her face.

Deidre put her hand firmly on Nelly's wrist. "There must be a way," she told her quietly. "Could you keep them from killing me till they'd all had something to drink, and could you dope their drink? Have you any dope in the house?"

"Sure I've got dope," Nelly said in the offended tone of a good housewife who is asked if she has bicarbonate of soda. "I could dope 'em all up easy, but how could you make a get-away before they came round? You're weak as a kitten. And how'd I face 'em when they woke up and saw I'd double-crossed 'em?"

"Dope them first," Deidre explained eagerly, "then help me to get away, and dope yourself. If you're all that way together, they can't blame you any more than themselves. They'll never know you helped me!"

"That sure is an idea!" Nelly agreed breathlessly. "And they wouldn't think you could move anyhow, nor expect me to!"

"But you'll have to hustle, for they'll come round pretty quick."

"They're counting on twenty-four hours for a get-away, and once you talk they won't get ten minutes. Those Lanes have bought up every one. Bert and Jake'll know you can't get far alone—and as long as they think you're in the desert and haven't got to a telephone, they'll chase you; shoot at sight—and vamoose. It's the best they could do, I reckon. You can't blame 'em."

"Well, I shall have had my chance," said Deidre. "All you have to do, Nelly, is to help me and the baby into the car. I can drive, and I won't tell you what I'll do—for what you don't know won't bother you. Besides, I haven't thought it out yet. What are the nearest towns?"

"Los Angeles," Nelly said quickly. "That's an easy fifty, south, but they'd hunt that way first. North's another 400 and gets you to San Francisco. Listen—that's a car now—turning off the main road!"

"Fix the bottles quick, before they come," Deidre told her. "Keep them in the kitchen drinking, and I'll be asleep."

"You've got a nerve," Nelly whispered excitedly. She stooped for a moment over Deidre, looking down at the tiny-covered head against her shoulder; and suddenly she kissed first one and then the other of them, clicked out the light and was gone.

Deidre's taut nerves seemed to hold back the sounds of the approaching car. She heard Nelly running to and fro, the popping of corks, and the shrill cries of the entering gang.

They were all in the best of moods, joking and laughing. Deidre guessed that Scarparelli had got the ransom money. She heard Nelly greet them, and their voices dropped. Footsteps approached the door, it opened gently, and in the doorway the two men stood together, looking uncertainly from the light into the darkness.

Deidre kept her eyes closed, but her arms tightened about the child.

Bert said in a hushed voice: "We'll keep the little goldmine—get sompin' for him later on!"

Jake said in a still voice: "Poor kid!"

They tiptoed out, shutting the door softly after them.

They seemed to have agreed to make a night of it first. Flossie's high dry voice rang out tense with excitement. The thumping of their footsteps as they ran here and there, preparing bacon and eggs, turning on the phonograph, and shaking cocktails sounded as close as if they were in the same room.

LEVEL CROSSING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The house filled with syncopated rattle; songs half sung; and the stumbling rush of unsteady feet trying to dance. Above it all, higher and shriller even than Flossie's, Nellie's voice rang out.

Her screaming laughter frightened Deldre. Nelly might get so excited that she would forget her part. She was a creature of ready tears and laughter.

Once Nelly was sure that the baby was not to die and might for a time be looked on as her property, would she greatly care that its mother should escape? How deep had the sense of sisterhood sunk into her heart?

It was a bad sign that they no longer lowered their voices, as if what Deldre heard mattered no more than if they had shouted it over a corpse.

Suddenly there came the crash of a falling body, followed by a burst of drunken laughter.

"Flossie's passed out!" Bert shouted. "What say—bring the kid in—and drink to it! Hi, Nell—you go fetch it!"

Again there was a rush of unsteady footsteps. This time the door was flung roughly open and the light switched on.

Bert lurched forward into the room, Nelly close at his heels. Deldre raised herself on her elbow and looked at him. She was not frightened but she thought: "This is the worst thing that could happen, and it is happening!"

Nelly began to struggle playfully with Bert, keeping between him and the mattress on which Deldre lay. The struggle became serious. Bert staggered and fell, still laughing, on the floor; but he did not get up again.

There was a short silence, then they heard Jake's voice, dangerously steady: "Hi, Nell—what's up in there?"

Nelly laughed a high shrill shriek of laughter.

"Come on in here and see."

There was a long strained silence. Jake stood in the doorway looking at Deldre. Nelly sagged into a heap on the floor. Was she feigning to be drunk?

Jake had his gun in his pocket. He drew it out slowly and came into the room. Deldre tried to read what was in his mind. His eyes were glassy with drink, there was anger in them, and pain; but there was something else, the stubborn something which was in his blood as well as hers. She was helpless, he meant to kill her; and yet he could not shoot. He said half in apology to her and half as if to reassure himself:

"If I shoot you, I'll shoot straight, lady," but his hand shook and the gun fell out of it and went off with a crash and Jake dropped to the floor heavily.

Nelly sprang to her feet unharmed, but Jake rolled over on his face and lay quite still. Nelly bent over him and poked his inert body with her foot.

Deldre dragged herself up into a sitting posture. She said over and over again: "Is he dead—is he dead—is he dead, Nelly?" but Nelly made no kind of answer. She was too busy packing the baby in a basket, slipping a wrapper over Deldre, and half-lifting, half-dragging her on to her feet. At last she said:

"Dead or drunk, he's out—that's all that matters!"

Deldre thought to herself: "I can't do anything for Jake, and I've got to look after

my baby!" and yet she felt by leaving him she had betrayed a friend.

Once outdoors in the clear night air, Deldre found it easier to move. At last the interminable agonising walk was over and they reached the car. Nelly half-lifted her into the driver's seat. Deldre put her heavy hands upon the wheel and wondered if she could keep the little car upon the road.

Nelly came back carrying the little basket in her arms and put it safely against Deldre's feet. She turned on the car's lights and they looked into each other's eyes. Neither of them spoke.

Nelly leaned across her, started the car and stood back from it. "So long kid!" she shouted.



THE little car ran as easily as a blown feather down the narrow lumpy road. Nelly was gone in a flash; the house and all its lights were gone.

Deldre was alone with her baby and the quiet night.

On either side of the car the dry earth stretched without feature or turning. She sped along the smoothness of the main road with a fainter heart. There was no sound at all except the voice of her engine, no tree to stir, no cry of any animal, only the clear cold desert air which ran over her face and neck with the freshness of water.

After an hour's steady driving Deldre slowed down to listen, wrapping her baby closer in the shawl it lay in.

At last she heard far off the pulse of an engine, but for a long time could not tell whether the sound was from the south or the north. She could only see a few yards ahead of her. The darkness of the desert seemed thicker than air. She turned her car and drove straight off the road on to the rough earth of the desert. The car bumped and shivered, but kept erect under her steady hands. She put out her lights, stopped the car, and listened.

The car she heard came up with its lights swinging like a plunging boat's. It thundered past her and was gone.

For a time she leaned back in her seat bereft of thought. Whatever happened now she could do no more. She supposed that she had reached what people call the end of their tether.

She reminded herself that with the first light her car would be visible from the road. They would know she could not have driven far, and failing to catch up with her, would return south to find her.

Very stiffly she dragged herself out of the car, and when she was safe upon her feet, took her baby from his basket. She thought it strange that so little a baby could weigh upon her like a stone.

Deldre crept forward very slowly, to be sure of each step before she took it. The darkness thickened in front of her, and she found herself in a grove of trees. Between their trunks she saw what at first seemed to her a large and very sparkling star.

While she was looking at it, trying to make up her mind why it should be so much brighter than all the other stars, which were already growing pale in the thinning darkness, a terrible sound came from behind the light, a dull, hollow, reverberating roar which shook the very ground under her feet.

At first Deldre thought to herself with the impatience of fatigue, "This is an earthquake—it is too much! Why should one have to bear an earthquake on the top of gangsters and a baby?" But it was not an earthquake. It came again, and this time Deldre knew it for what it was—the roar of a wild beast.

She knew there were no lions in this desert, except small cat-like ones, little larger than a leopard; yet this was a lion's roar; no other sound could make the desert quiver.

This was a real lion, but no danger, because he was in a cage, and probably kept solely for the use of films. The bright star must be the light of a house, where his keeper lived.

The trees melted away before her, into a bare space before a lighted door.

Deldre flung herself against it, in a sudden ferment of fear, for once more she heard approaching in the distance the far-off thunder of a racing car.

The moment between the sound behind her and the opening of the door in front hung like the passing of a death sentence.

Yet the door opened with frightening suddenness. "Watta you wan' this time of night, stranger?" a high falsetto voice demanded.

A queer little wizened son of the desert stood before Deldre. Perhaps he had been born in Italy; he had forgotten his own tongue without having acquired any other; but his eyes retained the old quick-witted Latin gleam.

She said in a breath: "I'm Mrs. Lane! This is my newborn baby—the gangsters are after me—please, please hide me quick!"

The words had hardly left her mouth, before the man in front of her had acted. He caught her up in his arms as firm and hard as steel bands. As he dashed, through the shack and out of the back door, Deldre caught an astonished glimpse of walls covered with pictures of wild beasts.

"These my trick lions! I lion man!" the man explained proudly, pausing to switch the light out in the shack behind them. "We train 'em kind. You got ter trust lions! You brave woman? You know animals are better'n men? Only frightened lions nasty! Only 'fraid of men if man 'fraid of him."

Deldre heard the roaring of the approaching car, like the clamor of water in the ears of a drowning man.

"I'm only afraid," she whispered, "of cruel men!"

The lion man nodded; without another word he picked his cautious way through a dark yard full of mysterious shapes of cages.

Most of the beasts still slept, but one or two of them were on their feet and restlessly aware of the dawn.

Deldre saw their amber eyes peering out like flames between invisible bars.

A faint light burned above one of the cages and showed Deldre a great lioness lying upon her side with, pressed close against her, several little round tawny cubs only just born. "You no could fin' beta place to hide in than this!" the lion man proclaimed with a chuckle. "I bin sitting up all night along of her, that's why I heard you knocka at the door. Venus—she ver' good lioness—my bes' friend. She no do you ana harm! Looka—Venus, this lady all same as you! Mother—lady!" He opened a door at the back of the cage.

The great lioness turned unblinking eyes upon them, and as he leaned down to pat her she stopped licking her cubs to lick his hand.

He lifted Deldre onto a heap of sackings at the back of the cage.

The lioness snorted over this new companion without hostility, while the lion man pattered swiftly on: "You lie still here, lady, an' I put the light out! See! No gunmen goin' ter looka in backa lioness cage for you! Aw right! Aw right! Venus—you don' say nothin' to this other lady! You jes' all the same as two sisters! I come back by an' by—and letta you out." Softly the back door of the cage closed behind his stooping shadow.

The lioness lay in front of Deidre like a solid wall, she accepted Deidre's presence as part of the night's surprising performance. These were her first cubs; and the effort and surprise of bringing them into the world had exhausted her.

The heavy pungent smell of the wild beast's cage stung Deidre's nostrils and made her baby give a tiny sneeze. This intimate sound of life reassured Deidre, and took away from her the terrible feeling that nothing of her lived but her fears.

The thick door burst open, and the truculent coarse voice of Bert struck on her sense like a blow. He was explaining to the lion man that he was looking for his wife—she had gone out of her head in child-birth, and run out into the desert.

It seemed she thought she was the kidnapped Lane woman—they must get hold of her at once, or she'd die—he'd brought a doctor and a friend along as well. She couldn't have gone far. An unfamiliar voice broke in, with rolling r's—perhaps Scarperell.

Lights flashed here and there between the motionless dark shapes of the trees. A disturbed lion roared, so that the cages and the ground under them quivered.

The birds in the aviary woke up, and dashed in sharp alarm at this false prelude of an imitation dawn.

Deidre listened in a sort of stunned apathy to the shouts of men, the shrieks of birds, and the uneasy sounds of the roamed animals.

Above them all she heard the lion-tamer's shrill falsetto. Those human eyes that had looked so steadily into hers for that brief moment—had they crusted her, as she trusted them? Against the gunmen and their story would that truth hold?

"Lookal looka where you like!" the lion man shouted. "I see no ones! I mika in holdings! I hida no woman!"

"Hunt through the shadows!" a voice shouted. Doors and windows were flung wide; two attendants; a scared woman; and three baby lions, sleepy and snarling, wandered out from the kitchen door into the yard.

The lion man went on making his shrill whining expostulations while he flattered the gunmen with every sign of acquiescence in their sharp demands.

"Here my lions!" he shouted. "You thinka I hida woman with lions? Woman with new-born baby—an' lions! You make me laugh! They not kittens, gentlemen! My great boys—they lions! Putta your han' through that bar—an' awful mess she make you!"

They were in front of Venus' cage.

Venus rose up in front of her cub, and shook the bars of her cage with such savage, ear-splitting roar, that a shadow approaching too near, sprang back in wild alarm.

"No good wasting time here!" Bert shouted. "Now see, you keeper, or whatever you are! I've got to get my wife! She's near! She couldn't get far, the way she was! Don't yer listen to her raving if she turns up. You put her in a shack and turn the key in the door. Don't you get mardy either, or make any mistake! Or you'll be sorry for it—for just about as long

as it takes to get shot up! I'm a guy that's got to be listened to! And this little friend I have in my hand speaks quicker than I do. Once she's spoken, I've never heard any back chat! See! It'll pay you to keep your eyes open an' your mouth shut! We're off now—but we'll be back again before long! Understand? Now then, Doc. Here you Toni!"

Deidre heard the furious starting up of the car. The clamor of voices, and the cries of the beasts slowly died down.

There was a long, heavy silence, like the sudden pause in the centre of a gale.

"You aw right, lady?" a low voice demanded close to the bars.

"Yes! yes!" Deidre whispered back.

"I'll git ter the phone quick then," the lion man told her. "I guess your story was true all right! Men no hunts sick wives an' new-born babies with guns. No—plenty had men run' desert, lady! but one good man—he match for twenty bad! Police'll git here maybe in an hour, maybe two—lie right back where you are—and hold on!"

Silence swept back like a covering wave. The dark thinned slowly. Deidre no longer strained herself to listen; a sense of fellowship released her into a strange, fearless ease.



WHEN Deidre's consciousness came back she found herself lying in a small wooden room with very bright curtains, her baby safe and warm against her heart.

A perambulator with a magenta blanket over it stood in one corner. Something was being fried in the next room, for Deidre could hear the pleasant sound of dancing fat.

For a long slow moment she thought that Nelly was cooking her breakfast. She wanted to cry out to Nelly that she was very hungry, but she found that she had no voice.

A man's shadow fell across her from the doorway. She thought: "They have got me after all!" and steeled herself afresh; but something in the shape of the shadow caught suddenly at her heart. She thought that she shrieked "Jim!" but she only whispered it.

The man moved like the flick of a whip and was on his knees beside her, his arms round her and the child, before Deidre had seen his face. She felt: "They killed me after all—and this is Heaven!"

When Jim moved enough for her to see his face, Deidre knew that she was alive. His eyes were sunk deep into their sockets, his cheeks hollowed, and all his features sharpened as if with age.

He said nothing at all, his thirsty eyes clung to her as if he could never see her enough. His hands touched her and the child as if he thought that they might break under his light fingering.

The door opened and Jim moved slowly back against the wall. His head nearly touched the ceiling, but though he had moved away from Deidre, his eyes never left her face.

A nervous young man in a long white coat entered hastily. He behaved even more as if Deidre might break than Jim had done, but after a perfunctory examination, he said:

"Well, it was a natural birth all right—and no serious harm done; but I'd like to get her into hospital as soon as pos-

sible; I won't keep her there," he added, seeing the disappointment on Deidre's face. "I suppose she can see the chief detective, Mr. Lane. But hoof him out as soon as possible. It won't do her any good talking, and I have the ambulance waiting."

Deidre fixed her eyes on Jim's hand; she wanted to be sure that it was there, and at the same time she wanted to think carefully, for she knew that the lives of at least four people were at stake; and that two of them were her friends.

She wished that she could have talked to Jim first before she saw the detective; but she decided that it would not be fair to insist upon this. He had suffered so much that Deidre shrank from pressing any claim on him.

A keen, hatchet-faced young man came into the room. He drew a chair close to the bed, so that Deidre could speak with the least possible exertion; but he showed no other sign of the pity that burned in him.

Deidre understood the hard keenness of his eyes. This was a hunter, she reminded herself; her friends were his quarry as well as her enemies.

"I don't want to trouble you any more than I can help, Mrs. Lane," the detective said briskly. "There are just a few questions I must put to you, but I'll be as quick as I can—and we'll clear the rest up later. Now do you know which way you came last night, and what time it was when you started?"

Deidre thought this over in silence. "My baby was born before the light went," she said at last. "I don't know quite how long I rested, but some of the night was gone. While I drove I could see by the car's lights only a few yards in front of me. I was on a side road. After a few miles, perhaps two or three, it joined the main road. Then I drove north, because I had heard that some of the gang were driving up from the south."

I followed the main road for some time, but I do not know how long. It is difficult to judge time when you are running away. I hoped to meet and hail another car, or to reach a filling station; but I met nothing; and passed no station. I was afraid that they would follow me, for I knew they would probably pursue me until it was light.

"They would think that I could not go very far and would not be difficult to catch, so I drove my car off the road into the desert; and then I walked, until I came to this place—and the lion-tamer helped me. I think I cannot tell you anything more."

"Just a moment," the detective said, waving back a protest from Jim. "Of what did this gang as far as you know consist? Can you describe them? Where did you get the car to escape in—and where were you housed? Did they take you to a house, or did they just camp out in the desert?"

His questions shot at her like a spatter of bullets. She saw Jim's hand clench slowly, and looked, for the first time, away from it, so that his pity and anger might not confuse her mind.

"Two of those people helped me," Deidre said at last, "at the risk of their lives. I cannot describe them, nor tell you what would help you to catch them."

"The car I took was of course theirs—but they had two others."

"She must tell us," the young man said, turning appealingly to Jim. "They may have got her frightened, or they may have got her fooled, but she's got to tell."

"I expect that she won't!" Jim told him with a faint smile. "She's made like that. She's not frightened and I don't think she's been fooled. You'll only waste your time trying to get out of her, what she doesn't mean to tell you. Deidre, suppose you just tell us what you intend to?"

Deidre sighed again, but this time it was a sigh of relief.

"I think I will tell you," she said consideringly, that there was a house. They will not be there now—and it was a wicked house. If you find it, burn it, so that nobody else can ever be taken there again. I will describe three of the gang to you, since they were my enemies."

She paused for a moment before she described Bert and Flossie. It hurt her to describe them, but she thought, "They would have killed us both—and would go on being killers always—I need not try to protect them."

After she had finished describing them her mind seemed to grow dim and to break up into pictures of Lonach. She heard Jim say very gently, "Not any more!" and then the doctor came back and injected something into her arm which made her feel much stronger.

The lion man took the doctor's place, proudly carrying a tray. Deidre and the lion man smiled at each other, as if they shared a secret unknown to the others. Nobody knew as well as they did how kind a lioness could be.

Jim fed her with a hand that shook, and they were left alone together for a little while. At first their hearts were too full with joy of speech. It seemed to Deidre that if she tried to tell Jim any of her thoughts they would interfere with a deeper process of communion, that was taking place between them; and she saw that Jim could not speak.

When Jim had finished feeding her, he said stiffly, as if it had been on his mind all the time, like something out of a lesson book which he had learned by heart and must repeat to his teacher:

"I ought to have seen you had a gun as well as a dog out there. When I knew you were alone, I came as quick as I could. It was my mistake."

"It was mine," Deidre said quickly, "not yours. You had told me never to go there alone when the workmen were not there. I lost my temper and ran away. When we get back to New York I will apologise to your mother."

Deidre whispered with her cheek against Jim's head: "I must just tell you about Saul. They shot him in the air! He jumped at the men to save me. He couldn't have felt anything. I cried out his name, and he looked up at me before he died, and—"

"Hush! hush!" Jim whispered. "He was there for that. He did what he could! Sometimes it has to come out like that! Saul tried to save you, and so did I—but in the end you saved yourself. Well, I knew if any woman could, you would. I had that to think of!"

"I only came out of it safe—because of you," Deidre told him proudly; "and him! You mustn't overlook your own baby, Jim. He really is a splendid baby! And he never cried when it might have given us away. And the lion man—and oh, Jim—the two that helped me! Perhaps they won't be caught?"

"Perhaps they won't!" Jim agreed, but there was something in his eyes and voice that showed Deidre Jim wanted Nelly and Jake to be caught, and that he did not want

her helpers in the gang to be saved from anything.

Deidre lay awake hour after hour, reminding herself that she had everything in the world she wanted. If she put out her hand, Jim was there; and on the other side of her, in the small clothes basket Nelly had packed him in, lay Richard.

Her fear for Nelly and Jake could not be shared. The sick anticipation of their capture must be endured alone. To Jim and her family the unknown gangsters were all alike—mere targets for their agony—and to have known that Deidre longed for any of them to escape would have seemed to mock their love for her.



IT was in this state of mind that Deidre was removed to hospital.

The chief detective, Ed Corvin, assured Deidre, when he was allowed another interview by the doctor, that the gangsters would sooner or later be caught. He told her that she was being anti-social in her refusal to give him all the help in her power. She should, he said, be prepared to sacrifice personal gratitude for the welfare of the community.

Jim, seeing Deidre's anguish, had stopped the argument and refused to let her see the detective again; but Deidre knew by the look in Jim's eyes that he was only protecting her—not agreeing with her.

"We had confidence in each other," Deidre pleaded. "I cannot sacrifice that! It is confidence between human beings which makes a civilised community! If I give them away I break their trust in me."

But after a time Deidre saw that it was no use saying anything to any of them about Jake and Nelly; gangsters did not exist for them as persons.

Lord Conry had arrived in America. His view of the gang, while it differed from the Lane view, made him no safer confidant. He looked upon the successful criminals, with the ransom money in their pockets, as he would have looked upon a wily fox that has outwitted the hunt. They should be pursued remorselessly, and with this added advantage that as Deidre was no longer in their hands, they could be shot at sight.

From her father, even more than from the Lanes, Deidre concealed every fragment of the gangsters' plans, which the keen wit of their pursuers could have knitted into clues. They let her leave the hospital almost immediately, but Deidre left physically weaker than she had expected to be. The doctor kept her in bed and suggested that she should not talk about her experiences with the gangsters at present.

In some ways this was a relief to Deidre, but not to speak of them at all deepened her sense of dread.

Deidre could not think of the kidnappers in a lump as her father did, but while he talked of them she saw once more their vivid images.

While she lay, safe and at peace, surrounded by all that money could buy or love suggest, she could imagine the desperate emergencies of the gang. She could see the rooms, burned in on her eyes and mind, ransacked for clues—and left by

the distracted flyers—to the ants, and the hot sun.

She could hear their screams and curses; she could see, with her heart thundering in her ears, the figure of Jake, huddled up on the floor, with the blood pouring out of his side. What had they done with Jake and Nelly?

DEIDRE'S bed was drawn up to the open window, and Richard lay in her arms.

She could look down on a honey-colored patio with a big tree in the middle.

A large bough swung out towards the house, and on it, the nurse had told her, there had once swung seven sheep-stealers.

Beyond the lawn, breaking up into fresh squares of green, surrounded by huge bright flowers and pleasant houses, lay the city of Los Angeles.

Deidre was not alone, her father was sitting in the deepest armchair he could find, as far out of the light as possible.

Mr. Lane walked restlessly about the big bedroom, like a wild animal pacing a cage. The room seemed to be full of fathers. Jim leaned against the bed, and looked with Deidre, over the sprawling, open spaces, gigantic city fluttering with incessant traffic, towards the familiar emptiness of the blue ocean.

The nurse came in, and with a disapproving glance at Jim, swept Richard away with her implacable air, as if the last place a baby should be in, was its mother's arms.

Deidre never felt quite comfortable when Richard was out of her sight. She found herself listening for his return, and failing to hear the conversation that was going on round her.

The two elder men left it to Jim to explain why they were all three there, and why Nurse had taken Richard away.

"That fellow Corvin, the detective," Jim began with careful eyes on Deidre's face, "wants you to help him, Deidre. There were several people picked up on the road by the police, on the day we got you back. The doctor wouldn't let you see them before—while you were in hospital—but he thinks you can now. I mean if you feel it won't upset you too much. They won't come anywhere near you. They'll just walk through the garden, under this window, where you can see them plainly. You won't mind that, will you? Nor Corvin, being here with us, while you look?"

Deidre grew cold with fear. Her heart hammered in her ears. It was like putting her horse at a fence, with an unknown drop on the other side.

She saw a big grey car drive up to the front door. It was too far away for her to see the people in it. Mr. Lane stopped his uneasy prowling, and said gently, "Deidre, though they're there, you don't have to see them. Corvin is no enemy—he worked night and day to help us, and now he has come to get help from us—for the sake of justice!"

Deidre met her father-in-law's grave, kind eyes with a veiled look. Justice! What was justice? she asked herself.

"They take life," she thought to herself. "Life! They don't know what it cost! They don't know what it is." She re-lived every word that Jake had said to her.

"Countries," Deidre thought, "should be responsible like mothers, for their children! They should feed and guide them! Human beings should not be left helpless, in a terrible emptiness!"

"I will look at the people who have been brought here," Deidre said, after a long tense pause.

All three men gave a sigh of relief. Jim left her side to fetch the detective; Mr. Lane continued his restless prowling; her father looked across at Deldre and smiled.

Deldre knew what his smile meant, it meant that he confidently expected her to come up to any scratch; and that on the whole, he thought the best way of coming up to scratches was by minimising them. He didn't want her to think about life and death and justice and mercy; he wanted Deldre to think mechanically and easily; and to give, as he could have put it, the straight tip, to a decent young man who had deserved it. The hunt was up—the dogs must be allowed their kill.

She heard the door open and shut; she listened to the curt greetings between the men, and then she lifted her eyes to Corvin's face. She thought it was funny how much she liked it, since he was her enemy.

He was fighting for the honor and decency of Jim's country; and Deldre was going to fight against the honor and decency of Jim's country, for something larger than any country, for life itself!

"Well," Corvin said, looking down at her, "I'm glad to find you here, Mrs. Lane. You're looking much better than when I saw you last. Can you see that bit of green in front of the window—under the tree—sally? Good—then when I give the signal, the people that were picked up on the road are going to walk across it and look up. Sure you get them, from where you are?"

Deldre nodded. Jim stood behind her again, looking across her into the garden. Her father had joined Mr. Lane, they stood looking out of a further window; and Deldre was glad that their backs were turned towards her.

"I must look just the same at all of those suspected people," Deldre said to herself. "I shall recognise Flossie and Bert and the lawyer—I cannot let them live; but I will not recognise Jake or Nelly, for they saved me and I cannot let them die."

After she had said this to herself, although she felt the sweat standing out cold upon her forehead, she could control her breath enough to speak.

Two men walked across the patch of green under the tree.

Deldre heard Corvin say, "Road men in Lincoln. Checked their story—travelling in hardware; no guns, but on the road at the time they might have been implicated."

For a moment there was a mist before Deldre's eyes, but it cleared, as she looked down into the garden. There were armed police on each side of the patio and two men in blue suits—two common-looking men—walked across the lawn and looked up at the window. It hurt Deldre to see their scared eyes—they looked like men who did not expect a fair deal—as a right. She said quickly: "Those are not the men!" She saw the relief in their strained eyes, and felt the same relief in her own heart as they passed out of sight, behind the house, shepherded by two policemen.

"Girl in a Chevrolet," Corvin's voice ran on. "Says she's a dressmaker on a visit to an aunt. Checked her story. Long way from home to be by herself in a car; had a gun; and no license for it."

The girl wore a red coat and skirt, and a smart beret. She looked up with greedy curiosity. It was bad being taken up and kept on remand, but it was not so bad seeing the kidnapped Mrs. Lane at close quarters.

"Oh, no," Deldre said with a glance at Jim. "I've never seen her before."

Suddenly her heart gave a sickening jolt. What was Corvin saying? Three hikers now, Mrs. Lane. No employment; no his-

tories; nothing you can check up on. Do you recognise any one of them? The three followed each other slowly—slouching along, their ill-fed bodies dragged by in turn; they looked all three of them shifty and undependable; without ever having had what they could depend on; but they were not Bert or the lawyer; nor Jake.

Deldre's heart began to beat less thickly, and she thought that perhaps after all she could be spared recognition.

Corvin leaned out over the window-sill, and then moved back quickly. She felt his eyes burn on her face.

"Here's a fellow," he said slowly and distinctly, "who says he's had a crash in his car, but the doctor thinks it's a gun wound, with the bullet extracted. He's got a cracked rib, and scratched a lung; lost a lot of blood, too. He was found in a small Ford, with a red-haired girl, on the road driving north; say they'd thrown a party till 4 a.m. Might just have made it, where they were, but unlikely; both carried guns. There was a party at the address they gave, but we can't prove whether they were at it—crowd all canned. Girl's got an address in Los Angeles; tells she's from the east looking for a job, got a license for his car, and his gun. Take a good look at them, Mrs. Lane."

While Corvin's toneless voice ran on, Deldre fixed her eyes under the branch of the tree. She was conscious that there was a figure moving across the grass. The sun shone on it, and glanced upon the rifles the police held. The figure was as tall as Jake.

"Now, Mrs. Lane," said Corvin. The man had turned and was looking up at the window. Jake's eyes met Deldre's.

She knew that shut look—the tense poker-face that all gunmen keep—she knew that looked behind it was a frightened soul yearning to break through and to be a fellow human being again.



SHE noticed his arm in a sling; his whitened, unhealthy face; his lips that kept in a thin line, like an old man hiding his lack of teeth. Her eyes rested on him without recognition.

Would her voice be steady when she spoke? Her heart rocked in her breast. She must be unharmed, and she must not breathe too fast.

"No, Mr. Corvin," she said quietly, "I do not know this man." Jake's eyes were still empty. He turned stiffly, and passed out of her sight.

Had he trusted her? Could he believe that because he had not hurt her, she would save him?

To fail Jake and Nelly was unthinkable, but she had no illusions about them. Their lives were of no use to humanity. If they went free, she would be responsible for their further ill deeds; this, too, was unthinkable. Her mind beat against the walls of her dilemma without issue.

She heard her father say, "Here's another girl. Not bad-looking, if you could scrape the paint off her face."

Corvin repeated with an ominous note in his voice: "Take a good look, Mrs. Lane!"

Nelly stood nearer the window than the others, her hair rose in its usual bank, her lips a little open, and her face wore that worried look Deldre remembered when they

didn't know quite what to do next to help Richard to be born.

Deldre's heart struck against its walls, like a creature trying to get out of a room that has no door.

Nelly's eyes, looking up at her, were not empty. They looked at Deldre with a frightened hope. Corvin said, with triumph in his voice:

"She knows you, Mrs. Lane."

"No doubt," Deldre said coldly. "I suppose the newspapers would see to that; but I do not know her."

She leaned back against her pillows, so that she no longer saw the patch of green where Nelly stood, nor the long branch where the sheep-stealers had awung.

WHY did you lean back just now?" Corvin demanded. "Is it all over for you—if that's not one of them? And is that why—you think it's finished with?"

"I am tired," Deldre said quietly. "I do not know any of those people, but I will look again if there are more."

There was a long strained pause, then Jim said quietly: "I think you've said enough to my wife, Corvin. If she has spoken the truth, and I've never known her do anything else, you are simply exhausting her to no purpose; and if she has not you are torturing her. In any case, we aren't getting any further."

The police agent sat down opposite Deldre. "You see why we aren't getting any further," he said grimly. "I have a hunch that your wife did know those last two; and I have more than a hunch they are two of the gang. I have to be suspicious of her evidence, for she wouldn't tell me what I wanted before."

"She didn't give me the colors and make of the cars, till it was too late to trace 'em. She doesn't seem to have had it hard enough from the gang to make her want to give them up, or else she's still afraid of 'em! Mrs. Lane, if you tell the truth, there won't be any gang left to be afraid of—!"

"You are talking great nonsense," Lord Conry said dryly. "My daughter has given you her word, she doesn't know these people. She isn't either a sentimentalist nor a coward. She didn't suppress evidence from you before, for any such reason. She had made a promise to one of the gang who helped her to escape. Promises have to be kept, whoever they're made to. It was not exacted under torture. It was a free promise, wasn't it, Deldre?"

"Yes," said Deldre. "It was a free promise."

"What exactly did you promise?" Corvin demanded.

"Not," said Deldre, "to tell the make or colors of their cars and not to give other evidence against them for twenty-four hours after I was safe . . . after that I told you what I could."

"Well, you certainly kept your promise to them," Corvin admitted grudgingly.

"I'm sorry to have to sound harsh, but anyone who keeps back information from the police that would trap a murderer or kidnapper, is taking part in his crime! Can't you see it this way? It's not only that you're spoiling my job, Mrs. Lane—I'm human; and that hurts some—few of us got much sleep while we were out to save you—but it'll hurt you worse still to know that if you're keeping information back, you're risking other people's lives—and other people's children."

Deldre did not answer, her life beat low in her, and she saw Jim motion the others to leave the room. It seemed to

Deldre that it was a long while since she had looked at Jim.

HE knelt by her side, and put his arms round her. "See here," he said, "you know I love my country—it's our home! These men that took you—they broke it up. I thought I could keep you safe—but I couldn't. Now we've got to help keep other people safe. This country must be a man's country—safe for women and children, not a place that can be raided by wild beasts, you know that, Deldre."

She whispered with her lips against his cheek: "Yes—Jim—yes—"

"But there's something else I want you to see—" he threw his head back, so that looking into his eyes she could know the depths of his heart. "I thought I loved you before," Jim explained, "better than most women are loved, but it was nothing—it was nothing at all to the way I care about you now."

"Deldre, I love you so that I just happen to know you lied to Corvin. I don't ask you why—but don't lie to me—trust me, I'm a human being, and your lover, even before I'm an American. I won't force your hand, or make you do what you think wrong. I might not agree with you—but I trust you. If you lie to me, something's going to be killed between us that we can't do without!"

"That was Jake and Nelly," Deldre told him. Her heart beat so slowly and so very lightly that she hoped she might be going to die, for striking at Jim's honor; but meeting his eyes she saw that his honor was not injured, and that he only held her closer.

"We are human beings first," she murmured. "I'm glad you've said that. They broke their laws to save me—and I've had to break ours to save them. I had to let them go. I couldn't be less trustworthy than they were to me, could I?"

"If there was a real justice in this world it might be different, but it isn't real—when they know nothing and have nothing—and we are safe and they are never safe! I'm sorry—I'm more than sorry, Jim. I've always got to be frightened now about what they'll do—though I have a little hope that just because they saved me, they won't ever try to steal another human being again!"

"I know what Mr. Lane and father feel—I know what you've got to feel, too, about your country—it's different for men perhaps—it's Mr. Corvin's profession to hunt wicked people, but, Jim—I've had Richard, and helping him to live—that was my profession."

Richard, in his cot, was silent as a closed flower. No sound came from the lighted street.

The last car whizzed and spat its late way home. The air, blowing in from the Pacific, had a pure, unbeaten strength.

Yet Deldre could not sleep. The figures of Jake and Nelly, Bert and Floasie, weaved themselves to and fro in her excited brain, with the same cruel monotony as the leopards, weaving the pattern of their lean, predatory bodies in their cage at dawn.

"It is wild beasts I am letting free!" Deldre reminded herself, shudderingly, "wild beasts! But how can I help it? Would I let a wild beast be shot—that had stood by me?"

Crime and money—money and crime; this was the gangsters' pattern; and letting them go free was to help them to repeat it.

Her mind moved unflinchingly against its unchanged dilemma.

Not for one moment did Deldre believe that Jim shared her desire to spare Nelly and Jake. She knew that he did not. If they were caught, for her sake alone he would try to ease their sentence—never for his own.

His mind and heart were set implacably against the kidnappers.

The shades of mercy had no meaning for him, they were blotted out by his pain. He could feel no gratitude to the man who had broken into his home, and tried to wreck it.

Deldre slipped uneasily away from the tender protection of Jim's arm. She did deserve it.

It seemed to her as if all the women and children of America were crying out to save them, and as if her silence was pushing them away from safety.

"Not any one else!" she breathed against the dark. "Oh, God—not any one else!" but her prayer fell back into her heart, heavy as lead, with no hope of an answer. Deldre did not do for her, what it was in her power to do for others; and what she would not do.



SHE slipped out of bed and went to the window, where she could see the giant tree above the patio, with its stretched-out arm.

Jim stirred and waked. "Deldre!" he cried urgently. "Deldre—where are you?" In an instant she was in his arms—feeling with her hands the wild and sudden beating of his heart. He turned on the light—as if he must look at her, and go on looking at her, to be sure of her safety.

"You've gone ice-cold," he said reproachfully, "and your teeth are chattering! What did you get up and go to that window for?"

For a moment Deldre said nothing, and only clung to him in silence, then she murmured: "I know what it means now—to let them go again! I know what I asked you! Jim, do you feel that I'm not being true to you—or to America?"

He held her fast; but for a long time, without answering. "You've a right to your loyalties," he said at last. "The way I see it is that you've got hold of the idea that being true to people matters most. Perhaps it does—perhaps that's what's biting us in the world to-day. We aren't being true to people—first and last and all the time!"

"We're being true to money—to getting ahead of the other fellow—to getting ahead of other countries—but to make life what it ought to be for every one—though we can afford it—we haven't been true to that! Is that the way you see it, Deldre?"

She gave a long sigh of relief. "That's the way I see it, Jim," she told him. "I can't see it any other way! I've tried! I can't get any further. I'm afraid—afraid of hurting you—of hurting Richard, and of hurting America! But if I gave up Nelly and Jake, I'd be base forever—and I'm more afraid of being base! What use could I be to you—or Richard—or our country, if I was like that?"

"But, Jim—it isn't going to be easy. Whatever happens now to other people—whatever crimes bad people do, they'll be mine as well! Can you bear that? For you'll know it! They'll be at the expense of your people, and your country! You may get to hate me,

knowing this—perhaps you ought to hate me!"

"Well, I don't!" Jim told her with conviction, "and I won't! You don't want to get morbid about this thing—if you do what you think is right, you've got to stand what results there are, and not take on a whole raft of things that have nothing to do with it. This gang of yours aren't the only gangsters, if we'd caught them, there'd still be others."

"It's true you've let these people go—I don't say you were right to do it—I don't think bad people matter as much as good ones, myself! But I believe in goodness. I mean, I believe there is such a thing; and that it means more than a man's life. You've taken a big risk because you believe this—maybe you believe it more than I do—anyhow, I see it in you, and I won't haul you over the coals for it, whatever happens! And now for goodness sake get to sleep, and don't scatter what wits I've got again—till the morning!"

Deldre lay down again obediently by his side, but she did not sleep. She was still awake when the telephone bell rang at 6 o'clock; and taking up the receiver she heard Corvin's voice.

"That you, Mrs. Lane? Well, we've got the gang!" Her heart turned over and righted itself slowly. She said, "Jim!" She was still afraid. Was Corvin trying to trick her into identifying Jake and Nelly? She watched Jim's face and saw the lines sink out of it, and his eyes fill with light. She knew then that it was the truth—she did not have to hear the man's excited words.

This thing she had feared—hoped for—been struck dumb by—and carried as a burden that would never drop off her young shoulders—had dropped off. The gang was taken—and not by her. Something, or some one, had intervened. Life itself perhaps, had intervened. She was guilty of no man's blood, and yet Jim and Richard were safe.

"Thank heaven!" Jim said, laying down the receiver at last. "It's all right, Deldre! You haven't told, and I haven't either—it's Floasie! Corvin found her last night, on the Mexican border. She squealed on the gang. He'd heard of a Mexican dive that he thought likely, and she came in towards morning wearing your ring."

"He spotted it at once, and got onto the telephone to the police; then he came back, and held her—till the police came. The gang was all split up, but she could give the dope on most of them—they were to join up again later on in Mexico, and slip back over the border when the trail was cold."

"Nelly and Jake walked right up into trouble—but I'll see what I can do for them—and so will Corvin. Scarperelli is East by now, and may escape us—still, Floasie told Corvin something that may help spot him. She gave her own man away without a quail; Jake and Nelly, Corvin thinks she downright wanted to give away. She didn't find it as difficult to give away her friends, Deldre, as you did to give away your enemies! Corvin said, 'Thank heaven there isn't any honor among thieves.'"

"They can't trust each other," she said, "because they have never known anything or anybody that they could safely trust. I trusted Jake and Nelly; and they were trustworthy to me. I'm glad our trust was not broken. We must help them all we can now."

The blood ran less coldly in her veins. She opened her eyes wide, as if to take in all the world; and closed them against her husband's heart.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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